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(For detailed description see Appendix D, page 327)

CLEOPATRA'S DAUGHTER

The Queen of Mauretania

BEATRICE CHANLER

ILLUSTRATED

PUTNAM

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To

JEAN AND YVONNE MALYE

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INTRODUCTION

I

CLEOPATRA SELENE, scion of a long line of kings descended from Alexander the Great, occupies a position of peculiar importance in the study of that phase of history which deals with the final struggle of Rome and Alexandria for supremacy in the Mediterranean world.

As a daughter of Cleopatra the Great and of the Roman Marc Antony "who made himself so great that men thought him worthy of greater things than he desired," she is of course not unknown to historians. Though more than one scholar has written of her with authority, it is perhaps possible to add here some new points which may shed a new light not only on the personality of this daughter of the great Cleopatra but, even more, on the rôle she played and the influence—political, religious and artistic—exercised at Rome by the illustrious family from which she was descended.

The documents for the retelling of Cleopatra Selene's story are not numerous. I have endeavored to connect those scattered fragments concerning her that have come down to us through the writings of historians and poets.

Though I have always carefully investigated the correctness and authority of these sources of information, I do not claim to offer here a scholarly treatise. But I believe that through the study and interpretation of the existing coins, I have been able to fill certain gaps in the texts and to add some new touches to the portrait of Cleopatra Selene.

Coins are concrete, indelible footprints marking the course of a people's thoughts and acts. They are to known history what the fossils imbedded in the rocks are to prehistoric times, and in each coin-relief not only the features of a ruler but some passing moment of human time is forever and accurately engraved.

Vellum and papyri were liable to perish when Vandals swept over Italy and along the African shores; the invasions of Arabs, and the early Christian and Mohammedan antagonism for pagan monuments and literature left little for posterity—a mere list of the Greek and Latin literary treasures known to have perished would fill a volume. But the coinage of Mauretania survives as witness to the splendor of the name and capital of Cleopatra Selene.

The story of this daughter of the great Cleopatra allows us to see from a new angle the period following Cæsar's Rome and Cleopatra's Egypt, which is one of the turning points in world history. It was the time that marked the beginnings of the Christian religion, and the great and familiar historical actors of this period are a background for the queen who plays the principal rôle in this book.

"If Antony and Cleopatra had won the Battle of Actium—?" a rhetorical question perhaps, but while any of Cleopatra's children lived, the question was not mere rhetoric. With Cleopatra Selene alive, there was always the possibility that she might, perhaps on a smaller scale, revive her mother's grandeur and restore the political importance of the Isiac religion with which the destinies of Antony and Cleopatra were so closely identified.

A victory of Cleopatra at Actium, or of her children in the next generation, would in all likelihood have meant the Hellenization of the East, a world-empire which sought to put into practice the politico-theological formula sketched out by Alexander the Great, and developed by the priesthood of Egypt under the Ptolemies.

The movement for Alexandrine Hegemony in the East,

under the ægis of the Isiac priesthood, against a domination of the world by Rome, did not cease entirely with the death of Antony and Cleopatra. While the Ptolemy line continued, there was always the chance that under Ptolemy leadership the East might assert its political independence unified by the Isiac ritual. This possibility reached its climax with the establishment of the Isiac cult in Mauretania under Cleopatra Selene. With her death it underwent a sudden eclipse. Rome and Christianity were destined to dominate.

The death of Cleopatra Selene definitely marks the end of paganism. It was during her lifetime that the seeds of Christianity were planted, and before her son died men were already thinking of establishing the new church alongside of and metamorphosed from the old pagan religion of Isis. So the story of Cleopatra's daughter does more than give life to a forgotten African queen. It follows to its absolute finale the great drama which had its beginning at Actium.

The capital of Cleopatra Selene's kingdom of Mauretania was Iol-Cæsarea, the modern Cherchel on the coast of Algiers. It was an important city, sheltering more than 200,000 people. Its very grandeur brought about its ruin. Most of the statues that adorned the capital were destroyed, not by time but by fire and war. Earthquakes completed the devastation. For centuries Cæsarea lay covered under mounds of earth. Only very recently something of the glory of Cæsarea has been revealed to us. The discoveries at Cherchel show a pronounced Greek influence, the result of the sympathies of its Greek queen, while in other sites along the North African coast Roman relics for the most part have been found.

The greatest discovery has yet to be made. Cleopatra Selene's tomb, that strange pyramid-like monument which has resisted all attacks and depredations, has defied even the pick of the archæologists! All excavations and attempts to penetrate to its treasure have been in vain. The tomb refuses to give up its secret.

II

WITHOUT the valuable assistance of scholar and fellow student this book could never have been written. I wish to acknowledge humbly and gratefully my debt to those whose criticism and interest enabled me to overcome obstacles which might otherwise have proved discouraging.

The interest of M. Eugene Albertini, the eminent savant of the College de France, has been of particular value to me. I would frequently have found myself in hopeless difficulties, especially in the treatment of passages relating to disputed questions, if I had not had the benefit of the guidance and suggestions of this great authority on Roman history, to whose activity as Director of Antiquities of Algeria we owe so much of our knowledge of North Africa under the Roman Empire.

M. Leo Crozet of the Cabinet des Medailles, Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, not only made available to me the coins of the dynasty with which the book deals, but he also assisted me materially to understand and properly interpret these important documents, which in so many cases are our only authentic source of information.

I am likewise very much indebted to M. Jean Glenat who, as Curator of the Cherchel and Algiers Museums, conducted during the last twenty years the excavations that have brought to light some of the most important finds which constitute such illuminating documents of the period.

I wish also to thank Mrs. A. Baldwin Brett of the Numismatic Society of America and M. P. Le Gentilhomme of the Cabinet des Medailles for their aid in arranging the coin-plates and descriptions, Dr. Arnold Genthe for his scholarly advice in preparing the illustrations, and Mr. Frank C. Davison for his constructive criticism and never failing interest during the making of the book.

Others whose help I gratefully acknowledge here are: l'Association Guillaume Bude in Paris, Der Deutsche Archaeo-

logische Institut in Rome, Mr. Garret Smith, Count Bobrinskoy, Miss Valentine Thomson, Mrs. Walter Lowenfels, M. Michel de Dogiel, and Mr. E. T. Newell, who kindly permitted me to reproduce several specimens from his celebrated coin collection.

BEATRICE CHANLER.

CLEOPATRA'S DAUGHTER

The Queen of Mauretania

CHAPTER I

Prelude

INCENSE was burning at the Feast of the Nativity for Cleopatra on all the altars of Alexandria. Statuettes of Isis and her son Horus, the divine mother and child worshiped throughout the Mediterranean world, were displayed in the golden city.

For months, oracles had gone ringing through the world announcing the birth of a mysterious child who would be the long-awaited Saviour. This Saviour, prophecy declared, would be born of the union between Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt,—the living embodiment of the goddess Isis,—and Marc Antony, Roman Triumvir, called the god Dionysus-Osiris. Now the moment of fulfillment was approaching.

Alexandrine crowds, usually so turbulent, remained silent this evening under the spell of an unusual emotion. Yearly, on the same night, December 25th, the birthday of the Sun-God Helios was celebrated. This year Cleopatra, the new Isis, was pregnant in the flesh with a son and Soter. So the prophets had spoken. The birth of her divine child should come on this very day that marked the festival of the Winter Solstice when with joyous ceremonies the mythical Isis and Osiris ushered into the world annually their child, the Sun-God Helios.

From Memphis, Thebes, Heliopolis, crowds were pouring into Alexandria. Some on foot, others in barges and

dug-outs of wood or of papyrus, from as far as the island of Philæ, down the Nile. Priests and country folk, slaves and Egyptian nobles, all planned to arrive in Alexandria for the double event. They had listened to the voice of prophecy and they believed. "He will come of divine seed, be great and adored by all the gods, and will be sovereign of the world, and all will obey him." And Hephæstion the astrologer had predicted that this future sovereign of the world would come out of Egypt. The predictions were clear and the Alexandrines, wild with pride and excitement, were ready to welcome the miraculous child of Cleopatra.

The crowds swarmed along the columned avenues, the vast squares and marble terraces, waiting, silent, tense with hope. Spacious as it was, Alexandria seemed too small for the great throngs that poured into it by every gate. It seemed all Egypt had been drawn there to await a miracle. From the far East, even from Rome, had come the word that the promised Saviour would spring up out of Egypt. Virgil, the mystic, prince of poets, had prophesied to a world of slaves, forlorn and hopeless men, the coming of one "with whom the Iron Age will pass away. The Golden Age in all the earth will be born."

*

It was in this very year, when the star of Rome bright so long seemed to be paling, that Virgil's *Fourth Eclogue*,[1] with its prophetic words but half-concealed, made its appearance. It was the announcement of the return of justice and Saturn's realm, and the birth of one with whom "from high heaven descends a worthier race of men."

All Rome knew of this prophecy addressed to Marc Antony's friend Pollio, "under whose rule shall this glorious era spring. Under the rule all footprints of our guilt shall perish, and all the peaceful earth be freed from everlasting fear."

Many simple citizens wondered what ecstasy gave birth

to the *Fourth Eclogue*, what sibyl of rolling eye, what holy man inspired Virgil, and who might this unknown favorite of destiny be—the Saviour for whom the earth was to be released from its "everlasting fear"? Who his mother and which of the gods would he claim as father? Yet not a few in Rome were already initiated into the secret of which happy land was to smile over the birth and who its parents were. Where could a divine child spring but from divine parents? Marc Antony, from whose deeds the child would learn the meaning of valor, Antony, the greatest captain of his time, descendant of the redoubtable Hercules, hailed as Dionysus on his triumphal tour after his victory at Philippi—what earthly sire could be more divine? And Cleopatra, daughter of the gods, had she not been enshrined by Julius Cæsar in the Temple of Venus Genetrix at Rome as Aphrodite, whom every Roman knew as Mother of the World, "Matrix Mundi"? And who in Egypt was Isis by birth. These two were alone worthy of being the parents of a divine child. Thus, the conditions of divine parent being fulfilled, Alexandria like the whole Mediterranean world turned to the approaching birth of Cleopatra's child with the burning faith that here, indeed, was to be their long-awaited, earnestly prayed-for Saviour.

Cæsar's friends and Antony's partisans had rent the veil . . . understanding that its true significance and its relation to the momentous happenings, past and imminent in the Roman world, were to be found in the immediate circle of Marc Antony in Rome and of Cleopatra in Alexandria, metropolis of all the fiery, restless spirits who had long since set out in the pursuit of speculative truth. . . .

Who in the Roman world of that day had not heard of the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra at Tarsus, city whose mysteries were particularly dedicated to Dionysus. Rome felt its first quiver of fear as "a rumor spread on every hand that Venus was come to revel with Bacchus *for the good of Asia:*" [2] a highly significant statement that fell like a thunderbolt on the ear of the Roman Senator, for revels ordinarily were con-

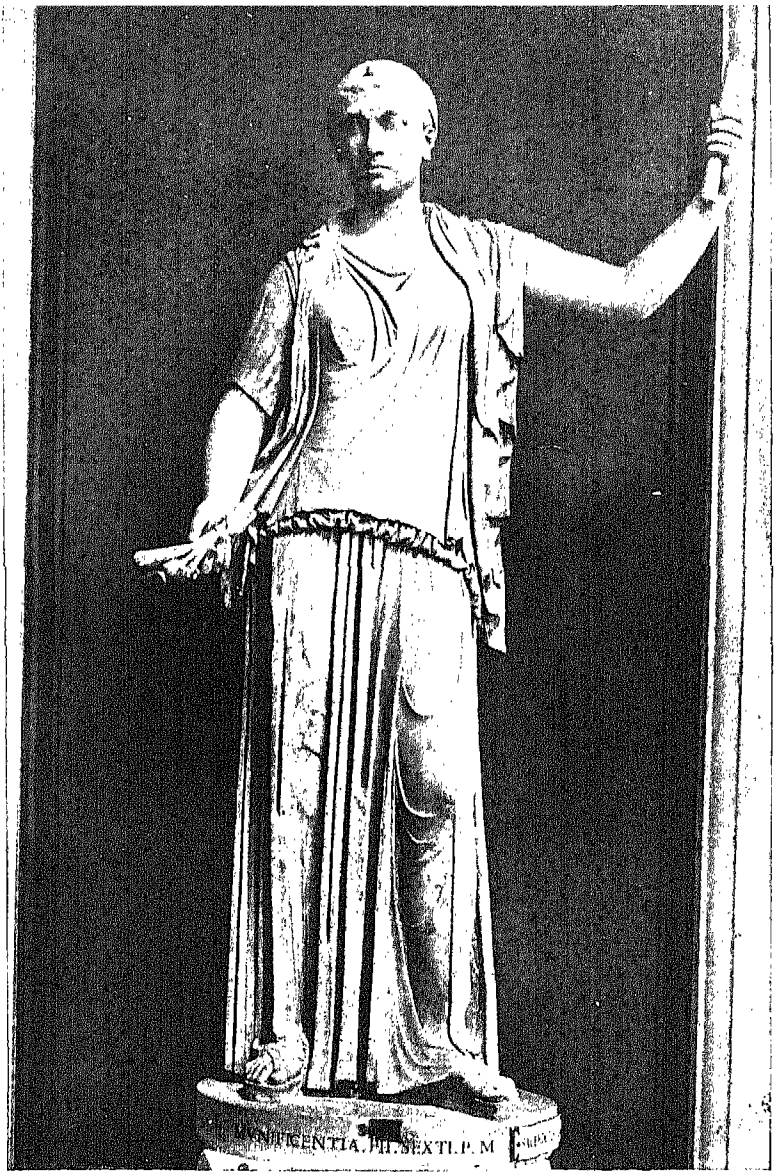
ducted for nothing save the pleasure of those participating. But it was suspected that just then the East was relying on Cleopatra to carry on the tradition of universal brotherhood, which was hers as a Greek ruler.[3] Her struggle against the supremacy of Rome could only be a continuation of that idea.

Virgil's *Fourth Eclogue* seemed the key to that interview between Cleopatra and Antony which promised to alter the complexion of world politics. As a poet's version and embellishment of a prophecy well-known in Rome, it served as a canvas for the God and Goddess who had but lately walked among them.

Prophecies in troublous times run through the world like evil messengers, generators of disorder in the states of the old world as they will be in worlds yet unborn. Oracles inspired by the Sibyl of Cumæ or Babylon rolled off the lips of errant priests in the Capital. In that great moment of religious effervescence Rome and Italy were invaded by credulous Orientals, slaves and freedmen, merchants, acrobats, artisans, poets, artists, adventurers and priests . . . ready to accept phenomena observed on earth and in the heavens as an infallible sign that great events were pending. Already the Parthians, like the Magi, guided by that new star which had taken its place in the heavens, had come out of the East. . . .[4] A new age of the world was nigh, and lo! a little child would lead them. The mystic poet foreshadowed new aspirations in the ancient world. It was the first time that the hopes of the Occident coincided with the Oriental idea of a Messiah.

Civil wars with their attendant evils of a divided rule; proscriptions and confiscations; famine in the Capital; and the invasion of Rome's eastern frontiers provoked the epochal religious crisis which gave to the *Fourth Eclogue* the significance of a birth certificate of the sovereign of the world. The statesmen of that day saw it as a thinly-disguised political document, and a Revelation.

Egypt menaced the gates of Rome in 41, and in the crowded arena of chaotic politics Virgil, it seems, was the



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CLEOPATRA THE GREAT

From the Statue in the Vatican

Ludwig Curtius identifies this as a copy of the celebrated statue in gold of Cleopatra placed by Cæsar in the temple of Venus Genetrix in Rome, that Appianus describes as still there in his day

accomplice of Queen Cleopatra and ambitious statesmen playing for the high stake of universal empire.[b]

"The Eastern Peril! Rome's fears were to be henceforth embodied in the person of Cleopatra the Great, not because of her military power, which was not so strong as that of Antony; but because, backed by this, she might head a general uprising of Asia with the additional strength which a religious idea can give. Of just such an event Greece and Asia Minor were dreaming. . . ."[c]

*

In the great terraced palace of the Lagidæ, in one of the chambers looking out over the sea, Cleopatra awaited the auspicious hour, staring blindly out of the window over the great port where white and black geese with outspread wings circled the painted triremes, over that sea which separated her from Dionysus.

Ship after ship had sailed into the Harbor of Happy Returns—lovers, fathers, Ulysses after long voyages returning. . . . Antony alone had not returned. After months of waiting, a messenger mounted the palace steps, bringing the tidings that Antony had signed the Pact of Brundisium with Octavian, and to seal it was wed to Octavia. Cleopatra, twice unfortunate; Cæsar's death and now abandoned by Antony! Like the crowds in the city, she also hoped that the awaited child would be for her a Saviour, who would link her destiny irrevocably with her Dionysus, with Egypt more secure in her rule than ever. When she walked abroad again flowers would be strewn before her; thoughts to comfort a Divine Isis in human travail.

The High Priest of Alexandria passed through the great court of the temple. Above his head white vultures wheeled in the immensity of a deep blue sky. The crowds pressed close, and the word was whispered that the miraculous hour was at hand.

All that day the multitude had attended the ceremonies

in the temples. Phrygians in their striped garments strewn with gold stars, Phœnicans in magnificent dress, half red, half blue, and a diadem of feathers ornamenting their dark brows, offering up sacrifices, mingling their prayers with the delicate Lydians—like women in their long robes adorned with jeweled bandeaux, bracelets and earrings. How many hopes in the smoke soaring above the altars, craving divine intervention in the birth that was to usher in a new era? To the worshipers this shortest day of the year had seemed too long....

Some remembered that Cleopatra's first-born, Cæsarion, had been the Egyptian hope for the domination of the world and its trade. Alas, with Cæsar's death their chance had vanished. Then Antony, fresh from the victory of Philippi, "trailing clouds of glory about his head" and filled with a sentiment of his own invincibility, appeared as a new protector of Egypt—but then had sailed away. When would he return to Egypt and so assure the future of Cæsarion and Egypt?

A procession of priests, each wearing upon his forehead the sign of the cross, entered the temple, followed by the crowds. Thousands still hovered about the entrances and steps —Egyptians in pleated skirts and close-woven, bright-colored coats of mail; laborers, barelegged, bare armed and clad only in the narrow loin cloths: pressing among them. Hellenes, wearing the chiton and sandals and the broad-brimmed hat, murmured among themselves that Cleopatra after all was of Greek blood. To all of them, whose fortunes rose and fell with Alexandria, this day was as momentous as it was to Cleopatra. Her dream of power and of love found its echo in the hearts and wallets of every loyal Egyptian. "A Saviour is about to be born."

The sun had sunk to sleep; the moon rose, and now the stars were beginning to pale in the skies. The day of days, the hour of hours! What fortunes hung on this night! ... of Egyptian glass, even now lying on the docks; of linen, so fine

it rivaled the web of the spider, of papyrus for poets to immortalize their verses, of crimson from Sidon, Damascus wool, gold dust and ivory from Libya, of sweet wines from Lesbos, perfumes from Syria, of balm from Jericho. Truly, they thought, Alexandria was the jewel of the world and fit birthplace for a divinity. What other town had its situation, placed as it was between the Mediterranean with its shipping, and Lake Mareotis, joining the city to the Nile? Here was the center of the world, and the marriage of East and West, of all races and creeds: a town of beauty and marble where Rome was sordid and of brick. Still like Cleopatra the Egyptians had learned from Cæsar that Roman power lay in the law of its legions—never to retreat.

With the crowds of thousands Cleopatra waited for the dawn . . . would it ever come? The multitude before the palace were turned toward the temple. There in the crypt the believers were assembled, awaiting the birth of the Sun-God Helios. For them would be unveiled those mysteries which would prepare the way for Young Time the Ever-Living. The faithful waited there in silence, while those in the temple appeared somnolent under the heavy clouds of sweet incense. From the cornices the glimmer of the carved lamps cast strange arabesques on the intense faces below. Suddenly the faint sound of a gong reached them, so far away it might have been sounded by a god in the nether world. A light trembled in the darkness. A shout went up from every throat . . . "The Light—the Light." The cry was taken up; it traveled from lip to lip down the street of the Canopus, through every avenue in the city. The procession of believers left the holy crypt, bearing the image of a child, symbol of the new-born Sun.

"*Iam redit et Virgo.* The Virgin has given birth, now doth the light increase," so sang the Mystes of Helios, chanting as they emerged from the temple, seeing the young light of day.[7]

Breaking silence at last, the voice of the people rose like the roar of the sea, echoing through the crowded courts and vast promenades. The sacred Ibis wandered in and out of the crowd, and the doves dear to Isis flew back and forth through the colonnades. Again and again the chant was heard, "Unto the Virgin a child is born, now cometh the light." The mythical Isis and Osiris had brought, as always, a Sun-God into the world.

And simultaneously, another cry was heard. The great crowd throughout the city, as with one great movement, like a long wave, turned again to the palace. Palms and olive branches rained from their hands to the earth. "Isis and Osiris have brought forth a Sun-God . . . and a Moon-Goddess!" Which translated by us to-day signifies that, on December 25th, a few moments after dawn, 40 B.C.[8] just as the mythical Isis was giving birth to her Sun-God, twins were born to that divine couple: Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and Marc Antony, Roman Triumvir—Cleopatra Selene, daughter of the moon, and Alexander Helios, god of the sun—just as it took place in the old theogonies.

Alexandria rejoiced. The Isis-Osiris symbol was complete —twins!

The great Egyptian nobles and the High Priest attended on Cleopatra to see that no substitution took place. Olympas, physician to the Queen, carried the twins to the light. The Women of the Chamber chanted, "Be happy, Virgin, and proud that the gods have given to thee eternity."[9]

As for Cleopatra? Alas, the birth of princes and princesses, even of Osiris and Isis, have their mortal pangs. And here in this palace, haunted by the ghost of Cæsar, full of the broken oaths of another Roman, what bitterness of the spirit as of the flesh must have been hers! The streets rang with the shout of the populace while she gazed on her twins and saw in them Marc Antony and her last hope for world power.

So the Divine Child was born—another Cleopatra, little daughter of the Moon, as Alexandria and Rome entered the last phase of the struggle for supremacy and for the mastery of the Roman universe.

CHAPTER II

THE earthly labor of bringing twin divinities into the world accomplished, Cleopatra could listen to the wild acclamations of the throng beneath her palace window. It was bitter balm to her loneliness, though it meant the success of her immediate plans. That the prophetic birth was thus acclaimed proved that under her direction the Priesthood of Isis had done its work well! For months carefully trained agents had been spreading this gospel that Cleopatra-Isis would bring forth a Saviour. Cæsar's death had been more than a personal tragedy to the Egyptian Queen. It had seemed an end to all her plans even for her dynasty, for Cæsarion and for Alexandria. Only now, with the birth of the children beside her, accepted as miraculous, and with Marc Antony in place of Cæsar, could she again hope to attain her goal. Alexandria would remain strong and independent, the Greek blood of Alexander the Great that flowed in her veins as in those of her offspring would be supreme in all the world—thus ran her thoughts.

Egypt had everything that Rome required. It was the gateway to the East; it had the cereals and grains without which Rome's ever-increasing city population could not survive; it had the trade of Alexandria, second commercial city of the world and first in all those refinements which were the inheritance of her Greek-Oriental ancestry. Egypt lacked

the one thing that made Rome supreme—the martial strain, the feeling and ability to defend itself and to make war for the good of the state. The Ptolemies could reign only through Roman arms. The future of Egypt was inextricably bound with the destiny of Cleopatra's Roman husband—and the destiny of her husband had to be of Cleopatra's moulding!

For more than a century Roman legions had marched eastward. Egypt alone had kept clear of the Roman net, independent, but subservient. Now with the rise of the Parths it appeared as if the eastern tide had turned at last. Cæsar had known that the Parths must be conquered if Rome was to remain secure in her eastern possessions. His assassination had left the Parthian war as a Roman legacy.

Now, in 41 B.C. the Romans were hungry. There were thousands of unemployed. Rome could only depend on her continuous expansion and the tributes, the taxes, the trade, the slaves—all the complicated structure of imperialistic policy. Any check to her expansion was immediately disastrous. And what was the news that greeted the Roman citizen going down into the Forum to hear the latest gossip? The East submerged by Parthian cavalry; a Roman governor killed in an uprising in Syria; a new Mithridates announcing himself, boasting that at his side stood Cæsar's best lieutenant, Labienus. What next? . . . What new scourge? What power would save the Roman State?

The priests of Isis had been astute. Rome and Alexandria, Cleopatra and Antony continuing the policies of Cæsar and insuring the greatness of Rome—this was the hope that now burned in many a Roman breast, implanted there by skillful propaganda. And now the Celestial Twins to cement the union of East and West. On the other side was Octavian, taking his stand on his sole rights as heir to Cæsar. He was winning support for his policy of the supremacy of Rome, the domination of Egypt and the whole East—without the parnership of Alexandria, or of Cæsar's and Cleopatra's son,

Cæsarion. But he had not reckoned on Cleopatra's union with Antony!

Their meeting at Tarsus the previous summer had been their first encounter since Cæsar's death, and Cleopatra could be proud of the ease with which she had influenced Antony to fall in with those plans which she and Cæsar had so unfalteringly laid.[10] Ah, if Antony were the man that Cæsar had been! What worlds they would rule, and these prophetic children after them! An Empire such as Alexander only dreamed of, to be founded by her and by Isis!

The very names she had decided on for her divine twins breathed a world of meaning to her—Cleopatra Selene and Alexander Helios.[11] Selene had already been the name of two queens, but it was the first time that Helios had been given. *Cosmos,* it meant, an unspoken avowal that the whole of the terrestrial world was destined for her children. It meant not only complete autonomy from the West, but also domination of the West through Alexandria. This was her challenge to Octavian, armed as she was with Cæsar's plans. And the world, East and West, was Octavian's claim, too.

No children in any cradle ever faced such a magnificent destiny as that planned by Cleopatra for hers. Ushered into the world with all the accoutrements of prophecy, they were born to restore the age of bliss, "a golden age."

They would be brought up on stories of her greatness and of Antony's, and of the great house of Ptolemy which they would make the most glorious in the world. There would be through them an end to this pall of terror that hung over the Mediterranean, of sentinels at every port, of insurrections and toppling kingdoms. She would reign Queen of the world, and her children after her. It had been Cæsar who had rescued her from exile among the Arabs and placed her on the Egyptian throne. It would be Antony and their children who would place Egypt and the Ptolemies on the throne of the world.

For them there would be no Ides of March! Even now

with her heavenly twins giving strong wings to her soaring ambitions, it was torture to think of that terrible day when the world which she and Cæsar had planned to rule tumbled in ruins about her. Her children would rule that very Rome which she and Cæsarion had had to leave so silently and swiftly at night, with Cæsar dead behind her. Cæsarion, their child, Cæsar's only heir, would be lord of the West; Alexander Helios and Cleopatra Selene, rulers of the East.... This was her unswerving determination.

The fact that illegitimate children were barred from succession to the throne of Egypt gave her not a moment's concern. She had solved that problem in regard to Cæsarion, and the same incontrovertible solution would serve for the twins. Close coöperation with the priests of Isis was necessary. They were the wealthiest, most powerful and best organized section of the native community. When she had returned from Rome with Cæsarion, the High Priest of Alexandria had reminded her of the marriage of another Queen of Egypt with a God. The children born of the union of a Queen and a God cannot be illegitimate. So she had decorated that temple of the Priests of Hermonthis, which had already been built by her orders at Cæsarion's birth. Thereafter it was known by all men that the divine lover, the God of Thebes, Amon-Ra, had substituted himself for Cæsarion's father and impregnated with his divine seed the womb of Queen Cleopatra. She had been declared spouse of Amon-Ra in earthly guise of Cæsar, and henceforth she and their issue were to reign over Upper and Lower Egypt. It was only the offspring of Ra who could rule over Egypt, and thus was resolved with ease the transmuting of a son of Greek Cleopatra and Roman Cæsar into an authentic descendant of the Gods of the Pharaohs. The legitimacy of the twins' birth had been arranged beforehand! [12]

Cleopatra and the Priesthood of Isis were invaluable to each other. They were cognizant of the great Cæsar's plans—the now world-capital, Alexandria, and Cæsar and Cleopatra

world monarchs. Naturally, the Priesthood of Isis and the Isaic societies would rule with her. For many years now embassies and delegations had flooded the West as well as the eastern world—legions of officers, secretaries, slaves and whole armies of workers, bringing the influence of the Egyptian church into all quarters. It was with the Egyptian gods of fertility that Cleopatra meant to rule. She had had Cæsar's confirmation of this. In Rome, with the acquiescence and later the protection of the Dictator, Osiris, Isis and Serapis had been enthroned opposite Jupiter.[13] The Egyptian Priesthood already knew through many vicissitudes what it was to conquer foreign soil. Their statues had been torn down . . . but rebuilt. In Rome and throughout the Empire the devotees of Isis ranged from the humblest slaves to the most influential men in the state. The Church was a means for Romans to climb into office, and it also made slaves of kings. . . .

The strength of the Roman Gods was slowly but surely waning. Cleopatra must have remarked this fact with deep satisfaction. The "intelligentsia" still went to the temples but the old religion had become a policy rather than an emotional necessity, and there were, both on the mystic and on the practical sides, many advantages to the religion of Isis that Cæsar had encouraged. These advantages were becoming in many subtle ways more and more attractive and powerful. The great mass of people could no longer find solace in the state religions. With the general loss of faith in the old gods and the decomposition of the old society that had occurred simultaneously, the Alexandrine faith not only survived but extended its sway, among the humble and the hopeless as among the high—up to Cæsar and Antony.

Cleopatra knew that the doctrine of pity for the lowly and the desire to succor suffering humanity was a new and fascinating one to the Roman masses, so long used to a religion designed for the fortunate. Cæsar had not overlooked the practical power of such a policy. The Egyptians nourished the soul with care. Serapis forbade men to do ill to one an-

other on earth and to maintain goodwill towards each other, so that, as in the Book of the Dead, the deceased could appear before the judges of Death's Other Kingdom and say, "I have practiced justice upon earth. I have not tormented any for pleasure. I have not brought down punishment upon the slaves. I have not caused woe to the weak nor another to kill. But more than this, I have given bread unto him who hungered and to him who thirsted, pure water." These ideas entered into a Roman society where the rich were powerful and the poor miserable as the first step in the Alexandrine attempt to bring about a revolution in the social as well as the moral attitude of the citizens.[14]

In the temples of Alexandria, political theologians were preparing a great drama for lovers and poets, for warriors and politicians, for workers and peasants the world over. Though abandoned for the moment by Antony, Cleopatra felt that in these children just born to the chanting of Alexandrine prophecies, she held with the Priesthood and with Antony, the destiny of the world.

With Antony. . . . His victory at Philippi had crystallized the idea of the Egyptian Priesthood and Cleopatra that here was a chief to further immediately the policy that Cæsarion was finally to fulfill. Behind Antony's protection they meant to unite the powers of Church and state in one drive—to establish a complete autonomy of the East toward the West.[15] Every road her thoughts took brought Cleopatra back to Antony. Somehow, he would be brought back to her.

Antony, she knew, had gone to the East for gold and found himself everywhere received like a god. For him incense burned on all the altars; pæans of praise greeted him when he walked abroad and the sound of music filled the air about him. Ephesus, the principal seat of the Dionysiac mysteries, hailed him as the incarnation of the God Dionysus.[16] The tireless Isiac organization had seen to that. Not only Emperor to the East, but one of the gods. So the Egyptian church added to his martial prowess an immortal glow.

He was destined, by those who did the planning, to occupy a key place in world government. He, himself, was in the dark as to just how many men and how many years it takes to prepare one moment of glory. He was required only to act. He was to be the star of a piece written, directed and staged by other hands. The hero transcended his earthly envelope and Antony appeared as the God Dionysus in person.

The great shaggy Triumvir was dizzied by, but not forgetful of his mission and of the plans Cæsar and Cleopatra had first decided on in Rome. Among the Greeks, though he was fêted and praised, and resisted none of the pleasures they offered, he levied a tribute from all, equal to what the cities had furnished the enemy. So he had gone through Asia Minor, taxing kings and princes, but with a moderate hand, as becomes a human god. Cleopatra and her ministers received faithful reports of the events each day. The train of Antony's followers had increased until all the nations were in attendance, up to Herod of Judea, on the borders of Egypt. Cleopatra alone had betrayed no curiosity about the new Emperor of the East. She had bided her time, knowing that Antony needed her support almost as much as she did his. And so, finally, he had sent for her to meet him at Tarsus and she had gone and, as she thought, conquered. Less than a short year ago that was, and now seemingly deserted by him, and with the newly-born twins, the one tangible result of that meeting. . . .

The story of her meeting with him at Tarsus had gone round the world. When Egypt had presented her embassy there, it was in a manner fit for a country destined to rival Rome. The winds that filled the purple sails of her barge were scented with the perfumes of Arabia; the oars were of silver and moved to the rhythm of flutes and zithers. The Graces stood at the helm, and children dressed as young loves clustered about the Queen, reclining under her canopy of cloth-of-gold. Aphrodite-Isis come to meet Dionysus-Osiris! In reality, Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, come to meet Marc

Antony, Roman Triumvir, possible instrument for her plans. Who knew that she had gone as a servant of her deep-laid designs? The voluptuousness and extravagance of her cortège were intended to overwhelm Antony with the realization of the wealth of Egypt, for how else should a Queen who had "come to revel for the good of Asia,"—its Saviour, appear before the representative unless in the guise of a goddess? Her entourage at Tarsus was magnificent, but still more glorious was the double crown she wore, invisible to the eye, wreathed with the dreams of Alexander and studded with the plans of Cæsar.

His reception in the East, and his later talks with the wise men who lived in the courts of Cleopatra, had shown Antony the light. He realized that he was a man of destiny! Cleopatra did all in her power to confirm this realization. The union of Rome and Alexandria, of Antony-Dionysus and Cleopatra-Isis was to fuse a world power of civil and theological government over which their children and Cæsarion would rule with the grateful acquiescence of a peaceful universe.[17]

And now this set-back, which even Cleopatra's ebullient spirit was finding it hard to rise above. The children of prophecy born, as scheduled, on this most auspicious day and Antony in the West, married to Octavia, sister of her bitterest enemy. How could he have given over this great chance, wrecked all their plans and played into Octavian's hands? The Roman arguments had been more successful than the intrigues of the Alexandrine courts.[18] Was he then such a weakling, no sooner out of her sight than lost? So much within his grasp, yet content to walk in the shadow of Octavian back to Rome? Against Antony's prestige, his own magnetic personality, all the Egyptian plans to make him a world-power, Octavian had been the winner and sealed his victory with Antony's union to that slip of a girl. What, Cleopatra wondered, could Octavian have held out as bait to catch the guileless Antony? Had he played on his love of country, on

his duty to Octavian as Cæsar's legal heir to make him forget the more logical heir, Cæsar's own son, Cæsarion?

Antony married to Octavia. And Herod, her rival and secret enemy, proclaimed with Antony's help at Rome, King of the Jews! The prophetic children, Cleopatra Selene, Daughter of the Moon, and Alexander Helios, Sun-God, infant Saviours of the world, patriotic Romans sneered. Bastards! The Queen of Egypt's world plans burned to cinders, her destiny, raised so high through two Romans, struck down short of the pinnacle!

Well, Cleopatra would tear a page from Octavian's book, "that is done quickly enough which is done well enough." She could wait. She had plans that would make Antony return and again serve her ambition to replace Octavian by Cæsarion. The time would come.

But if this were a betrayal, it was well that it were done now. He had left Alexandria in the spring of 40 B.C. to bring an end to the feud with Octavian, terminate the unsatisfactory campaign his wife and friends were waging for him in Italy and, in short, bring to order the extremely confused state of his affairs, due to his Alexandrine sojourn. Then he would return to the East, to her and their plans. What if he did not return and kept faithful to this alliance with Octavia? Then he was simply not the man for her. No successful invasion of Parthia was possible for Rome without the Queen of Egypt's help. If Antony meant to evade the Parthian issue, then she could live on without him—and her dreams of Eastern Empire with him, forever.

After the birth of the twins, she kept silent and perused, along with the Isiac priests, the reports of Antony's acts. Evidently, he was becoming a family man, a burgher rather than a Dionysus. Now he was in Athens for the winter, a change of air, taking his wife with him. He met and talked with philosophers and rhetoricians. The lictors did not accompany him when he went through the streets, only a few friends and servants. He wore, not the garments of Bacchus,

but the scanty attire of the Greeks. He was spending a great deal of time with Octavia. In September, when the twins were not a year old, Octavia presented him with a daughter who, as if in contrast to the Daughter of the Moon, was called, very simply, Antonia. A simple, private citizen, leading a well-ordered existence, with everything in its place, as it always would have to be in anything that concerned Octavian. In reality, Cleopatra saw Antony as an eagle with his wings clipped; a lion made powerless and lulled to sleep by design, while Octavian was free to strengthen his position with no opposition. How could she awaken Antony to the chances he was missing, to his duties to her, to the possibility of becoming a world-power? These were the thoughts that must have tortured Cleopatra during the years of Antony's absence.

Meanwhile, Antony's thoughts were turning to the East. All that could remind him of Egypt had not been removed. There was the Egyptian astrologer, an inmate of his house, who accompanied him on all his voyages. The horoscopes he cast for his master did not give Octavia first place in that universe which should belong to Antony. The astrologer was a friend of Cleopatra, and her gift to Antony. He was, however, closely attached to Antony and to Antony's fortunes. He knew there was no solution between Antony and Octavian in the West. His advice to Antony, therefore, was the only sensible advice that could be given—to invade the East. In all sincerity he was able to read the heavens to this effect: that Antony's star of destiny would only rise in the East when he gave the order to his legions to polish their eagles for the march into Parthia.

CHAPTER III

THE Roman frontiers were everywhere giving way before the sharp attacks of Parthian cavalry. Palestine, Judea were in revolt. The successes of the Parthians had set the East on fire. Labienus, whom Brutus and Cassius had sent to Parthia after Cæsar's death, had joined the Parths and taught them the secrets of Roman military success. Now the Parthian cavalry was irresistible.

The necessity for a Parthian campaign was continually in Antony's thoughts during those last days in Athens. No doubt the Alexandrine seer knew, as Antony must have, that once a serious Parthian campaign was undertaken, Antony would need an alliance with Egypt, just as Cæsar had before him. Thus his reunion with Cleopatra would become inevitable.

During this winter he gave no sumptuous banquets such as had marked his first visit. He presided occasionally at a public function and basked in the compliments of the Athenians, but without excesses of any kind. Flattery had never dulled his wit. When the Athenians wedded him to their goddess Pallas-Athena, he straightway demanded a dowry of a million drachma. A member of the municipal council answered: "O Master, Jupiter took thy Mother Semele without a dowry!" and Antony parried with: "But he was rich!" [19]

The day after this ceremony a note was found on the

pedestal of the statue in the form of a writ of divorce between Antony and Octavia. If one had followed the bearer of this note, he might have been discovered as a messenger of one of the innumerable Isaic societies. A subtle hint, perhaps, that an Antony should wed only a goddess—a Pallas-Athena . . . or a Cleopatra-Isis.

Antony began to grow restive. According to the bulletins that reached him, his legions were carrying on a successful war with Parthia. Some one else was finishing the task that he had set himself to do . . . before Brundisium. His astrologer needed no great astuteness to suggest that Octavian was praying that Antony would let Ventidius Bassus finish the war in Asia Minor . . . the only war that had been carried on to Rome's satisfaction there, and without Antony's support! Without Antony! . . . The resourceful Ventidius had managed to extricate himself from several difficult positions, and was being proclaimed in Rome as a hero. What was happening to the brilliant Antony? To Ventidius would come the honor of checking the Parths. Rome was elated, and Antony found himself being pushed into second place at the Capital.

A trying time! The task given him as the friend and confidant of Cæsar, as well as the plans he had made with Cleopatra—what was happening to them and to him, and to his greatness? He began to doubt the path he had chosen, the path that, rather, had been chosen for him by Octavian. Octavian constantly asked his advice on important matters and seemed to defer to him, yet he learned from Rome that there was an undercurrent of opinion unfavorable to him at the Capital. Some subtle influence had projected itself into the Senate, creating a doubt in men's minds about his political acumen.[20] Somehow, he seemed to be thwarted and that lion in him which had shown itself before began to evince itself. Not an easy time for Octavia, though she watched over him, soothing and solicitous, full of good nature and wifely sweetness.

Then, too, there was this continual trouble about Herod, his candidate for the Jewish Kingdom, to worry him. Herod was an Idumean, of those people who had been conquered by Johan Hyrcan, circumcised, and passed thereafter for Jews. Until he came to the throne, he was never called by the Jews anything but, contemptuously, the "Half-Jew." He was an Arab, tall and handsome, and a citizen of Rome like his father Antipater. Cæsar had appointed Herod prefect of Galilee and proclaimed him his friend; the petty quarrels of the East, Cæsar's assassination, the Battle of Philippi—nothing brought a change in Herod's constant friendship for the varying conquerors and his ability to obtain promotion under each régime. In a country where religion and the heavenly kingdom was everything, he had no religious faith and sought nothing but an earthly kingdom. During Antony's triumphant march through the East after Philippi, he was always at his side and loved the Roman Triumvir as much as he ever loved Pompey or Cæsar.

When the Jews sent embassies to Antony asking for the expulsion of Herod from Judea, Herod made magnificent gifts of money and treasure, and pointed out that even if one did not like the Jews, one could make use of them. Once more guile and gold won for him the victory, and Antony conferred upon him the title of Tetrarch.

About the time that Antony was marrying Octavia in Rome, Herod's power was severely tested in Palestine. Antigonus, heir to the dynasty, Herod's rival and an enemy of Rome, concluded a treaty with the Parthian Pacorus, pledging himself to give five thousand women and a thousand talents if the Parths would reëstablish him on the throne and put Herod and all his family to death. The temple of Jerusalem had fallen to the Parths, Antigonus was reëstablished on the throne and Herod had to flee, alone.

This was naturally a defeat for Rome. Herod, after many difficulties, finally arrived in Alexandria to solicit the

favor of Antony and the support of the Roman legions, without which he dared not attempt to reënter Judea.

The arrival of Herod in Alexandria and the announcement of Antony's marriage to Octavia reached Cleopatra at the same moment, yet she received this adherent of the Roman Triumvir with full honors. It was thus that these life-long enemies first met. In Cleopatra's plans, Palestine was essential to the reconstruction of Egypt, for its possessions alone would guarantee Egypt against invasion by land or sea. During their first months together she had discussed with Antony a plan to make a son of theirs, should they have one, King of Jerusalem. She tried to keep Herod in Alexandria, but he hurried on to Rome to seek out Antony.

Herod's case was put before the Senate. Antigonus was declared the enemy of the Republic and, at Antony's proposal, a decree was passed investing Herod with the title "King of the Jews." Thereupon, Herod, walking between Antony and Octavian and accompanied by the Consuls, ascended to the Capital to give thanks to the gods and to assist at the ceremony of the disposition of the decree rendered in his favor. Then Herod left Rome, swearing an oath of fealty to Antony and carrying with him the goodwill of many Roman Senators and, carefully tucked in his toga, the decree which bestowed upon him his kingdom.

However, Herod disappointed Rome. The new monarchy was not accepted in Palestine, the Jews refusing to recognize Herod even under torture. Appointed by Rome, backed by Antony, Herod was having all the difficulty in the world to enter into possession of his kingdom. Among other misfortunes, the army given to support him had been practically bought up by the enemy. Antigonus, disposing of the revenues of the temple, won over Ventidius, who was waging such successful warfare against the Parths. Ventidius' lieutenant and other Roman generals were likewise bought.

The new King of the Jews appeared before Jerusalem to find himself surrounded everywhere by the treachery of

the Roman officers. Herod was in constant communication with Antony, and the Triumvir realized that the situation in Palestine endangered the entire eastern campaign against the Parths. His prestige and Rome's were at stake. Everything was going badly. And more and more reasons were piling up why he must take decisive action in the East. He had had for a year and a half now, repose from camp-life, had been drinking very little and his brain was keen and clear.

So with Ventidius relieved of his command, Antony set out for the East. Once at Antioch, the siege of Jerusalem was vigorously pursued by Herod and his Roman allies until the city fell and the inhabitants were massacred. At Herod's insistence Antony consented to have Antigonus beheaded. An enormous sum changed hands, and thus Herod secured his kingship and instilled into the Jews a lasting fear of Rome.

Antony's campaign, however, had not been overglorious. He had followed in the footsteps of Ventidius, and his enemies at Rome said his victories had been prepared—that the three hundred talents he had gained from the siege of Samosate was but one third of the sum King Antiochus I had offered to Ventidius! So Antony returned to Octavia in Athens. His friends were disappointed in him and asked themselves what was happening to Antony, the incomparable soldier, and what he was doing with his life.[21]

Back in Athens Antony had time to take stock of himself, reflect on his successes and failures, and think of those brilliant plans he had once made. Perhaps the vestals had not tended the fires! Was the flame of achievement in him extinguished? He could now see through Octavian's game of patience, and he suspected him of playing a double game in the East, with the intention of keeping Antony harmless at his side.

His inconsequential victory in the East, after all his planning, made him realize that the time had come when he must mark out his course, regain his popularity and again take his priority in the Triumvirate. And that, as the astrolo-

ger kept assuring him, could be done only by conquering the Parths and capturing the lost eagles of Crassus. It was from this point in his life that Antony determined to strengthen himself as much as he could, return to Antioch and finally fulfill his original plans to place Cæsarion in Octavian's place in Rome.

The term of the Triumvirate act expired December 31st, 38 B.C. In the spring Antony set off for Brundisium to meet Octavian, in the full expectation of having the upper hand and exchanging some of his fleet for some of Octavian's legions. Then . . . on to the East! On arriving at Brundisium, he found the port closed. Octavian, warring against the pirates, had decided that he had ships enough and did not need Antony's assistance. Antony was furious, veered around and bore down on Tarentum, where he notified his colleague that he was not the man to accept such an affront. He was determined, however, not to be outmanoeuvered this time and to delay a break with Octavian until he had made an exchange of ships for men, and possibly until he had strengthened his position in the East. Octavia was with him and doing her best to prevent a rupture between the two men. Her mediation resulted in Antony's giving Octavian 120 ships and receiving in return 20,000 soldiers for his war against the Parths. At the same time the Triumvirate was extended for the period of five years.

At Tarentum Octavian said farewell to his sister and brother-in-law, and watched them sail off to the war accompanied by all their respective children. After four years, Antony was finally making the decisive step in the eastern campaign. Though he had obtained his legions in the end, this last encounter with Octavian convinced Antony that his astrologer was right and that the stars did not reserve for him first rôle in any combination with his brother-in-law. On the other hand, he realized the dangers of a Parthian invasion. Cæsar himself had thought of it as the most difficult one of

his career and one, moreover, to be delayed until preparations were perfect.

To Antony the Roman legions were not sufficient. For a final and victorious blow at the Parths, he needed Cleopatra and the resources of Egypt. He would not attempt the plan of Cæsar without the help of Cæsar's ally. As it was, he knew that in his absence Octavian would undermine him in Rome as much as he could. Octavia was the symbol of her brother's hold on Antony, his rival's emissary, as it were, in his own camp to keep him free from any serious entanglement with Cleopatra and thus, as Antony felt, from the chance of real victory in the East.

Well, four years was enough! With his course of action now clearly decided in his mind, it were better to have his wife at Octavian's side in Rome than have Octavian's sister in his camp in the East. It was in Rome with Octavian and the Senate that he needed her diplomacy and tact and patience. There was only *one* woman who could help him in the East. He would show Octavian who had played the deepest game at Tarentum.

At the first port, Cocyra, on the plea that the East is a most unhealthy climate for children, he packed Octavia and the brood off to Rome. It was from this same Isle that Nausicaa bade farewell to Ulysses. Now it was an Antony who went on, East this time, and to a new Penelope! He disembarked at Syria and dispatched a note to Cleopatra to meet him in Antioch, four years after he had left her in Alexandria.

Thus was taken the first definite step toward achieving the brilliant and prophetic future predicted for the divinely-born twins, and to secure for the Antony-Ptolemy dynasty and for the Egyptian priesthood an autonomous Empire of the East.



CLEOPATRA THE GREAT



CLEOPATRA THE GREAT
(Detail of head from the Vatican Statue
Croce Greca)

Reproduced by courtesy of Deutschen Archäologischen Instituts Rom

CHAPTER IV

THE divine twins were four years old when Cleopatra set out to meet their father at Antioch. This time the Queen dispensed with the splendor and pomp that had marked their memorable reunion at Tarsus. She greeted Antony now, not only as a Queen, but as a mother and an outraged woman who had been once abandoned—a woman whose duty it was to place her children in the best possible position.

Antony was aware that in sending his wife back to Italy, he had cut himself off from Rome until such time as he could return to it, conqueror of Parthia. Only as a victor could he return to Rome and take the Egyptian Queen with him, as Cæsar had done years before. Without the prestige of an eastern triumph, he was without the power even to attempt to replace Octavian with Cæsarion, and Octavia with Cleopatra. To take the first step in that march against the Parths he needed Cleopatra. She alone possessed the treasure, gold and supplies for such a formidable enterprise. She, of all women, was the only companion for a man who dreamed of becoming the Emperor of the World.

So Cleopatra was able to impose her own conditions: her immediate recognition as Antony's wife,—the marriage in accordance with Egyptian law had taken place in Tarsus,—and the formal recognition of the twins,[22] whom he now

saw for the first time. Nor did verbal acceptance of her conditions suffice Cleopatra. She was through with airy promises. Before Antony left her on his hazardous campaign against the Parths, he drew up a document embodying all Cleopatra's demands.

The Octavian party in Rome was appalled when they learned that the Queen was given in fief the entire coast line with the exception of Tyre and Sidon. Chalcis, the Island of Cypress and much older Roman territory were given to Egypt, and Rome's darkest suspicions were confirmed—Cleopatra cherished plans to restore Egypt to its former greatness. Cleopatra had driven a hard bargain, strengthened by the memory of that dark period when, abandoned and awaiting the birth of the twins, she had faced alone the enmity of Rome.

The world soon realized that a new era had been ushered in by Cleopatra at Antioch and that Marc Antony, Roman Triumvir, might emerge as God of Asiatic imperialism. The money minted at this time at Antioch and Alexandria, presenting the double image of Antony and Cleopatra, was visible evidence that Egypt had a sovereign and the East a protector.

The summer of 36 was well on when Antony led the greatest expedition that Rome had ever armed against the Parths. He followed Cæsar's plan in the campaign; the strategy had been prepared; it was necessary for him only to continue in the footsteps of his murdered captain, to put into effect the next great move that Cæsar had left unfinished:—the conquest of the East and establishment as its capital, Alexandria.

Cleopatra accompanied Antony to the Euphrates and there left him to continue on to the Parths, while she returned to Alexandria to await the news of the victory. Her way led through Damascus and Judea, Herod's kingdom. Herod and the royal suite accompanied her to the borders of Egypt, and Cleopatra never knew how close to death she had been at the

hands of her life-long enemy. It was only by the intervention of Nicholas of Damascus, who pointed out Antony's certain fury, that Herod was dissuaded from his plan to ambush and murder Cleopatra.

In the autumn Cleopatra, who had been impatiently awaiting word of Antony's victory, received the news that the Parthian campaign had ended in disaster. Antony was ten years too late. Since Cæsar's day the Parths had learned too much from the Romans of Roman strategy, and Cæsar's plans had not succeeded. The Alexandrines, however, were never told the truth about the defeat. Cleopatra gathered what munitions, supplies and money she could and hurried to meet Antony. They did not loiter, but after rewarding his starving and ragged legions, both returned to Alexandria. The court fêted the return of the prodigal; and winter passed in a round of festivities and entertainments, during which Antony tried to forget the bitterness of his unexpected defeat.

It had been a better year for Octavian. He had succeeded in routing the pirates who, under their leader Sextus Pompey, had been plaguing him for many months. Sextus Pompey was forced to flee eastward. Lepidus, the third and least known of the Triumvirate, was removed from office and exiled, and all his territory now came under the rule of Octavian. The latter's forces were at present some 600 battleships and 41 legions—about 300,000 men. On the Ides of November, just about the time that Antony was being vanquished by the elements and Parthian treachery, Octavian made a triumphant entry into Rome; and a grateful Senate decreed that he should be allowed a seat on the Tribune bench and given a crown of laurels.

This news was brought to Antony from Rome. And the couriers took back to his enemies there tales of his debauches in Alexandria. Soon the street poets who ran about Rome and its suburbs were circulating obscene verses on the subject of the Egyptian Queen and her enslaved King.

Naturally, tales of Antony's debaucheries were scur-

rilously exaggerated to lend credence to Cleopatra's vicious influence over him. Antony, however, was neither devil nor saint. He could drink with the hardest of his soldiers, share their privations, be happy with those philosophers who preached the gentle mean and moderation in all things, or enjoy those magnificent feasts given in the marble palace overlooking the Harbor of Happy Returns. Though the Romans were not strangers to luxury, the rigorous Republicans of the old order had a healthy fear of the splendor and richness of Egypt. They knew! Their generals had succumbed to it: Sulla, Cæsar, now Antony—and that opulence altered all their conceptions of life. Fear of the East—this is an ever-recurrent theme in Roman history.

Antony did not confine himself to hunting, gambling, and the Alexandrine round of dinners and spectacles, for, having accepted the office of Gymnasia, he was also to be seen, clad in Greek cloak and white sandals, following the courses of the philosophers. Among the Alexandrine wits he could hold his own.

Antony and Cleopatra were surrounded by a select group of friends called the "inimitables." The more discerning patricians among the Romans who were admitted to the intimate circle would long remember the mocking discourse and witty talk which animated the supper parties at the palace—and never forget the charm and naturalness of the Queen. She sang and played, and conversed in many languages.

Thus passed the winter of 36. The twins were five years old when Ptolemy Philadelphus, gage of the royal reunion at Antioch, was born.[28] Cleopatra and Antony had founded their dynasty. On the coinage of this time Rome remarked that the head of Cleopatra had been substituted for that of Octavia. It was impossible not to note a change in Antony. A new purpose now directed all his actions. The Octavian party in Rome were not unaware of his vision—all the thrones of the East occupied by his children and their descendants.

The education of the children was a serious affair for

Cleopatra. Like all the Ptolemies, they were brought up in an atmosphere of learning without pedantry. Culture was intended to give more interest in life and to make the reunions at court more brilliant. The selection of tutor was discussed with the High Priest and savants, Fellows of the Museum, annexed to the royal residence. Their choice finally fell upon Euphronius.[24] Antony was often present to hear his children and Cæsarion in their tasks. This was a comparatively happy period for the new royal family, a period where nothing had yet been lost and everything seemed still possible.

Antony settled down soberly to govern his vast possessions. Though an Alexandrine King, he was still a Roman Triumvir with many affairs of state to arrange for the good of Rome. There were councils to be held with the General Staff and the army of specialists, experts on census, taxation, monetary reforms, discussions with the engineers and architects of measures for peace and for war. All orders had to come from Antony. It was no slight task to reorganize eastern affairs to suit Roman policy, to reorganize the finances of kingdoms still under native rule so that tribute should flow regularly into the treasury at Rome as well as the Alexandrine coffers, to make new alliances and strengthen old ones and, in short, to perform all those manifold duties of chief administrator of the Roman Empire in the East.

The spring of 35 was darkened by betrayals and defeat, so now Antony sought to retrieve his fortunes by a number of new alliances. The King of the Medes rode against the Parths and allied himself with Antony. This was a stroke of fortune. Now at last he could recoup himself in a Parthian victory. He needed only fresh Roman legions to repair the losses of the earlier disastrous expedition.

Cleopatra could give him all the gold and supplies his men would need, but it was only Octavian who could supply him with the indispensable legions. Cleopatra's soldiers were not to be trusted in an eastern campaign. Without stamina, and fighting against their own race, too many of them were

likely to desert to the enemy. Octavian signified to Antony that he would be more than willing to supply Antony with the desired legions *if* he would rid himself of Cleopatra. However, Cleopatra would not brook this affront, and an open breach between the two Triumvirs seemed inevitable. Octavia, determined to regain Antony for herself as well as for her brother and the West, persuaded her brother to yield. In preparing the reënforcements for Antony, she sacrificed a large part of her private fortune. She then set sail herself for Athens, feeling sure that she could persuade Antony that Octavian's and her support were worth more than that of Cleopatra. She was prepared to turn over to him a great sum of money, clothing, equipment, war machines, as well as three thousand armed men and the first Prætorian cohorts.

But Cleopatra showed herself the stronger. When Octavia sent a messenger from Athens announcing her arrival, Antony forbade her to join him and asked her to remain in Greece. Octavia had felt sure he would receive her, that at the last moment he would not repudiate her for the Egyptian Queen. When she received his message ordering her to deliver to his lieutenants all that she had brought with her, like his ever-obedient wife she did so—and returned alone to Italy. Antony later would be severely criticized for his seemingly brutal treatment of the faithful Octavia. But behind his brutality as well as behind her faithfulness there was a potent factor—Octavian! Antony knew all too well that yielding to Octavia meant putting himself once again under the domination of Octavian and that before everything else, even more important than her love for her husband, was Octavia's love for her brother. Antony suspected, perhaps rightly, that Octavia had come to Athens armed with Octavian's orders, and he could not risk hearing them.

On the surface the two Triumvirs remained allies, and Antyllus, the son Antony had left in Rome, was affianced to Julia, daughter of Octavian. Meanwhile, as soon as Octavia returned alone to Rome, Octavian, unknown to any one, began

to conspire with the King of Armenia to weaken Antony's position in the coming Parthian war.

In the spring of 34, following the custom of the ancient Pharaohs, Antony transferred his headquarters to Syria. Here were lovely valleys and fertile plains, and the children enjoyed as their playground the hunting preserve on the borders of the desert. From his summer residence Antony kept in close touch with his Eastern Empire and prepared for the invasion which this time he meant to be victorious. The final step was to ally the kingdom of Armenia with him. The daughter of the Armenian King had already been affianced to little Alexander Helios, but the king, suspecting Antony of knowing of his intrigues with Octavian, declined Antony's invitation for a meeting. At this, Antony became convinced of foul play and immediately advanced into Armenia. His swift attack met with sudden success, and he took the King prisoner and declared the country a Roman province. On his return to Syria, Antony approached the Median king with proposals for an alliance. He was confident that the Armenian victory was a forerunner of a great conquest. The soldiers were jubilant. The legions had pillaged Armenia, and the loot and gold of the temples was theirs without losses.

Now the prophecy of the twins' birth seemed destined to become true. Alexander Helios' betrothal to the Armenian Princess had, of course, been broken, and he was now for the second time in his life betrothed to a princess. This time the pact with the Median king was sealed by the betrothal of Alexander Helios to the Median Princess, the tiny Iotape.[25]

Alexander Helios was now six years old. He had acquainted his diminutive "Master of the Royal House, Master of the Secret of all the Royal Words," of the coming of his small princess, and a banquet attended her arrival, presided over by Cæsarion, Cleopatra Selene and himself, while Antony-Osiris and Cleopatra-Isis officiated in their divine capacity as gods.

Life was too swift and dangerous for a prolonged adoles-

cence, and the children were already a part of the life of the state, prepared from infancy for their important destiny as rulers. The Master of the Secrets of Heaven knew the day and hour that the Princess Iotape would step out of the royal barge at the foot of the terrace before the Palace of the Lagidæ to ascend in state the great marble staircase. At the door the pages,[20] the royal children and the young nobles waited to escort her into the columned hall where the queen sat enthroned as Isis. To the Romans at court, the small princess, heavily gowned in rich robes and bedecked with lavish jewels, seemed like an eastern idol suddenly endowed with life.

The first morning she awoke in the palace, she accompanied the royal children and their little court to celebrate divine service in the Temple of Isis. In the afternoon she received her little courtiers and bettered her acquaintance with her future husband. She was initiated into the mysteries of Egyptian and Greek games, playing until nightfall when one of the nurses announced it was royal bedtime.

The pact with Media was extremely satisfactory to Cleopatra and her ministers and the priests of Isis. At last their plans seemed on the road to achievement. The Parths were definitely checked and all the Alexandrine court joined in celebrating the most magnificent of royal seasons.

So the winter of 34 passed with only one disturbing event to mar its peace. Herod had murdered the brother of his wife, the young high priest whose office he wanted for another candidate. Cleopatra felt that this was the time to bring about the downfall of her enemy, and he was summoned to appear before Antony, by whose goodwill he had gained the throne. However, Herod escaped from the interview without any severe punishment. Antony suspected his queen of aspiring to the throne of Judea for her son and, in dismissing Herod unpunished, warned Cleopatra against looking too closely into the motives of kings. Thus Herod was spared so that Antony could contemplate an invasion into

Parthia without the awkwardness of leaving Herod as an enemy at his back in Judea.

The long threatened break between Alexandria and Rome was hastened in 33 when Antony began to show his hand, first by celebrating his triumph over Armenia and second by his coronation.

The year before, fresh from his Armenian victory, he had led his army into Alexandria followed by countless numbers of slaves, wagonloads of booty, noble hostages in chains —but this entry paled before the formal triumph he now celebrated. This was the first time in Rome's history that one of her generals had celebrated a victory in the wars outside of Rome. And Rome heard the news aghast.

Antony rode the Bacchic chariot in the procession as the new "Father Liber," dressed in a robe of gold, his head bound with an ivy wreath and holding the thyrsus in his hand and wearing the buskin. The brilliance, the dazzling pageants, sumptuous feasts and entertainments surpassed all similar events held in Rome. The news of a triumph held outside the Capital stirred all the Mediterranean world. At Rome the two parties, Cæsarions and Octavians, wondered with growing concern whether this was the first step leading to Alexandria's bearing off the victory as mistress of the world.

While the Romans who were against Antony seethed with anger and resentment, in the East the pomp of the triumph moved men to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The elation of victory was in the air, the moment auspicious for the Revelation . . . and the metamorphosis of a Roman general into a monarch divine.

A few days after the procession of the triumph, the Alexandrines were bidden to a ceremony which had no precedent except in the life of Alexander the Great. The new god and goddess, Antony-Osiris and Cleopatra-Isis, occupied golden thrones set on a platform of silver, while their children were seated on silver thrones, sovereigns of their respective kingdoms. Calling to the world to hearken to the number

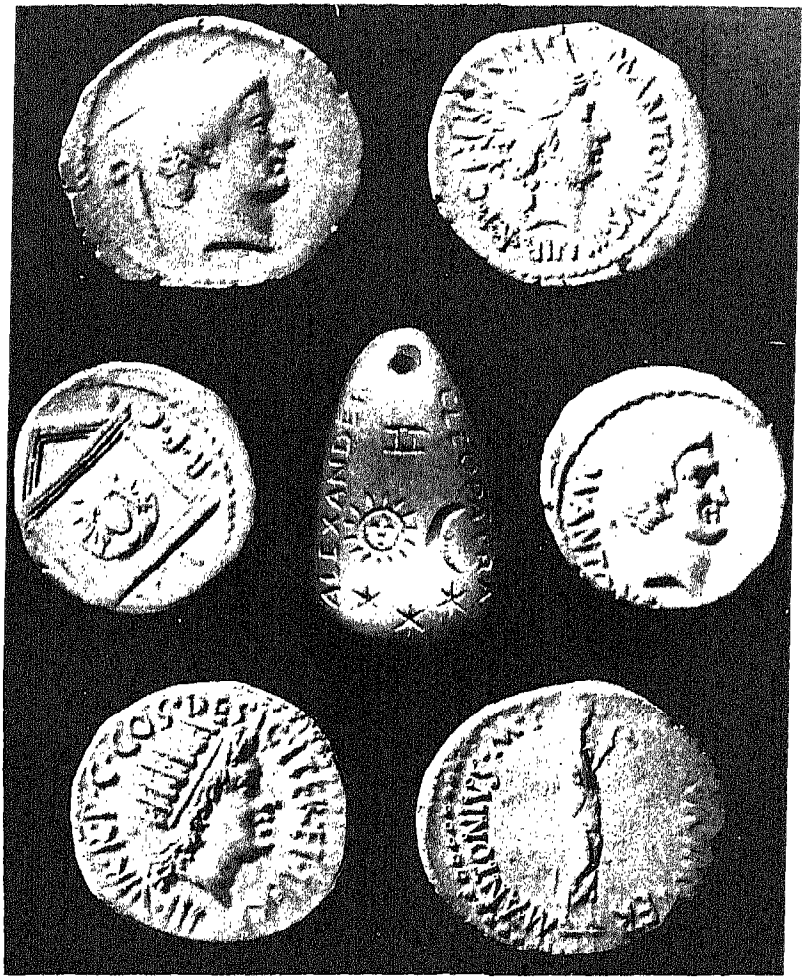
of his victories, Antony declared Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, Cyprus and Coelsyria, with Cæsarion, her son by Cæsar, to share her sovereignty. This act alone, whereby Antony declared Ptolemy Cæsarion the legitimate son of Cæsar and his wife Cleopatra, was, at last, an unforgivable challenge to Octavian's position and shook the very foundation of Roman government. The Romans standing by trembled at the audacity of Antony's gesture, but Alexandrines greeted the words with joyful shouts. Who could help remembering now Alexander the Great's prediction that this site would one day be the capital of the world?

Antony continued conferring kingdoms and titles, and the populace acclaimed the new sovereigns as each of the children was announced king or queen in turn. To Alexander Helios was assigned Armenia, Media and Parthia, whenever the latter should be conquered. Proud in Median tiara and kitaris, he saluted his parents and marched off, followed by his own guard and the shining eyes of his bride-to-be, Iotapa.

Ptolemy Philadelphus, just three years old, in boots and cloak and a diademed hat, was given Phœnicia, Syria and Cilicia. Finally, Cleopatra Selene, slender and straight, dressed in her Greek robe and, like her Grecian mother, fair and honey-pale in contrast to the dark-skinned Lybian guard that surrounded her, was named Queen of Cyrenaica and Libya.[27]

The ceremony seemed the realization of Cleopatra's dreams and her plans with the priesthood. The coronation proclaimed to the world that the era of conquests was over and the reorganization of the East begun. In founding their dynasty, she and Antony had restored the principle of monarchy by divine right. When Sulla had failed and Cæsar had perished, she and Antony were gloriously succeeding—

For Cleopatra the coronations were also a wedding of religions—the merging of the gods of Greece with the ancient beliefs that the Egyptian Pharaohs had held, reincarnation of divinity in sovereigns. The East was to be welded into a spiritual as well as a political union.



COIN PLATE II

(For detailed description see pages 330-331)

Thus, following the coronation ceremonies, Alexandria entered upon a mythological Bacchanalia. It was a unique occasion for Cleopatra to revive the pomp and grandeur of her ancestors which she loved—but more than that; by the splendor of the celebration to show Rome that the riches of the Lagidæ were not from the wars of Asia, nor the gold and silver mines, nor any usual source, but were due to the fertile soil of Egypt.

After the pomp of Bacchus a banquet was spread to which all Alexandria was bidden. Royal tents had been erected; purple rugs covered the floors; the walls were hung with cloths embroidered in gold; and statues were set up. Goblets and every dish were golden and inlaid with precious stones wonderfully chased and embossed. All night the city resounded to music and song. Romans in Alexandria and Alexandrines, men and women, carrying thyrsi, drums, pipes, flutes and rattles and dressed in fawn skins, celebrated the rites sacred to Bacchus; and the Roman Plancus, dressed as a god, danced before the assembled guests, to the disapproval of all Rome.

So the new régime was inaugurated: a coinage was issued and orders given the Alexandrian sculptors to model that triad of gods, Antony-Dionysus, Cleopatra-Isis and Cæsarion-Horus, and those three lesser gods, the children of the divine couple.[28]

The triumph and the coronation stirred the Octavian party in Rome to action. Through Antony's secretary, Plancus, bribed and summoned to Rome, they became acquainted with the contents of Antony's testament, which declared, among other damaging clauses, that Cæsarion was the legitimate son and heir of Cæsar. A will was sacred, but, when the vestals refused to produce the document, Octavian obtained a copy by force. He read it aloud to the Senate, stressing those passages most offensive to Roman vanity, and the result was a revulsion of feeling which had until then run steadily toward Antony. He was renounced by many as a

renegade who did not even want his bones to repose in Roman soil.

Following this initial stroke, Octavian and Mæcenas, the monied back of his régime, led a huge propaganda against Antony and Cleopatra. A mass of forged documents appeared overnight and was soon in circulation, adding fuel to the flames. Antony, however, still had many friends in the Capital who preferred his genuineness as a person and his valor as a general to Octavian's shrewd policies, and care had to be taken in the campaign of lies against Antony not to antagonize these powerful friends. Stories of potions and magic soon got abroad; Antony was made to seem the dupe of Cleopatra, stupefied by drink while the queen remained sober and mistress of herself (for this they could not deny) by means of a magic amethyst ring. She was said to have taken an oath that she would strip Rome of its greatness and reign over the Roman people herself. Pamphlets and verses filled the Capital with endless calumny against her. She was a wanton in league with the evil powers, a sorceress and a siren.

Realizing the danger of the situation and the difficulty of obtaining at this time, when feeling ran so high, ratification of the changes made in the distribution of the Eastern thrones, Antony's agents in Rome decided not to read to the Senate the dispatches Antony had sent from Alexandria, which reported the Armenian war, his triumph in Alexandria and the coronations. But Octavian, knowing the reaction of the Senate to such news, insisted and, after much wrangling, the documents were made public.

Even now, Octavian was too prudent to call Antony a public enemy. "The Romans are not going to attack Antony," he cried to the Senate, "but this woman, intoxicated with hopes and delirium of exalted fortune, who dreams but of the fall of the Capital and the funeral of the Empire!" [20] Public opinion had been worked up to a dangerous pitch, and the Roman populace heard with delight that the Senate

had declared war on Egypt and its Queen. Octavian, Consul of the Roman people, surrounded by the most dignified persons of the state, was marching against those forces that constituted, to Roman eyes, "the Eastern Peril."

Many of Antony's friends responded to the call, not realizing that they were being misled by a stratagem; that it was not a question of the Republic against Alexandria, but of whether Octavian or Antony should found a royal dynasty to rule the Empire.

In January of 32, Octavian's council publicly announced the rupture with Antony. It was now a definite conflict between the two men. The year marked a turning point in the public life of Antony. He was now obliged to bring forth his political program and clarify his position. Antony and Octavian engaged in a series of recriminating letters, each trying to win public opinion to his side.

The spring of 32 found Antony encamped at Ephesus. Even now he was much tempted to move against Parthia before entering into war with Octavian. He saw Parthia divided by internal struggles at the moment, and his consistent dream of conquering the country tempted him again. Perhaps, too, some inner doubt warned him of the outcome of any struggle with Octavian. But Cleopatra was adamant and dissuaded him from his contemplated exploit against the Parths. Those eagles of Crassus would wait yet a while longer. It was not the moment to extend their Empire in the East, but to consolidate Egypt for the inevitable and long-anticipated struggle that must take place between the two capitals of the Mediterranean.

In Rome Octavian ruled with an iron hand. His unethical behavior in violating the sacredness of Antony's will and the threat of violence implied in all his utterances, alienated Senators of the Cæsarion party. Forced to a choice between Octavian and Antony, they decided in Antony's favor and joined him at Ephesus.

Octavian's influence, however, reached into the closest

circles of Antony's court. One man was bought with gold, another with promised honors and still others, those who were Republic-minded, with appeals to patriotism. Cleopatra saw plainly that many Romans surrounding Antony were seeking to bring him back to the Roman cause and to an alliance with his brother-in-law. Constantly at his side, she showed him that his position was logical only when he was looked on as Emperor of the East. There was no room, she declared, for two leaders in Rome: if Antony consented to share the power with Octavian, he would again be relegated to the post of Governor or Proconsul ruling the East for Rome. As King of Egypt, once the Parthian Empire was conquered, an alliance with Rome to Egypt's advantage seemed a not unreasonable project.

The more moderate of the consuls surrounding Antony at Ephesus were persuaded that if Cleopatra would return to Egypt war might still be avoided. Some hoped, too, that with the Queen away, Antony might be influenced, as he had been years before at Brundisium, to support the Republican cause in conjunction with Octavian. To these Romans of the old Republican stamp, the division of power between Octavian and Antony seemed the only solution against the aspirations of both. They were ready to support Antony who, they felt, was more their sort than Octavian, but the presence of the Queen in this soldier's camp seemed to them incongruous and improper. "O shame," they cried, "that the sun has seen the canopy of the Egyptians in the midst of our military insignia!" [30]

Now Cleopatra had been trained in the psychology of eastern crowds who liked show and "panache" in their rulers and representatives, and a split between her and some of Antony's supporters was inevitable. Her influence prevailed over that of the consuls. She favored a waiting plan in the East, but, if Antony was determined to go forward, she was equally determined not to allow him to go alone.

So the expedition left Ephesus and sailed on to Samos,

"and there made merry," [31] and thence to Athens, arriving late in the spring of 32. Cleopatra's policy was now clear-cut: let them go on to victory or defeat and embrace wholeheartedly one plan: universal domination or nothing. It was no longer a question of the independence of Egypt and an Eastern Empire, but of which would rule the West as well as the East. The issue was now unavoidable, but it served to sow dissension among Antony's supporters, to whom the idea of a royal dynasty that would rule over Rome through Egypt was insupportable.

From Athens Antony wrote the letter of repudiation which was to divorce him from Octavia—and Rome. This was more or less a public acknowledgment of himself as King of Egypt, and he knew that this move would alienate from him a number of his Roman partisans, who would now see that he, like Cæsar before him, was aiming at a throne. He still had, however, many friends who disliked the sly Octavian and who had admired his own frank, open manners. Moreover, a considerable body supported him in memory of the great Dictator, regarding him as the guardian of Cæsarion, whose rights many had secretly at heart. Antony promised to lay down his power six months after his victory. In championing Cæsarion, he was going to war to root out the false heir, Octavian, so that Cæsar's legal heir and son might one day sit in his father's place and rule an empire which should reach from Rome to India. Many of his supporters remained faithful to Antony when it thus became clear to them that it was Cæsarion's rights for which they were to fight.

Antony was now despoiled of his power in Rome by vote of the Senate. Octavian renounced the title of Triumvir, but not the extraordinary powers the title conferred upon him. Antony, however, was still a hero among many of the Italian people, and Octavian was forced to call on all Italy and the Western provinces to take an oath of fealty to him. A heavy war-tax was levied and his land and sea forces were confided to able generals. Octavian knew his own limi-

tations: he lacked the qualities that make a warrior, but he knew how to surround himself with gifted leaders and wise councilors. Furthermore, he was a genius in the art of attacking within the enemy's camp by skillful propaganda.

In the autumn of 32, the desertion of several Asiatic allies and Roman nobles alarmed Antony and completely altered the character of his campaign. Strategically, he could no longer concentrate forces as hitherto planned. This was a serious menace. He could no longer follow Cleopatra's original plan of slowly retreating toward the East, drawing Octavian on to follow him until, with a solid wall behind him, he could outflank his enemy and attack from the West. Now Cleopatra favored a naval battle, though Antony was not so sure, and his war council firmly against it. The season was late and the winter was spent at Patræ, with Antony perfecting his plans for the coming campaign, and Octavian, by judicious bribery, slowly winning a bloodless victory within his enemy's camp.

CHAPTER V

ONE after another, Antony's friends were going over to the enemy. Octavian was buying them. The many betrayals in the East added to those in his own camp disturbed him greatly. The deserters took with them his plans of strategy, and thus half his chance of success. In great secrecy he began to plan how he could retire with his forces to Egypt, there to rebuild his following and plan a new campaign. He decided to attempt the semblance of a naval battle and, under cover of it, withdraw his troops and fleet from Actium. There was a tremendous obstacle to the successful carrying out of the plan: Octavian's fleet occupied the mouth of the gulf, thus bottling up the fleet of Antony in the harbor.

Octavian's rowers were sturdy men, while Antony's were weakened by privation. Yet they must break the blockade of the port—or die! A retreat by land was certain to be disastrous. They could not risk the opinion of the volatile Alexandrines by anything resembling a rout. They must return to Egypt with a fleet and sails flying. The legions who were to be embarked for the retreat were kept in the dark as to the actual plans. They thought they were to fight a real battle at sea.

A definite plan of escape had been contrived, one which required the closest coöperation of men and officers and the

strictest discipline. A delay, a false movement would be fatal. So much had found its way into the enemy's camp that this final plan was intrusted to none but the necessary few.

The evening before the battle, Cleopatra's treasure went aboard, ready to leave, and Antony burned everything cumbersome which could not be taken along. The sails were packed against the remonstrances of his men. Why encumber their heavy ships? Only light sails were needed to emerge from the gulf, and in the battle none would be needed.

On the morning of September 2nd Antony's boats were arranged in compact formation at the mouth of the passage through which only a few boats at a time could emerge. He was in an excellent position to defend and hold the port, but his one precaution was to leave it and get away. At the mouth of the gulf, Agrippa, Octavian's general, had his fleet arranged in a semicircle. He was waiting, counting on the impatience of Antony's men to make the first move to break his line.

Antony was ranging along the lines in a small skiff, encouraging his men. At noon a light breeze sprang up; it was time now to make that feint of battle, engage the enemy long enough to allow his rear guard to escape and make a passage through for the rest of the ships to follow.

As his fleet emerged, Antony sought to engage Octavian in person, forcing him to the shoals where they could both be at a disadvantage. However, Octavian was not to be found. The whole fleet became occupied and the lines broken. Cleopatra from her flagship, and Antony from his, remarked Agrippa's manœuvre of a mesh of ships before the entrance of the port. She saw their plans foiled and all of them caught; Egypt without a queen, Cæsarion and the children—hostages of the victor. Suddenly there came a brief moment of respite and a passage through. Followed by the sixty Egyptian ships Cleopatra rode out of the pass, her ships three abreast. When they rounded the extreme point of Arcania, she gave the signal; the sails were unfurled and she made out

to sea. Now, according to their plan, Antony and the rest of the fleet were to follow. Thus Antony set sail soon after Cleopatra.

The signal was now given for the other ships to follow suit, and the officers began to lighten their boats for the flight by throwing overboard their heavy war engines. The legionaries, who knew nothing about the plans, were outraged. They saw their one means of defense being cast away and felt that they were being deserted. And so they fought all the more furiously. That moment of mutiny delayed the escape. Agrippa saw through Antony's strategy and hedged in his fleet, charging down on Antony's cumbersome galleys. Soon the screams of the wounded and drowning filled the air.

The battle up to this time had been indecisive, but now there was great confusion among the ships Antony had left behind. Octavian, with his peculiar genius for "financing the enemy," had already subsidized some of Antony's petty officers; his men received contrary orders and reports, and Octavian himself kept shouting and pointing out to them that Antony had fled, and "What were they fighting for and for whom?" Alas, it was true; for those who had followed Antony were obeying orders, and those who stayed behind were both unable to flee and rebellious at being abandoned. Thus the fleet was lost.

Antony had always loved his soldiers, had lived on the greatest terms of intimacy with them, sharing their hardships and privations; and now—he had left them behind to perish. He had taken the only way of getting his troops safely out of ambush, and he had failed. For three days he sat broken-hearted in the prow of Cleopatra's ship, which bore him away from Actium, his head bowed in his hands, in torment and despair. He had envisaged a "glorious retreat," a superb bit of strategy, and he had only succeeded in deserting his men.[32] At Cape Tænarum he encountered some fugitives who informed him that the land army would hold.

Antony sent a courier immediately to his general Canidius, requesting him to conduct the army back to Egypt by way of Macedonia.

But again Antony's plans miscarried. In face of the defeat at sea and the news of the desertion of eastern allies, Canidius was doing his best to hold the army together. Octavian, cautious as always, did not compromise his naval victory by offering battle, but asked Antony's land army to lay down their arms. Seven days had passed without news from Antony. His messengers from Cape Tænarum never arrived. After a week of waiting, the army submitted and passed under the flag of Octavian.

Meanwhile, Antony disembarked at Parætonium, in Africa, to take over the four legions he had left there under Scarpus to protect Egypt against the marauding tribes of the desert. But the news of his defeat had preceded him, and Scarpus, wishing to make his peace with Octavian, refused to receive Antony. At the same time Antony received the news of the submission of the troops he had left behind. The treason was complete. He, who had never betrayed a man, was betrayed on all sides. The failure of all his plans, of the hopes which he and Cleopatra had cherished and which had seemed so near to achievement, drove him to despair. He tried to kill himself as the only honorable solution, but was dissuaded from so doing by two of his close friends.

Meanwhile, Cleopatra had sailed back to Alexandria, her flagship decorated as though to celebrate a splendid victory. Actium had shaken her, but her spirit was not yet broken. The pennants at the mast fluttered their defiance and the Queen of Egypt entered the Harbor of Happy Returns in all the panoply of triumph. She was carried ashore in royal state and fêted as befitted a conqueror.

Behind the walls of her palace she convoked a meeting of her ministers and with them began immediately to carry out her freshly-revised projects in regard to the East. The treaty with the King of Media was confirmed. The dethroned Ar-

menian King, whose territory had been given to Media, was still in captivity in Alexandria. With a queenly gesture and as a sound political move, Cleopatra now had his head removed and sent to the King of Media as a symbol of good faith.

Cleopatra had not lost all hope for her empire-building plans. Antony still possessed the heart of the legions; there were nineteen of them and twelve thousand horsemen who asked nothing better than to continue the struggle for the mastery of the world under the man they still considered "the greatest captain of his times." Some of his troops had mutinied in Italy, recalling Octavian from his work of reorganizing the East. Yet Antony saw nothing anywhere to hearten him: the legions of Cocyra, Herod, one by one, his eastern allies—all had rallied to Octavian's side. But Cleopatra was too filled with other designs to be discouraged by the failure of her former ones. She had often talked with Julius Cæsar about the conquest of the Far East. Now seemed the time to execute these schemes. She began work on reopening the old canal connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. The route was now blocked by sand, and an immense labor was involved in making it navigable again. The Palace at Alexandria was a beehive of activity. Darius, five hundred years before had joined these waters, and later Ptolemy Philadelphus had reopened the waterway and built a great system of locks. If it were opened again, Syria and Armenia would be controlled and once more the fight for supremacy of the world could begin.

With her battleships on the Red Sea, Cleopatra would have Egypt facing a world beyond Roman reach and influence. India was engaged in a thriving trade with Egypt; Media was already bound to Alexandria by marriage. Parthia, the enemy of Media, lay between these two vast lands. If the Egyptian fleet sailed down the Red Sea, around the coast of Arabia, to effect a junction with the Median armies in the Persian Gulf, some sort of support might be given the

allies, but the Indian states and Parthia would be finally conquered, not by Rome, but by Egypt. Or, if not conquered, at least frightened into joining the new Eastern Confederacy under the leadership of Alexandria—and Isis.

While Cleopatra was deep in the details of this gigantic plan and rushing work on the canal, she kept up the courage of her capricious subjects by seeming to enter the hectic "after-the-war" gayety of the Capital. The court was surrounded by men already under the influence of Roman gold, and she knew that if the true state of affairs in the Mediterranean basin was known, the Alexandrines might be led to revolt. But Antony could not dissimulate his feelings. Once the most gregarious of persons, he now shunned the company of men. Once open-hearted, brilliant and gay, he was now reproached by his friends for his ill-humor. He did not have the ebullience and vitality of spirit with which Cleopatra was endowed. He thought of himself as another Timon, disgusted with the treachery of mankind, and retired to a little hut that Cleopatra had built for him at the end of the breakwater of the Palace.

So it was that Cleopatra found it necessary to show more strength and persistence than ever, pursuing alone the management of her state. She dedicated herself now to the plans she had once worked out with Cæsar, of whom she thought more and more. Despite the protests of Antony who stormed out of his seclusion to upbraid her for thus tempting again the enmity and anger of Octavian, she undertook elaborate arrangements to celebrate the coming of age of Cæsarion. Now that Antony was in this despairing and ineffectual mood, she looked to her oldest son, to the letters Cæsar had written her, for the inspiration and the means to lead her and Egypt out of the political morass in which they were foundering. The crowning of Cæsarion would also serve to rally around her all Alexandrines whose loyalty was wavering. It was one thing to fight for a queen when the struggle might be hopeless, but it was another and more inspiring

thing to support a young king. As always, Cleopatra was being guided by her sure instinct in statesmanship.

Alone at this time, she fulfilled the rôle of monarch, overseeing with her ministers the work at the canal and all the details which allowed the government to carry on. She was taking wary precautions to hold the turbulent spirits of her subjects in check, for they were so often seized with panic that any adverse wind was enough to rouse them to mutiny. She strove to awaken a fighting spirit in the opulent citizens of Alexandria, but stagnation faced her everywhere, due to a surplus of gold and trade and the easy life resulting from the success of industry and the peaceful progress of the arts and sciences. It was each for himself in that city; and now at a time when a concerted will to act for the good of the country was more than ever essential, a reign of super-individualism was rampant.

Her days were full and there was little time for the children. On waking she made the daily sacrifice in the Temple of Isis, Osiris and of Serapis. Then the reception of ministers, dignitaries, or foreign ambassadors; particularly, the Epistleographos, or Secretary, the Prime Minister, High Priest, as well as Chief Librarian. Her correspondence was enormous, and in addition to the mass of executive work, she followed with great attention the meetings of her cabinet and parliament.

Antony was filled with morbid suspicions, and he was haunted by that swift falling-away of his friends and of the legions that had abandoned his cause. He doubted not only himself and his own powers to meet the future, but murmured to his friends his fears that Cleopatra would poison him. The moral strength of the Queen, displayed in all her acts since Actium, was a constant challenge to his conscience, making him more aware each day of his lack of stamina in the face of defeat.

Cleopatra was planning for the lives of Egypt and her children. She knew she must finish with that childishness of

Antony and soften his bitterness and growing antagonism to her. On his birthday she offered him a banquet which he attended. Amid a night of revelry, the air heavy with scents from the rose-strewn floor, she offered him a toast, expressing in her eyes everything that was at stake in the war against time she was fighting—for kingdom, fortune and their children: for life itself. As he lifted the goblet to his lips, she dashed it suddenly from his hands: "It is poisoned!" So they faced each other like adversaries. "Fool!" She looked him straight in the eyes, "Don't you see now that I could have poisoned you a hundred times had I been able to live without you!" She reached out her hand. It was a command of love and reconciliation. It was love and ambition that had dictated his choice at Antioch, and he knew now that he would follow her to the end.

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No man coming to Alexandria at this time would have dreamt he had entered a city whose rulers had recently been defeated by an enemy, an enemy already preparing to invade Egypt itself. While work on the canal proceeded, the fleet was being dragged across the sand from the Mediterranean and new ships were being built at Suez. Cæsarion was invested as King of Egypt in a splendid ceremony.[33] Cleopatra felt that it was important for Cæsarion to assume the insignia of his royalty in full view of the Alexandrines, to show them that the son of the divine Julius Cæsar, for whose rights she had ceaselessly fought since she had stolen with him at night from Rome after the Ides of March, was now to be their king.

Following the ancient rites, Cæsarion, after being anointed, received the emblems of majesty from the gods and was proclaimed by the High Priest Son of Ra before gods and men and, in the Chamber of the Royal Diadem, he was crowned with the White Mitre of the King of the South and the Red Crown of the King of the North. Now the Alex-

andrines had a king to safeguard their interests! They could not fail him, nor his brothers and sisters and the entire dynasty which he led. This was Cleopatra's ultimate gesture. Cæsar had placed the power of the state in her hands, and now to his son she turned over the scepter and the Estates of Egypt. Whatever her personal fate, she had established the son of Cæsar upon the throne of Egypt. She would be the sole queen who had not only reigned alone in Egypt, but whose years of reign would be inscribed on the Canons of the King. Surrounding her were the other royal children, Cleopatra Selene, Queen of Cyrenaica and Libya; Alexander Helios, King of Kings, of Media and Armenia; and his Median Princess. And, above them all, Cæsarion, wearer of the double crown, issue of her union with the god Amon-Ra.

The legions that day remarked upon the young King's resemblance to his father. From his throne, followed by a great throng, Cæsarion went forth to offer libations and incense before the altar, and in return received the embraces of the Great God, whose son and successor he was, and the fluid of life; and was initiated into the secret mysteries whose meaning remained esoteric to all but the chosen few.

The Alexandrines were overjoyed. The coronation was followed by fêtes and feasting, and the celebration lasted for several days.

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The brilliant period which the coronation ushered in ended quickly, and was succeeded by intense gloom. Despite the censorship, all Alexandria learned that the commander Cornelius Gallus, another friend on whom Antony had counted, had been sent by Octavian with the legions formerly in North Africa and had taken Parætonium.

The invasion had started in earnest. Cleopatra saw that the struggle was becoming hopeless. The moment that might have overturned the balance against Rome had been lost when the Eastern Princes had been drawn into the whirl of

Roman politics. Now every minor prince was against her, and her envoys returned to Alexandria with news of new desertions every day. At home, in Egypt, she knew that her own people were decaying in indolent opulence. They had not as yet known the suffering that war within their own walls would bring about. Without a Roman to lead them, against Rome, they must, as always, subsist on Rome's favor. Only an Alexander, a Cæsar of super-equilibrium, both physical and intellectual, could have met the difficulties that had proved too strong for her and for Antony—Antony whose powerful burst of energy had always lacked that unswerving singleness of purpose and policy that had distinguished the Roman Dictator.

She decided to send Cæsarion with his tutor up the Nile and across the desert. She ordered as many ships as she could collect to await at the Port of Bernice where he would arrive about the middle of June, in time to join the merchants who would be setting out on their long voyage to India. There he would be safe from the hands of Octavian, and there he might make friends with the Kings of Hindustan and perhaps organize the great amalgamation of eastern nations, of which, even now, in the face of hopeless odds, she was still dreaming. Thus she parted with her first son, sending him toward her dream of Eastern Empire and away from the collapse of all her plans at home.

The canal had failed, and many of the new as well as the old galleys had been destroyed by the Arabs, urged on by Rome and Roman gold. She could not spare the troops to protect the work, and it had to be abandoned. She censored the news of the advancing Roman army, but to little avail. Egypt was falling into Roman hands, and Alexandria was full of unrest. The rumors and their fears were exploited by the Roman agents within the city.

In possession of the enemy's plans, Cleopatra, realizing that little hope was left of saving Egypt for Antony and herself, made a last effort to insure the crown for Cæsarion

and to save the fortunes of the heavenly twins, the prophecies of whose birth seemed far from being fulfilled, and for her last-born, Ptolemy Philadelphus, now six years old. Antyllus, Antony's older son by Fulvia, was sent to Octavian with a message from Antony and Cleopatra. Antony offered to give up all his honors and to accept banishment for life. Cleopatra sent her scepter, symbol of her powers, as a sign of submission. The terms they asked were that life and fortune be spared the children. No answer was returned to Antony, and Cleopatra was told that her own fate would be less uncertain were Antony out of the way.

Now both realized that their end was approaching—the end of their dreams of power and, perhaps, of life itself. The news came that Pelusium had surrendered [34] and their friends, that noble society of the Inimitables, took the name of the "Society of Partners unto Death."

Both saw now there was no hope left. Wishing to avoid useless slaughter of her people, Cleopatra gave orders that the advance of the Roman army should not be resisted. She decided to concentrate their last strength in defending the Capital itself. There, if the worst happened, the sea was always open to the royal children and their few still-faithful adherents.

With the prospect of a battle at hand, Antony roused himself from his lethargy and, with every show of his old energy, occupied himself with organizing the resistance. He acted like one demented when he learned that Cleopatra had given orders to the army not to oppose the Roman advance. She knew better than he how little they could count on even their most outspoken supporters, but Antony chose to forget past treacheries and their present helpless, insupportable position. He posted his infantry on the hills and watched his ships put out to attack the Roman fleet. He expected to see something great accomplished by them. He was like a man dazzled by splendid dreams of victory and incapable of seeing the reality of his desperate position.

When his men drew near Octavian's crew, he saw them salute and join the Roman boats and all the ships, now united into one fleet, sailed down toward the city, prows on.

Desperate now with rage, he determined to fight with the army to the last ditch. Cleopatra, seeing that reason could not prevail, fled to the Palace Mausoleum, near the Temple of Isis, ordered her treasure to be brought to her there and sent a messenger to Antony, announcing her death. Was it that she saw the uselessness of any further armed resistance, with friends deserting on all sides? Did she think that with Antony by her side, she could prevail on him to allow the city to surrender and to seek what terms they could from Octavian? Or, did she hope that upon the news of her suicide, Antony would kill himself, and that she could then meet Octavian as he demanded in their exchange of letters, without Antony? With her unwavering courage perhaps she felt that Antony's suicide was the only possible way out for him with any dignity and honor.

Her only hope now was for her children, and the possibility that Octavian might have some mercy for them in memory of the great Julius Cæsar, from whom his power derived. She knew that whatever happened now, she and Antony and all their plans were doomed. And at last she faced the reality of her defeat. They would die without honor or glory, but perhaps something might still be salvaged for the children.

Whatever it was that inspired her to send the message of her suicide to Antony, he accepted it as his own sentence of death. He commanded his faithful servant to dispatch him, but the servant, losing courage at the last minute, turned the sword on himself. Then it was that Antony threw himself on his sword and, in the end, tried to die, despite all his human vacillations, in the stern Roman tradition to which he had been born. It was a gesture calculated to rob the victor of his last triumph, yet even in this final act he had been led by Cleopatra, and even his death played him false.

As he lay wounded, a second message arrived, saying that Cleopatra was alive. Perhaps she thought that with this double message she could make him give up the hopeless battle and, before he could kill himself, bring him to her side. Dying, he had himself borne to the mausoleum, where Cleopatra and her two serving maids had barricaded themselves. Cleopatra, fearing to be captured if she opened the doors of the tomb, raised Antony by means of ropes through the window to her side. His last words exhorted her to live on, as long as it was consistent with honor—and then he died. At the last, Cleopatra, overcome by the knowledge that here indeed was the end of all the dreams and plans for which she had so ardently lived, flung herself on him in an ecstasy of despair.

She made only one request of Octavian: that she might be allowed to give Antony an honorable burial. To this he willingly assented. Octavian's purpose was to keep Cleopatra alive so that he could return with her to Rome to follow in his triumphal cortège as a symbol of his victory over the entire world. Cleopatra still hoped, even now, to save the throne for Cæsarion and the legacies bequeathed by Antony to the twins and the young Ptolemy.[35] It was a feverish hope, and the reason of lucid moments told her it was without foundation.

She knew that the power of Egypt had been broken, that her country must subsist now on Roman bounty, as it had before. The plan of the Egyptian priesthood had proved a failure. Neither of her Roman allies had been able to outlive the destiny of her race. The psychologists of the Serapeum had been right in thinking that the moment had come to unite the Mediterranean world of warring and dissenting faiths and innumerable splitting factions under one head—but it was to be a Roman head, not Egyptian, and for many years to come it was to be a political, not a religious, unity.

When Cleopatra requested an interview with Octavian and he came, she knew at a glance that nothing she could

do would swerve him from his determination to carry on the war in the Roman tradition to the bitter end. Then her last burning hope for the salvation of her children went out.

Octavian saw within his reach the resolution of the Republic's dissensions during the last century and the real culmination of Cæsar's legacy—Roman unity under one titular head. With the collapse of Alexandrine power, it was only necessary to exterminate the last adherent of Antony and Cæsarion to put an end to the civil strife and to the last partisans of a Republican Rome.

Octavian proceeded to the task, and, one by one, the Antonian supporters were brought forth, judged and sent to death. Cleopatra had seen the net spreading wider and wider; the conqueror did not mean to let one member of the royal party escape. And when the head of Antyllus,[86] Antony's son, was brought to Octavian, she wondered when the turn would come for Cleopatra Selene, and Alexander Helios, and the tiny King Ptolemy, now surrounded by Roman guards.[87] Cæsarion alone seemed beyond the executioner's knife.

At Octavian's request, Cleopatra had quit the tomb and returned to the palace, hoping that to keep her from suicide, Octavian would spare the children. But when she heard that Cæsarion had been tricked by an apparent pardon into returning to Alexandria [88] and had at once been killed, she decided to leave the fate of the other children to Isis and Serapis, and find death in Egypt rather than follow Octavian's triumph and die in a Roman dungeon. Besides, once she was dead, friends of Antony might save the children's lives and perhaps some of their heritage, inasmuch as, without leadership or support, they were no longer a menace to Octavian's supremacy. So, three days before their departure for Rome, she took leave of the children, now already in mourning for the death of their father. In death, she outwitted Octavian, as she had not in life.

Now Octavian was really moved. Had Cleopatra foreseen it? She could no longer conquer in life as she had over

Cæsar and Antony, but by her death Octavian was profoundly affected; and for the moment, all his glory and the splendor of his victory suddenly became less than nothing to him.

It was thus, under Octavian's banner, that Cleopatra Selene and her two brothers, the last of the Ptolemies, without Antony and Cleopatra, without Cæsarion and without empire or estate, set out for Rome, to move on toward whatever was to be the fate of the prophecy of her Divine Birth.

CHAPTER VI

THE new ruler of the world may have had little heart, but he had inherited a sound business instinct from his ancestor, the money changer. Roman accountants had been put to work in the royal archives at Alexandria. Octavian needed money to pay his troops. An inventory was made of all the possessions of the Queen: the crown jewels and the treasures of art she had collected during her long reign. Her gold plate was melted down, and, along with the large store she had amassed by her seizure of the temple treasures, was placed on board the ships waiting in the harbor.

There was also the ransom of the city which had not been pillaged. Octavian's agents overlooked nothing, and the Alexandrines paid heavily for having escaped the fate of Corinth. Their lands, estates and fortunes were confiscated whenever some complaint could be trumped up; otherwise they were taxed at two-thirds of their value.

The royal children were strictly guarded, but furnished with an honorable suite.[39] Both Octavian and his lieutenants, many of whom had known and loved Antony and were moved to pity by the plight of the orphans, treated the children with kindness.[40] Yet it was a relief for them to be setting out for a new home. In the Alexandrine palace they had lived the last days with only echoes of the past. The vast rooms no longer resounded to the sound of song and splendid enter-

tainments. Courtiers no longer crowded the corridors. There were no more gay suppers, no more discussions on poetry and science. Driving through the streets to embark at the port, they saw Marc Antony's statues broken. Those of Cleopatra still stood, ransomed for their weight in gold by a patriotic Alexandrine. Two thousand talents Octavian pocketed by this transaction.

Little Selene, looking up as her boat slipped slowly through the harbor, saw, upon a height above the old solitary outpost of the Pharaohs, the ancient city of Racotis and the Acropolis of the Greek city. There rulers, from time immemorial, had kept a vigilant watch for the nomads from the West. There, in the Serapeum, with its hundred steps, she had climbed to receive her crown from the hands of her father. There, too, upon the golden thrones of the new Isis, her mother, Antony-Dionysus-Osiris, and Cæsarion had smiled down upon the lesser divinities, seated upon their silver thrones. Now others would enter the citadel and wander in the court adorned with columns she might never see again. Under the porticos, those lecture rooms would be filled with priests and sophists she would nevermore hear.

Of all her mother's hopes and plans, only two things had been saved: Alexandria was not destroyed and the lives of Cleopatra Selene and her two brothers were spared. Octavian would have treated Egypt and the capital more harshly had he not intended to profit by keeping it as his own domain, to be governed by his attendants and to be maintained as a source of revenue for his coffers. Octavian was master, and the monarchy that had overhung Rome since the time of Sulla was about to be consummated, with Egypt as a tributary.

Sailing toward Rome with the terrible events of the last Alexandrine days fresh in her mind, her eyes still red from weeping at her mother's funeral, Cleopatra Selene vowed to herself that she would be faithful to the heritage of royal and noble blood that flowed in her veins and be a daughter

worthy of that great queen, her mother, and that great warrior and god, her father. Eleven years was not young any more, and she, too, would plan, as her mother had done. Some day, she felt sure, she would return to Alexandria and reign over a great court, surrounded with scholars and warriors and tributary princes. The priests of Egypt had told her that Isis had been expelled from the Sacred City, but nothing could dispel the divinity of her birth and the prophecy that she and her twin brother had come to earth to fulfill.

Thus she stood on the deck and saw the white city of Alexandria fading. Her ancestors had built that city and dedicated it to the arts, to wisdom and to tolerance. Isis, Serapis, the gods of Egypt, the Jehovah of the Jews and the Jupiter of the Greeks dwelt there, and she felt these ancient divinities stirring in her veins, giving her courage to face the hostile gods that prevailed on the other shore of the Mediterranean.

In Rome she needed all her courage not to falter before the great trial that awaited her. She, Cleopatra Selene, Goddess of the Moon, to walk behind a victor's chariot in chains! [41] With Alexander Helios and the little Ptolemy, she awaited the fatal day in the house of Octavia. She never allowed the gentle sister of the conqueror to know the pain and humiliation she suffered in accepting the kindness from the hands of one who shared with Octavian the spoils of her mother's kingdom, and she answered innocently enough all the questions Octavia put to her about her mother and father.

Perhaps Octavia was touched by the bravery of the young princess and when the day of Octavian's triumph was at hand, she prepared her enemy's daughter and her brothers as if it were to be a great fête for them, too. Save for the golden chains about their necks they might have been appareled for a happy occasion. Octavia did not suspect the maturity of this eleven-year-old child, with her fair skin

and golden hair, nor that she was still filled with the legends that had been told her of her prophetic birth and glorious destiny as a child of the gods Isis and Osiris.

Selene knew the story of her wicked aunt Arsinoë, who had walked behind the conqueror's chariot in Cæsar's triumph, but whose life had been spared. When she realized with what ease Octavia became attached to her, she determined to win over these Romans and gain their bounty by shrewd kindness, rather than plot against them as her mother and father had done, only to fail in the end. With Octavia so easily won, it would be but a step perhaps to Octavian himself and the future to which she felt herself entitled: a kingdom of her own. Octavia, her step-mother, seemed anxious to make her feel at home in this strange, barbaric city, as if to soften the terrible loss of her parents, her brother Cæsarion, and all her friends. She felt sure that Octavian, too, could be induced to be generous to a vanquished foe.

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Among these Romans, she had found another friend: Caius Julius Juba, son of King Juba I of Numidia, and friend of Octavian. A poet and scholar, young Juba had been moved by the tragedy of Cleopatra the Great, and saw the beauty and dignity of the Ptolemies reproduced in this little princess of a conquered country. Juba was a Roman now, but he told Selene, as she waited for the long grueling hours to begin, how he, too, was an orphan and had been taken from his father's palace in Numidia as a child to walk in Cæsar's triumph in chains, just as she was to do. He had been flogged afterwards,[42] and yet, here he was, a friend of the ruling party and a Roman noble. Now that his friend Octavian had conquered the entire world, he was certain that he would finally inherit, as a Roman prince, the African kingdom of his fathers. More than ever Selene was determined to overcome the degradation she was suffering, to free herself from the golden chains that encircled her and be worthy of her

great ancestry. She, too, would try to win the protection of the Roman house of Cæsar.

Great preparations had been made in Rome for Octavian's victorious return. After Actium, the government of one alone had become a condition of peace, and it was the destiny of Octavian to become the undisputed head, not as monarch—for he knew the instinctive repugnance of the Romans for that title—but as *Princeps*. With this word he conciliated the ancient tradition of senatorial aristocracy and the Roman past with the sole dictatorship of a master that the times required. And the Romans felt that Octavian had saved them from the Hellenistic monarchy of Antony and Cleopatra, and their republican institutions from servitude and bondage to Oriental masters. Octavian, controlling the army, declared himself to be a servant of the people and submissive to the will of the Senate, which decreed a triumph.[48]

It was a Roman holiday. Shops, schools and all business places were closed, the normal activities of daily life suspended. All Rome was in the streets, standing along the line of march or waiting with feverish impatience in the stands. The legions had returned, once more victorious, and were bivouacked in the Campus Martius, waiting for the triumphal parade to begin. The temples were decorated with flowers, and incense was burning on all the altars, and every honest burgher had garlands festooned over his arched doorway. The conqueror was home and the Republic was rid forever of the Alexandrine peril.

Slaves, freedmen, women and children, all were pushing through the narrow streets trying to reach some place of vantage. The Forum was thronged with a noisy, jostling crowd who had come to see the beautiful awnings with which it was hung or to admire the paintings representing the battle of Actium, in which Octavian figured so gloriously.

An officer passed the rostrum from which Antony years before had harangued the populace after the death of Cæsar, calling for the punishment of the guilty, but he had no

thought for Antony, who now himself was dead. The news passed from lip to lip: Cæsar Octavian had gone to the camp where the procession was being formed. What were the triumphs of Paulus Aemelianus, of Pompey the Great, even of Cæsar? . . . Octavian was the conqueror of the world!

Caius Julius Juba, who had come to see the children of another African dynasty walk behind the victor's chariot, had grown to look upon Rome as his fatherland, and the House of Cæsars as his own. The new victor was his friend and protector. For him, Octavian's triumph meant that he would go back to rule his own people in the guise of a Roman. For this was the Roman policy: to rule the outer provinces through native princes when they could be taken to Rome early enough to be trained as instruments for Imperial ends.

This day the African prince was merely one among the crowd in the Forum. He mingled with a group of fellow students, artists and poets, as eager as they to see the triumphal chariots pass. Business men and merchants scanned the bulletins and saw good business ahead, now that civil wars were settled. The convoy of gold from Egypt had sent real estate values soaring! Speculators even on this day were busy along the Forum.

Abruptly the clamour of voices ceased. The long shrill note of the classicum announced the arrival of the general. The parade had started. First, led by priests and acolytes, a hundred snow-white bulls, their necks which had never bowed to the yoke bedecked with ribbons. They moved with a slow, majestic pace to the sacrifice. The treasure followed. A convoy of wheeled chariots, drawn by horses and oxen, piled high with shields, armor, javelins, swords and casques taken from the enemy in the East. Beside them walked slaves, bearing amphoræ filled with Egyptian gold. What better symbol of the Roman victory than this treasure of the Egyptian Queen, which she had amassed to conquer the Romans, now filing past to fill the coffers of the state? This was a solace to Roman hearts burdened with debts and har-

assed for years by civil wars. Now there would be bread for all and debts for none.

Next came the floats showing the conquered countries, each another tributary to the invincible state and its unbeatable legions. Laurel-crowned men wheeled past, holding aloft great images in relief, showing the rivers, lakes, plains and valleys of the captured countries, and pictures of their most precious resources and produce. On other great platforms, each carried by eight bearers, stood massive models of silver and ivory towers, symbols of the captured cities. And the cities themselves were personified by the figures of their gods wearing crowns of reeds and leaning on broken urns.

The crowd kept up a continual roar of applause as this harvest of victory marched past, and a long-drawn "Ah-h-h" swept over them as a statue of purest gold appeared, representing Ocean. Now all the land and all the sea was Roman, and unparalleled riches would pour forever into the city. Certainly the age of gold was at hand, marching into the city with this triumph.

Now, accompanied by the legions, came marvelous paintings of the battles and victories themselves. Tablets upheld on the points of lances told the story of each, the name of the captured nation, of the chieftain overthrown, of the citadel carried by storm or surrendered to escape destruction. The legionaries slowly turned the tablets from one side to the other so that all could see the story of their victories. The multitude shrieked its joy at the symbols of victory over the Alexandrine harpy. A hush fell over the crowd as it gazed at a group of veterans carrying two-hundred-year-old flag soiled banners, rags without worth—yet covered with glor for having been taken from the enemy. To many these emblems of Roman victories recalled the graves of Roman soldiers in far and alien fields—husbands, fathers, brothers who had fought that Rome might endure and who could not witness the triumphal day they had made possible.

On and on went the parade, but the crowd kept waiting





"Alexander Helios dressed in the royal costume of his new kingdom, for a figure has recently been discovered which appears to represent the boy in this manner." Weigall, Life and Times of Cleopatra the Great, p. 230. (Illustration from *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Vol. XXXVII. 1917)

in suspense for the great moment—the invincible conqueror of the East, Octavian himself, and his captives. Band after band passed, blaring martial music. Police surged up and down, crushing back the crowd and keeping the lane free. The magistrates and Senators went by without much applause, and then all heads craned forward as the first captives came into view. Each chieftain was in chains and his neck encircled with a high collar that forced his head up in order that he should not miss the contempt in Roman eyes.

And then a great shout, spreading like flame over the line of march.... "He comes! He comes!" A shower of flowers was flung before him in the street, spreading a fragrant carpet before his chariot. The crowd roared as he passed along—the Saviour of Rome. Vermilion-stained, he stood immobile like a god in his jewel-studded chariot. On his crimsoned right hand, that held the laurel branch, was the iron ring of a slave, that this day replaced the golden circle of the knight. In his left hand was an ivory scepter surmounted by a golden eagle, and his brow was wreathed with laurel and his shoulder draped with the heavy folds of Tyrian purple and gold—*Tunica Jovis.*

Behind the triumpher came the great Egyptian Queen. He had promised to bring her back to Rome to grace his triumph, and the Romans were not to be cheated of this supreme treat. The greatest artists in the Republic had fashioned a waxen image of the queen at the moment she had applied the asp to her breast. At her feet were her two faithful attendants. Everybody craned forward to see the beauty of the woman who had enslaved two great Romans, and to shout and jeer and spit at her and call her strumpet as she was carried by.

Behind their sculptured mother came Cleopatra's twin children, Cleopatra Selene and Alexander Helios, those two who had been born to save the earth, now both with golden chains about their necks. Octavia had adjusted the golden sandals about her delicate, painted feet, the diadem upon her brow and the golden ornaments about her neck. Selene had

seen herself in the silver mirror as she had left the Palatine, and this daughter of the Ptolemies resolved to show Rome a queen. She did not yet know the cruelty of Roman crowds, but she knew that many here remembered her mother when she had come to look at Cæsar's triumph, and she hoped by her regal air to win their hearts, as her mother had won Cæsar's and Antony's.

The seven-year-old Ptolemy Philadelphus—he who would never reign over Phœnicia, Syria and Cilicia—walked bravely between the twins, but with a faltering step. His face was dusty and tear-stained, and he was frightened by the noise and frenzy of the mob. . . . A woman's voice rang out above the tumult: "Is it just to show the Egyptian woman's children as captives?" The weariness of the child's face may have touched her . . . and another voice called out: "But who started the war?" . . . and still another: "Right, there's a patriot!"

On either side of the Emperor, on white horses with golden bridles, rode his stepson Tiberius and his nephew Marcellus. As the triumphal chariot moved on, birch rods and instruments of death could be seen suspended from its back. At intervals, the slave standing behind Octavian could be heard: "Turn, O Cæsar, and look, and looking back, remember thou art but a man" [44]—a warning lest the triumpher become overproud and forget the instability of human fortunes.

The lictors passed; forward and back with zitherists went the ballet dancers dressed as Etruscans, crowned with gold oak leaves and precious stones, singing as they went, whirling round and round, in and out, in their wild and spectacular dance.

Caius Julius Juba, prince and poet, come to applaud Octavian, saw less of the conqueror than the frightened eyes and dust-smeared face of little Ptolemy and the proud, unflinching mien of Cleopatra Selene. Juba had become so imbued with pride of Roman achievement that the memory of his own first impressions of Rome had almost become effaced.

... At the sight of Ptolemy stumbling slowly past, a whimpering, uncomprehending child, memories surged back upon him of his own march behind Cæsar's chariot, of his brother and himself cowering in a corner of the Palace at Cirta, clinging to their mother until he was wrenched from her arms. Never since that time had he seen her, nor his brother, nor any of his family, nor ever learned their fate. He remembered, now, his terror as he had shrunk from the cruel and hateful regard of the Roman crowds.... Would they be flogged, too, as he had been?

Now the crowd was shouting at and reviling the accursed daughter of the Egyptian monster. Cleopatra Selene, chained to the conqueror's chariot, walked with her head held high, the tenseness of her slender body and tightened lips showing her contempt for the rabble. Juba was filled with secret admiration that one so young could be so queenly. Looking at her, he knew her spirit must be fine and brave ... he did not know that from this day on, his destiny was to be linked inextricably with hers.

Suddenly out from the dancers midst there whirled a grotesque figure, a masked buffoon, half-man, half-woman. He wore tier upon tier of gaudy necklaces and one hand held an Egyptian crown, while the other waved an asp—a skit on the apparel of Antony and Cleopatra. The crowd rocked with laughter at his antics, and the children clapped their hands with joy when he sprang in front of the little Ptolemy, opening his enormous jaws and snapping his great teeth before the terrified eyes of the prince. No one in the crowd remembered at that moment that little Ptolemy was the last-born of the Great Roman, Marc Antony.

Juba saw the terror of the child, and he stood transfixed. Had Rome made him a coward? Could he stand there without a gesture while this mob shrieked and spat obscene epithets at Cleopatra Selene? How white the princess was under her artfully-rouged cheeks, yet how regal her bearing! She

looked tenderly at Ptolemy, whose childish legs were giving out under the long march. A slave that Antony had given her and who had followed her into exile, now lifted up the little Prince and, setting him on his shoulder, murmured soothing words to comfort him.

Other captive kings now followed: Alexander of Emesa, Adiatorix, the Galatian Prince with his wife and sons; but Egypt had passed and the crowd followed the rest with indifferent eyes.

The noise and shouts and music from trumpets, cymbals and brasses became deafening while Cleopatra Selene went unfalteringly forward, from sunrise until night between the hostile lines. Choked by the dust, thirsting, hour after hour, under the pitiless August sun, Cleopatra's daughter, brought to satisfy the passionate Roman hatred frustrated by her mother's death, passed among the pitiless horde that the Queen of Egypt had planned to dominate.

Juba could have picked her out of the whole world as Cleopatra's daughter, sired by a Roman of that strain who boasted that their children never flinched before a foe. Cleopatra Selene kept in her mind the image of her mother, the proudest queen of her time, and would not cringe as her mother would not have cringed. Though they might kill the child, at the last, they would find her unafraid.

"*Io Triumphe! Io Triumphe!*" Military tribunes, legates and lieutenants mounted on horseback, prefects and secretaries, grooms and the cohorts on foot followed, all shouting, "*Io Triumphe!*" The air resounded with victorious songs of the warriors, which Horace has set down for us:

"*Tuque dum procedis, io Triumphe!*
Non semel dicemus, "io Triumphe!"

The legions marched proudly by, glittering with gold and silver, on every helmet a sprig of laurel, on each breast a military decoration won on the battlefield. Bringing up the rear, came the Roman citizens who had been reduced to

slavery during the war, and had since been delivered by the conqueror. With shaven heads and wearing the *Pelium* of the freedman, they followed the master who had restored them to liberty.

At last, the chariot of Octavian reached the incline in front of the Capitoline temple and the procession halted. "*Io Triumphe,*" echoed in a low murmur through the ranks. The conqueror raised his scepter; and the captive kings and the brave chieftains were led away, gone like Jugurtha, Vercingetorix and all those who had borne arms against Rome, to the *Tullianum*, there to die by cold, starvation or the speedier death of strangulation.

At the last station of her long agony, Cleopatra Selene relived the horrors of that day . . . again she saw herself being decked for the march by the gentle hands of Octavia, then at the triumphal gates with Octavian, crossing the Valabre and the Maximus Circus, journeying along the Sacred Way, the *Clivus Sacer* of poets . . . past the statue of Julius Divus in the Forum, on until they had come to the steps of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill. She heard the great outburst of cheers rising, it seemed, from the whole city as Octavian descended from his chariot and slowly climbed the temple steps. One thought sustained her as she bowed low with her head in the dust; her mother had escaped this final humiliation.

Thus it was that the prophecy of the twin's divine birth began to unfold. In this hour of degradation Cleopatra's daughter did not lose faith in the prophecy that had attended her birth. Already she had two friends in Rome, Juba and Octavia, and she felt that Octavian's triumph was perhaps one of the mysterious ways in which the gods worked their will, and that this triumpher would be the means of bringing about the fulfillment of her destiny and that of her twin brother.

*

Pursuing his way, Octavian penetrated the dim nave of the temple and, behind him, like a congregation, followed the Senators. He approached the statue of Jupiter and laid upon its knees a branch of laurel. And still in deepest silence, the triumpher removed his crown and scepter, solemnly offering them, too, to the gods. In the hush of that holy place his dedication echoed and reëchoed through the cool pillars of the temple:

"*O Jupiter, greatest and best,*
And thou, Juno and Minerva,
And to thee all, Gods of the Capitol and of Rome,
I bring my heartfelt thanks that it has been thy will
On this hour and day to preserve the Republic,
And that thou has seen fit that her prosperity
Should be increased by my hand.
Continue, I pray thee, to favor and forever be
Propitious to her." [45]

Those watching the rapt face of Octavian thought that his mind was uplifted and at one with the gods. Cæsar Octavian was not praying, nor was he thinking of prayer. He was thinking that for the first time, he was wholly without fear . . . and without a rival. Antony lay sleeping his last sleep in Alexandria while he wore the robes of royalty. He had advanced far upon the royal road since the Ides of March. A half smile parted his lips . . . some god-like rapture, the spectators felt. Octavian's thoughts ran on. How clearly he had seen his way in his prudent youth—that to succeed he must pit Rome's rival factions against each other and leave freedom of action for himself. Already, surely, he was dreaming of being metamorphosed into an Augustus.

About him were tablets engraved with the names of those who for one day had been granted this power and lost it, and he swore to himself that for him power should endure as long as he endured. Cæsar and Pompey had failed, their glory had been evanescent. But for him, Octavian, power was within

reach and he meant to hold it. In all that vast temple, he thought, there was but one greater than himself—Jupiter!

Clouds of incense gathered above the altar, decked with laurel and sacred herb, obscuring it and enveloping the immobile triumpher. Behind, the Crier commanded silence: "Let no ill-boding words your lips profane." [46] As the incense smoke parted for a moment, there was revealed an Olympian scene: the triumpher, with upraised hand, poised the long knife an instant above the white throat of the sacrificial bull, "whose horns o'er-tipt with gold, look bright," then plunged it downwards. Now the altar was stained with crimson. In that one symbolic gesture, Octavian had cut out the last link with the past.

Egypt had fallen. Carnival reigned in the city. Theatres had been erected in all the circus amphitheatres, and plays were being enacted in every language for the polyglot citizens of Rome. Gladiatorial combats were offered in which strange animals, never seen before—rhinoceros and hippopotamus—amazed the eyes of all. Gay burghers, youths and girls, all wearing their holiday clothes, danced through the streets or crowded into the brightly-lit Forum. Music filled the air. It seemed as though Rome could never be sated with pleasure. The cause of their celebration seemed almost forgotten in the abandon of the celebration itself.

Octavian, alone, of all the populace did not lose sight for a minute of the reason for the wild gayety of this day. On the night of the triumph he gave a banquet to the Senators, the principal officers of the armies and his friends. Almost a thousand guests assembled in the vast temple, transformed for the occasion into a banqueting hall. All three naves of the temple were filled with dining couches and tables, decorated with a profusion of flowers and golden vessels. At his table, surrounded by respectful and admiring friends, Octavian sat, no longer in his royal robes, but in sandals and wearing a simple wreath of flowers. With his ordinary attire he had resumed his modest demeanor. Juba,

seated nearby, noted that he ate nothing of the rich foods before him. He seemed lost in a supremely satisfying thought!

He rose from his place, a signal that the banquet was over, and accompanied by friends and musicians and singers chanting, he made his way down to the city. Near the Forum the rumor spread that Cæsar Octavian was passing that way, and soon group after group joined the procession headed by the triumpher. Singing and shouting and waving their torches, the populace swept down the streets, escorting their hero to his home on the Palatine Hill.

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As the door closed on the noisy throng, Octavian stood motionless. At last, after the long day, alone, a complete realization of his achievement overwhelmed him. His dream of world mastery had come true. . . . He had conquered where Cæsar had failed. He was Triumpher! He was supreme! And he would realize another broken dream of Cæsar.

CHAPTER VII

THE lives of Cleopatra's children had been spared. After the triumph, the "lamentable embassy of royal orphans" [47] entered the Imperial Palace on the Palatine Hill to be brought up in royal dignity. Here were gathered together, under the joint and personal supervision of the stern Augustus, his severely moral sister and his wife, the marble-hearted Livia, eleven children: ten-year-old Julia, Octavian's daughter by his wife Scribona; two sons of Livia—Tiberius, thirteen, and Nero Claudius Drusus, nine; the four children Octavia had had with Marcellus and later Antony—the Marcellæ, Marcellus and Marcella, and the two Antonias, Antonia Major and Antonia Minor, born before Antony had abandoned Octavia for Cleopatra; the three orphans of Antony and Cleopatra, Cleopatra Selene, her twin brother Alexander Helios and Ptolemy; and last, Julius Antonius, about thirteen, the youngest son of Antony and Fulvia.[48]

Mount Palatine, where Cleopatra Selene and her brothers were to grow up, was the cradle of Rome. Here the aristocracy lived, their houses built on the slope of the hill turned to the north. Octavian had been born here, and here it was that he decided to build, in the interior of Rome, an imperial city which would be both the home of the ruler and the center of the government. The site was not only more healthy than the lower parts of Rome but, thanks to the isolation of

the hill—the others surrounded it "as if to render it homage" —it was easy to guarantee the security of the Emperor. Also, there was plenty of room to expand and, with true bourgeois determination, he resolved to erect a lasting monument to his own glory on the site where his fathers had lived.

He had begun by installing himself modestly on the northeast of the hill, above the Stairs of the Ringmakers, in the house of the orator, Licinius Calvus. This had been after Actium, when he knew that his movements were being minutely observed by the still-suspicious aristocracy. A little later he had bought the house of Hortensius, near the Great Circus on the Palatine, still a rather modest building which had only a short colonnade with gray and black columns of Alban stone. When fortune had smiled still more broadly on him, he purchased the house of Cavilina and others, and built a vast palace, declaring that it belonged to the state. Thus, in his usual manner, moving slowly and cautiously, he transformed a modest dwelling on the hill to an emperor's palace.

With Livia's house, which was equally his, the Imperial Palace became a little city, where all houses were connected by gardens and subterranean passages. However, with his usual simplicity, he kept the royal house itself relatively small. Cleopatra's first glimpse of it had come as a surprise. It was unlike anything she dreamed could house a king. The Emperor who had conquered Antony and Cleopatra would live, she thought, in a vast palace, more magnificent than anything she knew of in Alexandria, but the plain walls and bare stone floors were more suited to the cells of those holy men of the Serapeum than to a ruler of the world. No vast approach of terraces, no gardens with marble walks and glistening fountains, no vast porticos and airy colonnades. Nor did the simple façade hide inestimable treasures. The interior was in keeping with the exterior. There were no precious inlaid marble floors, no statues by Greek masters, no rare paintings, none of the fittings and furnishings that embellished the Palace of the Ptolemies and, in fact, Cleopatra Selene found

the furnishings far below that of the average rich citizen of Alexandria. The house was, indeed, so lacking in comforts that when the Emperor was not well, he hastened to the house of Mæcenas which was fitted with many conveniences not to be found at home.

Perhaps the real treasures were kept secretly in the Emperor's private workshop, the retired place at the top of the house, called the Syracuse. However, this was the Emperor's secret refuge into which he retired when he wished to work in private and avoid interruption, and its floors were forever closed to the children. However, not only the Emperor's home, but the most sumptuous house in Rome would have appeared insignificant to Cleopatra Selene and her brothers, accustomed to the magnificence of Alexandrine architecture with its high vaulted ceilings, the rooms, airy and bright, hung with gorgeous tapestries, adorned with masterpieces of Greek art, and furnished with the rarest woods and metals.

It was from this relatively simple house that Cleopatra Selene looked out over Rome. The site itself was splendid, and the grounds, extending to the foot of the Palatine Hill, were filled with monuments. Below her eyes lay the Forum and on clear days she could make out Tibur and Præneste, and their white buildings that stood perched on jutting spurs, miles and miles away. The flat meadows of the Campus Martius, north of the Capitoline Hill, were covered with baths, temples, stately columns, obelisks and statues, the spoils of Greece, Egypt and the East; and these were the most familiar things Cleopatra Selene found in her new city. Alexandria had been stripped of most of her treasures. Those that had been robbed by Antony and Cleopatra from foreign temples, Octavian had restored to their cities; but the rest, including one of the three Colosii of Myron, the Zeus, were carried off to adorn the Capital. She could make out, too, the temple of Saturn, which housed the gold of Egypt, and between the two grooves on the Cœlian Hill, the temple and garden of Isis, built at Antony's order. On a line with it was the Temple of Serapis and,

in the distance, the Alban hills and the Sabine mountains, the distance bridged—as it were—by the undulations of the several aqueducts.

There was to be no dallying in the Imperial household. Octavian was a worker. As a youth he had devoted himself to oratory and liberal studies, and during the wars, amid the great press of affairs, he read and declaimed every day. The most illustrious among the Greek rhetoricians, grammarians and philosophers surrounded the children at Rome,[40] but most important of all, the influence brought to bear on the orphans in their new home was that of Octavian himself, his wife and his sister.

The citizens of Rome gossiped as to whose influence the children of Antony and Cleopatra owed their lives. Had some powerful friend interceded for them, or Julius Antonius, or was it Octavia herself, fulfilling her brother's far-sighted plans, who united under one royal roof all that remained of Antony's family? For Octavia this act of grace was in a way an act of atonement. Between her love for her brother and her love for Antony, she had done more than any one else to injure Antony's prestige at Rome; and after the Triumvir's death, she realized how great was her responsibility in his downfall. She had influenced public opinion by dwelling in Antony's house, caring for her children and Fulvia's as if their father were at home rather than with Cleopatra in the East. No friend of Antony's sent to Rome in quest of office or business had retired disappointed, so that the very nobility of her conduct damaged Antony who became hated in Rome for wronging a woman of such goodness of heart and loveliness of feature and character.

In her heart of hearts she knew that it had always been to Octavian that she owed allegiance. Their power over each other and their mutual affection had in it a bond of blood and of destiny of two people fated to build and guard the accidental greatness that had fallen to their house through the alliance of Cæsar. So that, as the Romans grieved at the sight

of the injured lady, she remained silent at the falsehoods against Antony that were repeated in Rome by Plancus, Calvisius and others. The battle between Antony and Octavian had, in a way, been a struggle between Octavia and Cleopatra for Antony's allegiance, in which Octavia had been able to offer only a share of the world with her and her brother against the hope of an independent Empire that had been Cleopatra's dream for Antony.

Octavia had felt until the end that, if Antony could be withdrawn from the embraces of the Egyptian Queen, his unbounded ambition would slumber and he might forego the pursuit of world-wide power to build the fortunes of his Roman children with her and Octavian rather than with Cleopatra. In a spontaneous and last generous effort to win back her husband to Octavian and herself, she had voyaged to Athens with supplies. But she had lost against Cleopatra, who was fighting for her wifehood and her children, using all her power to keep Antony at her side and prevent even a meeting with Octavia. Now that the struggle had ceased and the victory was with the house of Cæsar, Octavia could show her unselfish devotion to her dead husband by uniting his children by Cleopatra with the rest of the royal family. These children had lost enormous dowries that Antony had left them in his testament, those gifts of countries that Octavian had used to win the Senate and the public to his cause.[50] The smallest return that Octavian could make them was to bring them up with the other children, as princes and princesses of the royal house.[51] Both brother and sister realized that whatever danger there was in allowing Antony's children to live would disappear if they became members of the house of Cæsar Octavian.

Octavia was now about forty, handsome and statuesque, and Cleopatra Selene found her continually at her brother's side, even more so perhaps than Livia-Drusilla, his wife. Livia was now in her late twenties. At sixteen she had married her first husband and soon after gone into exile with their infant

son, Tiberius, to escape proscription. At eighteen she had returned to Rome to seek a throne for her family with Octavian. Octavian had already married twice but, at the sight of the beautiful girl Livia, he fell in love with her and selected her as the proper wife for an emperor. He did not address himself to Livia, but went directly to her husband, and suggested for his ear alone the plans which it would have been dangerous not to welcome. . . . Livia was of that generation of women who married to advance the fortunes of family or class. Her first husband had always followed the leader. He had offered himself to Pompey and when rebuffed, set sail for Greece and entered the service of Marc Antony. He was not the man to turn down the suggestion of Octavian, master of the West, even if it meant giving up his wife. Though awaiting another child, this young, beautiful and ambitious woman passed from the threshold of a simple citizen into the arms of the heir of Cæsar, there to settle down to await the birth of her son Drusus—and perhaps the son of Octavian, for Roman gossip had it that she had been his mistress before the marriage.[52]

Livia was devoted to Octavian, and searched all the quarters of Rome to find maidens for the Emperor to deflower. Here, as in her councils concerning the government, she had her husband's interests at heart, and showed herself to be farsighted and wise. After nine years of married life with Octavian, Livia knew she had nothing to fear from rivals. Her husband was prudent, both in matters of state and affairs of the heart. The virtues of his public life and its singleness of purpose was such that the slight irregularities in which he indulged in private claimed merely his wife's tenderness and solicitude. Furthermore, as Octavian assured her, his lighter adventures were a matter of policy, the more readily to track any designs of adversaries through their women. Occasionally this subtle plan filled the royal enemies with hope and Octavian's friends with concern, so that one day his old tutor, Athenodorus, installed himself in a litter such as the Emperor

was expecting. He was surprised to see, instead of the lady awaited, a man springing forth, armed with a sword: "You see, sire," said the philosopher, "to what perils you expose yourself? Do you not fear that Republican or a betrayed husband will profit by a similar occasion to kill you?" [53]

Livia was accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of her husband, and would preserve her marble front even on such occasions as when a best friend, the wife of an ex-consul, emerged from a bed chamber with Octavian, with tell-tale signs of disarray, to take her place and Octavian his, at the intimate dinner which was being served. Octavian lost no means to keep track of the secrets his friends and enemies had perhaps whispered in the ears of their women.

When some one asked Livia to what she attributed her influence over her husband, which seemed to be proof against time and circumstances, she answered: "It comes from my moderation and probity. All that he wished I have done gladly, without ever seeking myself to mix in his affairs, to show the slightest jealousy in the direction of his love affairs, of which I have taken great care to be ignorant." [54]

Livia had an ambition to which she directed all her nature: Octavian, emperor, then Tiberius, her son. To realize her dream she used all her power and intelligence to sweep every obstacle from the road that would lead Tiberius to the throne.

This was the household that surrounded the royal orphans of Alexandria. And if the private life of the Emperor made up in voluptuousness what the walls and halls lacked in adornment, there was one display that was magnificent—the slaves. The number in Livia's household alone was two thousand. These, of course, did not live in the Imperial house, but at the western end of the Palatine Hill, together with the freedmen and other dependents of the Emperor's court. From the shacks and cabins to the upper part of the hill, many subterranean passages provided a means of communication. Among the slaves who thronged the

houses of Octavian were some of that class who endeared themselves to their masters, not only by pandering to their vicious tastes, but by satisfying their curiosity about the gossip and scandal of the town.

It did not take Cleopatra Selene long to fathom the mysteries of the royal household. While the other children were growing up in the midst of a brilliant if licentious court, she had risen high and had fallen low; and while the other children of the household were still happy in the dreams of childhood, she faced reality. However kind her guardians would be, she was their prisoner. Her only power to dominate them lay in her personal charm and her skill in playing on the natures of those who ruled her.

Cleopatra Selene sensed the secret antagonism of Octavia for Livia; yet she realized that however much these women might distrust each other, they were united in their confidence in and admiration for Cæsar Octavian. These three personages were, in a sense, but one, and they held her destiny and that of her brothers. A single thought ruled the royal house—the founding of a dynasty by Octavian, later Augustus, to continue the line of Cæsar. And Cleopatra determined to make of herself an instrument in the furthering of that policy, to show by all her gifts the extent to which it would be wise for Octavian and his sister to use her as one of the queens of his empire.

After the triumph, as during it and before, she too was dominated by one thought; to return to Africa as a queen and fulfill the prophecy that had foretold her birth—to be another Cleopatra, like her mother, a daughter of the Sun and Moon.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the apartment where Octavian received her from time to time, Cleopatra noticed one remarkable thing,—a golden statue that seemed to catch all the light in the room. Fortuna, goddess of Rome, the favorite goddess of the Emperor. Fortuna had never been brought into the hierarchy of her beloved gods of Egypt. She had been neglected by Cleopatra and Antony in their dream of founding a dynasty, and Cæsar, too, had counted without her aid, when he had aimed at becoming Emperor of the world. Were the old gods to blame for the failures of her family, Cleopatra Selene wondered? It might be wise to cultivate this Roman deity who had shown such favor to Octavian.

She adapted herself to the cloistered existence in which she was to grow up, somewhat like a vestal virgin,—a vocation toward which she had had no preparation and no urge.[55] But she had the adaptability of her mother, who could discuss in many tongues the subtleties of Platonism with the philosophers, or jest with Antony in the language of the camp, hunt all day, and throw dice all night, or play the lyre in more languorous moods. The first of Cleopatra Selene's preoccupations was the master of the house. Pedantic, he kept reminding the children of the importance of study, and she lost no opportunity to practice on the Emperor himself.

She noted that he was not as tall as Antony and that,

though he pretended to scorn small vanities, he had heels added to his shoes to increase his height. However, he was well-enough built that the smallness of his stature was not conspicuous, except when he stood beside some taller person, —a thing he avoided when possible. In the common clothes he wore at home, he did not cut a royal figure, but he kept at hand the proper shoes and apparel to wear in public, for sudden emergencies. Otherwise he was content with a toga, neither close nor full, having purple stripes neither narrow nor broad, completely undistinguished. It was a striking contrast to the picture of Antony that Cleopatra Selene remembered, his "purple robe studded with huge gems, a golden scepter in his hand and at his side a scimitar." [56] In his clothes as in his speech Octavian was obviously one to whom industry and decorum in public behavior and common sense would make the strongest appeal. Against the frankness of her father who had made no secret of his thoughts or acts, Octavian preserved a well-guarded simplicity, and Cleopatra Selene saw that for the Emperor's eye she would have to emulate him in this Roman virtue.

The education of his largely adopted family was one of the first cares of Octavian. Those eleven children were his Empire builders,[57] the tools with which he would work, and he planned to rear them, Antony's as well as his own, his wife's and his sister's, according to the positions which children of the House of Cæsar would have to fill. In that nursery of rulers Cleopatra Selene was the most mature, and quite naturally extended considerable influence over the young minds of her half-sisters and the Emperor's daughter, Julia. Into the sombre palace Cleopatra brought a brilliant exotic air, which she modestly masked before the Emperor, but not before the other girls. She had already been a Queen; she was fresh from the glories of one of the loveliest cities in the world; she had been nurtured in that Græco-Egyptian culture the Romans so admired, and her tales beguiled the tedium of the children's long days under the care of Octavia

and Livia. The girls listened eagerly to descriptions of the entertainments given by the great Queen of Egypt, what games they played and the wonders of the Alexandrine palaces and the brilliant court of Greek and Egyptian nobles and pages attached to the Ptolemies. Cleopatra carried with her to these children the distinction of a romantic heritage that made her a heroine in their eyes. Her mother had lived here in Rome in great estate as the mother of Julius Cæsar's son, and the great Dictator's wife in all but name. That same mother had ruled half the world with Antony, and battled with Octavian for the rest. Her mother and father had died by their own hands for honor and for love, and her brothers, Cæsarion and Antyllus had disappeared in some mysterious fashion. So, far from being a scorned captive she was the young heroine of many illustrious antecedents and spectacular adventures and her presence was felt not only in the children but in all the royal house. She helped to relieve the drab, middle-class régime which Octavian deemed it wise to impose on his family, while Cleopatra, on her side, became familiar with all the storms and moods that swept the inmates of the palace. She became mentally acclimated to the chilly atmosphere that enveloped these three marble statues, Octavian, Livia and Octavia, who undertook to typify for the citizens of Rome the ideal family of the best Republican days.

Underneath this severe, formal exterior, so in contrast to the luxury which the Alexandrine court had loved to display, the household hummed with activity, particularly in the apartments assigned to the young. Philosophers, artists, jewelers, schoolmasters, and the hundreds of slaves and attendants passed continually through the long galleries of the palace.

The Emperor meddled in everything; he had definite ideas regarding education and filled his memorandum books with notes. Octavia and her brother were natural reformers, and were never so happy as when moralizing to their wards. Along with Livia, they all had the point of view of Puritans.

They wished not only the size but the behavior of the Imperial family, in its private as in its public life, to be an example to the Romans. Octavia was constantly held up as a model to the girls, and Livia was pointed out as the most admired among Roman matrons. There was a constant pressure to inculcate all the homely virtues in the sons and charges of the Emperor. Livia's frugality, her modesty, her obedience to her husband, that placidity that set her apart from other mortals and made her an almost inhuman figure,—these were the qualities commended to the princesses. Among the Emperor's whimsies was the desire to wear only clothes made at home by his family, so that Cleopatra, along with Julia and the others, sewed and spun wool like the most inelegant of middle-class Roman citizens.[58]

Cleopatra and Julia were warm-hearted girls who hated the constraint of the royal household and the continual moralizing. But despite their contempt for the hypocrisy of the family, the outward semblance of compliance was maintained, and it was only in private that the nobility of Octavia and the serenity of Livia, so admired by the Emperor, were set down bluntly to calculation. And the necessity to dissimulate gave the children that subtlety and insight into motives which, particularly for the orphans, were prime necessities if they were to carve out any successful future.

The Ptolemy princes, Julius Antonius, Drusus and Tiberius, were well drilled by Livia and Octavia in the exemplary childhood habits of the Emperor. And if they harbored thoughts about having no desire to be like their benefactor, or if Alexander Helios brooded on the death of Cæsarion, they made no outward sign. Nor did Julius Antonius refresh Octavia's memory with the picture of his brother Antyllus, struck down as he begged for mercy at the foot of the great Cæsar's statue in Alexandria. Julius, in fact, was the Emperor's favorite and he took it upon himself to watch over Cleopatra Selene, his half-sister, and her two brothers. This youngest son of Antony and Fulvia was about the same age as

Livia's son Tiberius, whom Livia's ambition saw as the successor to the Emperor. And though Livia deeply resented the hold Julius had established on the Emperor and his sister, he was able through this hold to guide and direct the destiny of the orphans in the Imperial household and to exercise a benign influence in their favor.[59] He also instructed them in the deportment proper to this palace so different to the court life they had been accustomed to. He was at all times the secret ally of Cleopatra, perhaps because of the bond established by the deaths of their brothers Cæsarion and Antyllus at the same hand. He backed Cleopatra Selene's desire to return to Africa as a queen and constantly impressed on her the necessity of preparing herself for the position she wished to occupy, and of complying with Octavian's rules of life.

So, since the Emperor was fond of lecturing the young people, sowing his discourses with platitudes exhumed from some musty volume, Cleopatra Selene was careful to display a rapt attention. She followed his every word as he exhorted them to cultivate a chaste and elegant style in speaking, and to avoid the vanity of attempting epigrams. She knew his favorite maxims by heart, "More haste, less speed," or, "Better a safe commander than a bold," and she took care not to let the Emperor suspect that she in common with the other children thought him pompous and pedantic. She felt it was for her special benefit that the adults of the Imperial family covertly pointed out that here everything was in contrast to that Alexandrine laxity which, thanks to Octavian, Rome had so narrowly averted.

But if Cleopatra Selene had assumed at first that a Rome that had conquered the world by force of its arms must be equally strong in morals, she soon found out the truth. This talk of the restoration of the austere virtues, self-restraint, the chastity of women, and the purity of young men, was merely another example of Roman hypocrisy. Yet she listened politely to the lectures of Octavia and kept to herself her

opinion of the disparity between what she heard and what she saw.

Thus Cleopatra learned, by necessity, that self-control which had been lacking in her father and the court that surrounded her youth in Alexandria. Constraint and the art of dissimulation were indispensable for growing up in harmony with these ancient enemies of her mother, and the goddess Isis. No one was to suspect the nostalgia of the orphans for their faraway home, their loneliness for the warmth of Cleopatra and the natural affection of Antony.

There was, in fact, a secret bond between all the children, a something that hardly needed verbal expression. Like the youth of any day, Julius, Marcellus, Antonia Major, Cleopatra Selene, and Alexander Helios looked upon their guardians as hopelessly old-fashioned and behind the times, and while they preserved the outward forms of obedience for the most part, they drew their own conclusions as to how they would live their lives once they came of age.[60]

Along with the other children, Cleopatra Selene, in her formal education as well as in deportment, was being brought up in the true Roman style as befitted a patrician. A careful education meant not only teachers of grammar, rhetoric and literature, but also of drawing and painting, and, for both the girls and boys, the exercises at the Palæstra, the school of physical culture.

It was the boast of the Ptolemies that they were nourished by the arts and literature. Cleopatra the Great had astonished Cæsar, and later the old philosophers and that literary circle which surrounded her during her stay in Rome, with the profundity and scope of her learning. The world might criticize the Ptolemies for their frivolities or their graver vices, but they were students and at a very early age gave themselves up with pride to the most extensive studies. Moreover, they could not forgive ignorance in their companions. Shortly after Cleopatra's meeting with Antony at Tarsus in 41, the Queen finding perhaps that Antony still

savoured a bit too much of the camp, undertook to polish his education in the Attic style, and sent him off in a Greek cloak and white sandals to attend the courses of the philosophers at Alexandria. With such parents, the education of children destined to become kings and queens, was of the greatest importance. Here, in Rome, the only domain left for the royal orphans was that culture in which they had already been well grounded.

The Emperor Octavian himself wished to prepare these young men and women as early as possible for active life. Their intellectual studies he had tempered with practical occupations. The boys were taught horseback riding, the rudiments of hunting, as well as all the gymnastic exercises considered so essential a part of a young patrician's training. Octavian practiced at home what he urged upon the elders of Rome, that is, to train the rising nobility to take over the burdens of office. Wars had decimated the last generation and there were high offices vacant which were to be filled with members of his own family and the other young charges growing up in the Palace.

He had always been greatly interested in Greek studies, and excelled in them although he never acquired the ability to speak Greek fluently or to compose anything in that language. A point in favor of Cleopatra Selene and her brother was the fact that they knew Greek thoroughly, having spoken it from infancy. It was Latin they now had to learn. Areius, the Greek philosopher, was a friend of Octavian and a member of the household. Through him and his two sons, Octavian himself became versed in the various forms of learning, and he felt safe in entrusting Marcellus, his prospective heir, as well as the other children, to this man's care. Though Latin was the official tongue of the Empire, Greek was the language of literature and eloquence and Octavian had all the members of the Royal household speak it at home.

There were other masters for the children at the Palace, besides those in that honorable suite that had accompanied

them from Alexandria,—Greek rhetoricians, grammarians, and philosophers; some, members of the household; others with independent schools where the older boys took special courses. But most of their instruction was imparted in the palace itself, where Octavian had transferred the schools he preferred, still allowing the former pupils, sons of patricians, to continue their studies there, but not permitting any new enrollments.

Alexander Helios, the Sun God, was soon metamorphosed into a simple Roman schoolboy. School began early in the morning, and the dethroned twelve-year-old king, clad in the toga pretexta, bordered at the bottom with a large band of purple, and with the bulla in gold, sign of the patrician, suspended at his neck, set off to join the class, thinking up answers to the classic questions: "Is it possible to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth?" "Would Alexander have found land on the other side of the ocean?" [61]

Discipline was strict, and there was no sparing of the rod. The schoolrooms outside the palace were furnished only with the barest essentials: a desk for the master, and backless benches for the pupils. A sinister urge to greatest effort in the form of bloody stumps of willow stood in the corner of the room. Here amidst the cries of the children were learned the obscure verses of Livius Andronicus, and as a compensation for learning long questions by heart from the old poets, the prize of a rare book was occasionally given.

Among the royal teachers was the Spanish peasant Latro, a celebrated but bizarre master, whose unusual manners enthralled the young princes after the dullness of home routine. He pretended not to do much for them, saying: "I prefer to seal my eloquence rather than my patience." But as a matter of fact his voice could be heard throughout the school talking all the time during class, so that the pupils of the other teachers called his students, "auditores" and not "discipuli."

Music and dancing had always entered into the education of the Greeks, but the early Romans had thought music

unsuited to a personage of importance, and even numbered dancing among the vices. But as the posts of Greek civilization fell under Roman rule, these arts passed into Rome, along with the statues, the paintings, the poets, musicians and scholars. The Princess Cleopatra, fresh from Alexandria, would not have been a true Ptolemy, and her mother's daughter, had she not prided herself in surpassing her half-sisters, her cousins and their friends in the arts of singing and dancing.

Despite the general freedom of manners, dancing was still frowned upon by the more puritanical as a superfluous and dangerous art, leading to licentiousness, but that only added to its favor among men and women of fashion, and the royal children were all allowed lessons in the dance. The girls in long transparent robes, the boys in short tunics, were put through the three essential figures. Cleopatra Selene joined with the others in the Dance of the Winds, or the graver steps of the Dance of the Hours, or, resting, watched the boys in the Dance of the Blacksmiths, the wilder pace of the Dance of the Madmen, and the irregular and hesitating steps of the Dance of the Drunkards.

The ballet served as a kind of academy which perfected in the young princes those movements they were obliged to perform gracefully at public ceremonies. Thus Octavian, though a Puritan, was able not only to countenance the dance but to consider it indispensable in the education of a prince. Furthermore, with a hypochondriac's belief in the value of exercise, he would insist upon the cultivation of bodily stamina, and continually reminded his brood of the feats of his legions, famous for their long marches and physical endurance.

Music was another release from the abstract studies and homely tasks of the household. Among patricians it was one of the arts most cultivated in Rome, and Cleopatra Selene, whose mother had played many instruments and sung exquisitely to the accompaniment of the lyre, was solaced for

the loss of so many of life's beauties in being able to continue her musical education in exile. Considering her heritage, it is safe to assume that she outshone her companions in all such accomplishments.

Surveillance could sometimes be eluded in the vast gardens, among the acanthus, and roses and violets. Here the children would steal away to read Callimachus, poet of the Ptolemies, Theocritus, the tender Propertius, Tibullus, and Sappho. Or, tiring of reading, Cleopatra would join in a game of chess under the trees, or even more childish pastimes.

Into this quiet life of the palace she contrived to fit herself astonishingly well. Gaining confidence in the friendly atmosphere of the household she soon took the lead in the conversations among the girls, engendering in them a wish to emulate the famous *esprit* of the Lagidæ.[92] Used to the diversity of life in Alexandria, and being of a gay and fantastic turn of mind, the exotic Ptolemy princess dazzled her Roman companions in that somber little world.

Now and then there were walks abroad to gaze in shop windows in the Fora. Already Julia, at the age of twelve, had learned to flash her dark eyes in a crowd, and was admonished on her return by Octavia, or even received a note from her father bidding her be more modest and walk through the streets with downcast eyes.

From the Sacred Way, on these shopping tours, Cleopatra Selene could see the house of the Pontifex Maximus, where Julius Cæsar had lived and where Cæsarian, too, might have dwelt, had his life been spared; for when her mother was living in Rome, Cæsar had asked for the pontificate for his son.

The royal princesses were jostled like the rest of the Roman citizens at the point where the crowds were entering and leaving the Forum. Here, only a short time before, where the Fabian arch stood over the Sacred Way, the triumphal procession had descended into the Forum. . . . "Io triumphe" of the marching veterans had given way to the music of ham-

mers. On Octavian's return from Alexandria an era of building was ushered into Rome. One of the devices by which an absolute government seeks to divert the attention of its subjects and make them acquiescent to their loss of liberty, is the undertaking of great public improvements. Cæsar had also planned a spacious basilica on the southwest side of the Forum Romanum, the rebuilding of the Curia, and to the rear of it the construction of a new Forum. The Basilica Julia had been dedicated in 46 B.C. during Cæsar's third consulship, together with the Forum Julian and the Temple of Venus Genetrix. The erection of these buildings was a part of Octavian's policy to inaugurate the new era of Imperialism.

Thanks to the convoy of gold from Egypt, there was enough money to carry on for thirty years. After the continual disorder and uncertainty that had marked the previous years, the wealthy wanted mansions in the Capital, pleasure gardens, and houses by the sea, and the more modest citizens suddenly felt cramped in the houses that had formerly seemed large enough.

There was also a great commercial expansion. Octavian knew that whatever gladdened the hearts and filled the purses of merchants and profiteers would establish him more firmly upon his throne. Thus the grumblings of the old republicans were calmed, and they were blinded to Octavian's real purpose: to make the Romans the masters of the universe but slaves of himself. In exchange for that liberty which was the republican ideal, he encouraged the love of gold and the pleasure of idleness.

How did this universe, Rome, whose heart was the Capitol, appear to Cleopatra Selene as she learned to know it from the walks and drives she took with Julia and Octavia? Did she find Rome beautiful?

An overcrowded city met her eyes where the houses rose irregularly to a great height. These dwellings were of two kinds, first, the five- or six-story insulæ, with gables and sloping roofs, built around two courts. Interested in what lay

beyond their walls, she found the interior like a labyrinth, complicated by a number of passages and staircases required to reach all the separate lodgings. Suites of rooms or single rooms had separate entrances from the court and were let to families or individuals. The ground floor under the arcades was invariably occupied by shops. The streets being narrow and interrupted by the Fora, Imperial palaces, or monuments, it was found necessary to build projections into them, so that to the eye of the Alexandrine princess, familiar with the more symmetrical outline of her birthplace, Rome seemed somewhat chaotic.

The other kind of buildings rose up two stories. Unlike the *insulæ* skyscrapers, this smaller class of dwelling, the *domus*, was occupied by wealthy patricians and government officials. The roofs were flat, and converted into gardens with flowers, trees, and fountains where the household might bask in the sun upon marble terraces during the winter months.

The *domus* was the *palazzo* of republican Rome, and was built according to rules laid down by Vitruvius from which a national architecture was slowly developing. The flat walls were somewhat relieved by balconies, but in other respects these *domi* were quite without distinction. Wealthy Romans now had all that money could buy, but the fine eye necessary to create delicate symmetry and harmonious composition were not to be purchased. Wherever a truly beautiful building emerged into view, it was found to owe its happy proportions to some Grecian model. Even these homes of the rich, on the Palatine Hill, had shops on the ground floor, so that the proud families of Rome slept, as it were, on business and profit.

Walking through the narrow, canyon-like streets, the orphans sensed a certain restlessness which contrasted strangely with the quiet prevailing in the broad avenues of the Egyptian capital. Rome seemed never to be in a state of repose; and there was something menacing in the crowds that would suddenly gather, eternally curious, eternally challenging. Day and night there was an incessant noise; the rattle of carts

penetrated into the palace itself and kept waking the children, until they became accustomed to this never ceasing traffic.

The congested life of the city was responsible for recurrent epidemics, and despite the cultivation of the Campagna, and the active draining carried on in the Pontine marshes, malarial fever abounded and the air itself often seemed pestilential. Hence Cleopatra Selene was not surprised to find altars in the city to the goddess Febris.

Though Octavian encouraged his family to ride or walk about Rome like humbler citizens, and set the example himself by mingling with the crowds in the Forum, there were guards in the offing to watch over the young princesses. Murders often took place in broad daylight in the busy streets, or in the temples. The city was infested with young hoodlums pilfering fruits and nuts from the stalls. Gangs made the highways their stamping ground, living on holdups. So it was that Cleopatra Selene found the austere, intellectual hypocrisy of her guardians mirrored in the buildings of the city itself, and realized that the mastery of the world was built on a populace demoralized by poverty. The wealth of Rome was in the hands of the few, and the rest of the nation seemed close to beggary. One was continually accosted for alms in the streets. The elder boys learned to be cautious if they were out late at night, to keep close to the walls to avoid not only the footpads but also the contents of those homely vessels that the Romans would occasionally empty from an upstairs window.

The house of Livia, where Cleopatra Selene occasionally paid a formal visit, was typical of the homes of patrician families. Through a mosaic-covered vestibule one reached the *Atrium*, covered, except for the fountain in the center. Here the guests were received among the Penates and ancestral images. At the end of the house were the central rooms, the *Tablinium*, and on either side, the *Alæ*, their walls covered with frescoes. One showed a Roman woman returning at night, escorted by a young slave, and being watched from the balconies by several of her neighbors and a child; a pic-

ture that seemed typical of the life Cleopatra Selene led among the Romans, a public existence, ever open to censure and criticism. In the *Ala Dextra,* the frescoes showed familiar landscapes, and the dining room was paved with mosaic on a white ground, its walls displaying fruits, woods and gardens with little sanctuaries. But the main motive of the frescoes was set by those in the *Tablinium,* scene after scene of mythology. Europa and the bull; the labors of Hercules; Leda and the swan; Perseus delivering Andromeda; these covered the red or green walls in Livia's house as in all the patrician homes of Rome. Culture was Greek, and it was the fashion to borrow from Greece the refinements and elegances of life. Although Octavian and his wife and sister professed not to share the ideas of the younger and more corrupt society of Rome, their interiors were in keeping with the general feeling that art was synonymous with mythological scenes.

This house of Livia's with its eighteen bedrooms, was equally that of the Emperor and he dwelt there a good deal. He had a secret passage in the lower part, one branch of which led to the temple of Jupiter Victor, another leading to one of the palaces.

Behind the Palace, on a site which the gods had conveniently designated by a bolt of lightning, Cleopatra Selene was able to follow the work Octavian had instituted on the temple to Apollo. . . . "Then to Phœbus and Trivia will I set a temple of solid marble." [68] . . . This temple of gold and ivory was more in keeping with the splendour one expected from the ruler of the world. It was approached through a triumphal arch raised by the Emperor in honor of his father. The ivory portals were truly doors of Olympus. On them was depicted in bas-relief the story of Niobe, and the Gauls at Delphus fleeing from the sight of Apollo's shield. Inside, the princess was struck by the prodigious number of works of art that Octavian had assembled. The nine muses smiled down in appreciation upon Diana by Timotheus, Latona by Cephisodotos, son of Praxiteles—all that was most precious in the art

of Greece, lay spread out at their feet. Here was evidence that the Romans aimed not only at the conquest of men, but of their art collections. Octavian and his sister were determined not to be outdone by the great Cæsar, who had presented a gift of engraved gems to his Temple of Venus Genetrix. Marcellus, the youthful heir apparent, had presented a similar gift to Apollo.

The statue of the god, by Scopas, dominated the whole temple with an awful majesty. He stood on a pedestal that enclosed the two cases of the Sibylline books, but neither he nor they pronounced an oracle on the house of Octavian-Cæsar and his dynasty.

On the sides of the peristyle were the two libraries, connecting the Temple to the Palace, one for Greek books and ancient Greek inscriptions, the other for Latin. A third side formed a gallery where stood a colossal gilded bronze statue of Etruscan origin representing Apollo. The walls were hung with medallions of famous writers. Between the two columns of the peristyle were the statues of the fifty Danæ, and in the courtyard facing them were the equestrian statues of their husbands of a day—eternal reproach whereby the austere Octavian doubtless wished to double their everlasting penitence. The magnificent libraries seemed the proper background for a man who intended to be deified, but the Emperor cunningly covered his desire for a magnificent palace by dedicating the libraries to the state.

In the evening Cleopatra occasionally joined her elders at meal times. Octavian liked to have his children around him while he dined,[64] sitting on the couches of their nearest of kin. Here she had opportunity to meet the writers of the age, Virgil, Horace, Livy, and others who were gilding the transition of the Republic into an empire with their golden verses. Here she met the powers behind the house of Octavian: Mæcenas and Agrippa, both of whom she needed to impress with modest behavior. Here she heard statesmen

discussing politics from a point of view she had known in Alexandria; and she learned how men are governed and an Empire extended. At dessert time, it is true, Cleopatra left the table with the other children, for the entertainments by the mimes and lascivious dancers were not deemed proper for the younger minds, precocious though they were.

It was in this environment that Cleopatra Selene adopted the ways of her new family. The education the young girls received was of such severity that it tended to inculcate in them a slight weariness of virtue. They saw few people outside the Imperial household and what lessons they learned of human nature were gathered from the comedy played by its three dominant members.

To Cleopatra Selene it was obvious that "everything was not rosy in the *gynecium* between Octavia and the austere Livia." [65] Promptly after the Triumph, the thought had assailed Octavian and the two women—who would inherit the sceptre? Octavian's choice fell naturally upon his beloved sister's son, Marcellus. Livia had listened with an air of serenity to the announcement. With her, ambition took the place of all other interests; her sole guide and the one object for which she lived. She wished to be greater than the Emperor, not after she was dead, but while the Emperor was still living. She was determined to found the dynasty of the Cæsars.

Octavia's ambition likewise was to found the dynasty. Cleopatra Selene knew of the scenes of jealousy and rivalry between the two women. Each was working industriously to build up the power of her own house; Octavia through Marcellus, Livia through Tiberius. It was a dangerous battleground for the Egyptian princess who saw Livia steadily and ruthlessly pushing out of her husband's affections all possible rivals to Tiberius. The Emperor loved both his sister and his wife, and though they both loved him they hated and feared each other. Octavian, with his usual policy, never lifted up

one without conferring equally royal honors on the other. It was in this battle for the inheritance of the Empire that Cleopatra Selene charted her own plans, hoping to win favor from all camps engaged in their larger ends, so that a small place as queen might be found for her, in her beloved Africa.

CHAPTER IX

CLEOPATRA SELENE and her brothers had not been joyous spectators at those games which climaxed the celebration of the triumph in which they had marched as captives. But now they were one with the royal family and shared all its diversions within and outside the palace. They looked forward with just as keen anticipation as the others to the "festal games in Phœbus' name." [66]

Octavian enjoyed the sports of the Circus, and liked to take his family with him to the spectacle. Unlike Cæsar who had been exposed to censure because he spent his time at the games in reading or answering letters or petitions, Octavian's eyes were all for the arena. He was proud of the magnificence of his games, which surpassed those of his predecessors in splendor, frequency and variety; and he boasted that in his shows some ten thousand men took part.

On the occasion of the games to celebrate the dedication of the Temple of Apollo, the Roman youth was abroad early to see the procession start at the Capitol. Cleopatra Selene applauded with the rest when Octavian, the donor of the games, appeared at the head of the procession, in a chariot of gold and arrayed like a triumpher. At the arena she watched the sport from the royal box with the rest of the house of Cæsar and their friends. Here she found a Rome she did not know, cheering wildly and indiscriminately the

chariot races, the runners, the combats of man against man and the more thrilling ones of man against beast. With the slender aid of nets and spears, African wild beasts were hunted and thousands slain, and who can say how many men as well, before their enthralled gaze. The youngest Ptolemy danced with excitement when the trained animals appeared in the arena: a leopard wearing a spangled yoke on its spotted neck; tigers who gave obedience to the whip; stags champing at golden bits; Libyan bears cowed by the rein; a boar as huge as the Calydonian of legend, led on a purple ribbon; ugly bisons drawing chariots; and elephants dancing to the word of their black master.[67]

Most of all, the children enjoyed the Trojan games. In these brilliant equestrian sports, the younger and older boys, the flower of the nobility, competed. There was a stir in the royal box when Julius Antonius, Tiberius and other favored competitors appeared in the ring. The princesses watched with intense excitement their young companions engage in combat. The Trojan games were played with great determination and enthusiasm and accidents were frequent, a fact which added a thrill of danger to their enjoyment.

After the games, the curious crowd turned an adoring gaze toward the Imperial box to watch its members leave. The Emperor, courting popular favor by his ostentatious democracy, greeted his friends and mingled with the crowds on the way out. Yet Cleopatra Selene knew that this man, appearing as a simple citizen of Rome, had built himself an impregnable wall of aristocracy to shield himself from the plebeians. He was not like the Cæsar of her mother's legend, capable of mingling freely with the people, championing their causes and, despite all, remaining a Cæsar. Only a kingly man and a truly noble heart can be a gracious democrat, and a king. The affected simplicity of Octavian in a régime evolving patently into an absolute monarchy, struck the shrewd Cleopatra Selene as incongruous. The arrogance and aloofness that was becoming marked in the Princess Julia, and the

Prince Tiberius and the other children of the Imperial family seemed more natural and at least more honest to her.

The games marked an end of a season of gayety for Rome, and society breathed a sigh of relief at the last of its fatiguing festivities. For the Ptolemies, the joys of the fall and winter and spring since the triumph, had been far too fleeting. Now it was summer, and Rome was an inferno. Every one who could, escaped to the country or seaside villas. Romans liked their villas to be within easy access of the city so that, having finished their affairs for the day, they could spend the night in the country. The coast was strewn with rather thickly populated towns—Ardea, Taurentium, Lavinium and Ostia, where the wealthy had many houses—often several in the same district. These were often extremely sumptuous. Enormous columns of mottled marble, drawn from the sands of Egypt or the deserts of Africa, held up several porticos of a room, and the villas were surrounded by vast gardens, forests and groves, hanging aviaries and orchards. Octavius himself had several villas along the sea, on the islands of Campania, and some nearer Rome, at Prænesta or Tibur—but his villas were unpretentious and decorated not so much with handsome statues and pictures, as with terraces, groves and objects noteworthy for their antiquity and rarity. Like the Ptolemies, he inclined toward natural history; and his gardens at Capræ were known to be decorated with "bones of the giants": bones of sea monsters and wild beasts, and the weapons of heroes, more curious than beautiful. Perhaps Octavian when he visited the luxurious villas of his patrician friends had a moment's pang, an unconscious premonition that all this extravagance at the expense of the impoverishment of the lower classes would eventually contribute to the downfall of the House of Cæsar.

The villa which Octavian preferred to the rest of his country homes and the one he visited oftenest was *Ad Gallinas Albas*, a modest country house which Livia had had built shortly after their marriage. It was here on the Flaminian

Road, six miles from Rome, that Cleopatra Selene was first introduced to Italian country life. Livia had told them the enchanting story of how the villa had received its name. One day an eagle had dropped into her lap a white hen holding in its beak a branch of laurel. It had mothered so many chicks that the house had been named for them. As for the sprig of laurel, once planted, it had grown into a shrubbery so magnificent that Octavian had culled from it the branch used in his triumph.

The day for the departure from Rome was selected with care. Octavian would never make a journey after a market day—one of the superstitions to which he clung. The family was accustomed to many auspices and omens which, as a Roman of the old school, he regarded as infallible. Fortunately, his shoes had been put on correctly that morning—the left one first—and they hoped that they might run into a drizzle of rain en route, as that betokened a happy return and would put Octavian in a highly agreeable mood.

Octavian was fond of children, particularly those in his own family, and when he was in a carefree mood he could be very charming. The countryside was in blossom, and it was a gay party that rode along the road to *Ad Gallinas*.

Cleopatra Selene was enchanted with her first glimpse of the house.[68] It was perched gracefully on a small summit, giving a lovely view over the Campagna and Sabine Hills. As usual, the exposure of the main part of the house was full south. In front of the portico was a terrace divided into a great number of geometrical figures and bounded with box-hedge. A sloping bank descended from the terrace, adorned with a double row of boxtrees cut in the shape of animals, which could be very fancifully incorporated into their games. At the end of the portico stood a large dining-room from which folding doors opened on to the terrace. Almost opposite to the center of the portico, a suite of apartments surrounded by a small court, shaded by four plane trees in whose midst a fountain played, was reserved for Livia.

The other children were soon showing the Ptolemies their favorite haunts about the estate. There was an immense poultry yard with geese, a peacock whose plumage was strewn with jewels, speckled guinea fowl, pheasants; but even more enchanting to the children were the stables with delightful little carriages and ponies. After the severe routine of the palace, Cleopatra Selene was charmed by the prospect of this stay in the country with its more unpretentious life. There were no guests for dinner the first evening, and the family dined together. A meager meal for the Alexandrian or Roman of Epicurean taste, but nevertheless elegant, and served on plain and antique plate: lettuce, snails, eggs, barley, sweet wine and dishes made of beets, olives and shallots. Octavian was a light eater, partaking usually of the plainest foods. His health was poor, and he preferred coarse bread, small fish, hand-made moist cheese and green figs of the second crop.

The next days the boys spent fishing, netting quail and snaring deer. Octavian would undress in the early afternoon and if there were no wind, walk about in the sun. The children whispered limericks to each other about that "breast and belly, scattered over with birthmarks, corresponding in form, order and number with the stars of the Bear in the heavens."[69] After his sun bath, he was ready for a game of ball with the boys, and then a quick plunge in the clear, warm water of the marble pool.

The rich farmers of the neighborhood came often to pay their respects, bringing various gifts of honey, still white wax combs; capons, cheese, kids; and their daughters came with presents for the girls and women of the house. The villa did not embrace a vast tract of unfertile land, planted with symmetrical rows of useless myrtles, sterile plane trees and clipped hedges. It was surrounded by flowery meadows and hills, and Livia's practical sense had had the loamy and fertile soil, in which it was difficult to find a stone, productively cultivated.

The days passed with measured calm on this country

estate, but it was not lonely; the large family was self-sufficient, possessing all the tastes and accomplishments that make country life bearable and interesting. It was a little universe of its own, and it was here that Cleopatra Selene found the Imperial family at its best.

Though they could not lose entirely that air of sanctity to which they were habituated, here in the country the elder members were able at least to drop the mask they wore for Rome and act their more natural selves. The Empress Livia and Octavian spent their time overseeing the household, or at the looms with Marcella, Octavia's daughter, and as recreation, in the gardens among the cypresses and plane trees. The homely household tasks seemed more in place against this rural background; and here, as in the palace, the women wove the garments that Octavian boasted about wearing. He prided himself on being a restorer of the good old days, and led the "Back to the Homely Tasks" movement by having his family adopt the old customs which were now observed by women only of middle-class families.

There were moments when the egoism which surrounded Cleopatra Selene tired her, and she wondered if indeed there were not too many Romans in the world, particularly in hers! Here in the country she would often escape the family and sit alone in one of those little marble temples, tucked away from sight and shaded by a canopy of trailing vines trained upon pillars of Carystian marble. Here she could drop conventional expressions of conformity and be herself, a sad, unsmiling little exile. She would dream of being beside her mother on terraces overlooking the blue sea at Alexandria, or racing down a path, her long hair streaming behind her, or rushing back to search for the head-dress of pearls her slaves had taken such care to arrange, fallen in her flight. Now her hair was neatly plaited in the trim coiffure which Octavia insisted was proper for young girls.

Sometimes strolling through the grounds with Alexander Helios, she wondered at that destiny which had prophe-

sied her birth. According to Egyptian law he might have one day become her husband-brother. They might have reigned like Pharaohs of old. Well, now she was really no more than a captive, no matter how close a member of the family the house of Octavian considered her. A lonely, captive orphan who could never develop any gratitude for the favors the royal family thought they showered on her.

On rainy days she would join the other girls in impromptu masquerades. In the villa were many oaken chests filled with discarded clothing and finery. In these, Julia, the Antonias and Cleopatra Selene dressed themselves as their grandmothers, laughing at the heavy woolen tunics and garments, secretly ridiculing Octavian's endeavors to revive a taste for homespun. They hoped he would never succeed in suppressing the fine linens and beautiful sheer materials that had come into fashion.

Cleopatra Selene had brought with her from Alexandria many silken garments, embroidered and transparent, which Julia and the Antonias admired so much that she made various presents of them to the girls. These garments, however, could only be worn for play. Octavia ordered a more suitable dress for Cleopatra. To her great bewilderment, many things brought from Alexandria were regarded with disapproval in Rome. She was not permitted to have the sky-blue mosquito netting, studded with stars and crescents, which had hung above the bed of the late queen in Alexandria. To Octavia's eyes it savored of the softness of Egyptian civilization. In Rome such luxuries were downright immoral and only used by courtesans.

There were gay evenings at the villa, enlivened by the conversations of senators, consuls and ministers who had laid aside their official duties for a few hours and come up from town to join the Imperial household. There were two classes that found a place in Octavian's immediate circle: the literati that Mæcenas had contrived to attach to him; and the aristocracy soon to become the "*Amicitia Cæsaris*," de-

noting a semi-official relation involving personal attendance upon the Emperor. These people who swerved public opinion, statesmen who directed the nation's affairs, aristocrats who gave society its dominating tone and the intellectuals became intimately known to Cleopatra Selene in the royal villa.

At the beginning of his career, Octavian had attacked the aristocrats, but years of disorder and civil wars had shown him the need for a conservative class; and after Actium he had begun to count the most powerful members of the aristocracy among his friends. It had now become a question of how a man was born rather than his conduct in the state or in society, so that traitors such as Plancus and Dellius were admitted to the intimacy of the Imperial presence.

It was always a particular occasion when Mæcenas, that gay liver and untiring worker, descended on the villa with his little court of entertainers—singers, dancers, musicians and artists. Mæcenas combined the qualities of courtier, administrator and writer, as well as patron of the arts. In organizing the Empire on an industrial basis Octavian had the good fortune and judgment to select Mæcenas as his chief consul and counselor. Mæcenas was an incomparable statesman; the last of an illustrious family descended from an Etruscan "Lars." He had a great fortune and a cultivated mind. He was an excellent adviser who never sought advancement for himself, and, jealous of his liberty, was content to remain a simple knight. He was capable of the most concentrated work, seemingly indefatigable, and always an able negotiator, consistently getting the better of the bargain and yet leaving the other person smiling. Octavian was flattered at having a man of such breeding, wealth and intellectual power continually at his side, and meekly followed his advice. On his side, Mæcenas never spared the Emperor and brutally told him all his faults, endeavoring to soften his nature and dispose him to less severity. Yet this shrewd statesman who, with Agrippa, really bore the weight of the

Empire, affected at times to be such a sybarite that he would succumb merely under the weight of a rose.

Occasionally Octavian would indulge with his friends in his favorite pastime—gaming. He seemed never too busy for that, nor did he heed the criticism which it brought down upon him. He would sit sometimes all day long, gambling with Messala, Agrippa, Plancus and Mæcenas, the latter usually accompanied by his faithful friend, the mime Bathyllus, with whom his relations were of the most intimate character.

Often the talk would run to the Romans' great hobby, the collection of art. Engraved gems were the fashion, and superbly executed examples of them were keenly collected. Corinthian bronzes was another of Octavian's hobbies, and a new and rare piece would occasionally be handed around to the guests at dinner for their comment and admiration. It was no secret among certain of them that names frequently found on the proscription list and placed there by Octavian would be found to have belonged to men who had superb examples of these bronzes among their collections. Seeing this alloy—the fusion of gold, silver and bronze produced when Mummius burned Corinth in 146—Cleopatra Selene remembered with a pang that her mother, too, had collected them and that many had adorned the palace rooms at Alexandria.

Livia, after dinner, would talk to Mæcenas when she could, sometimes asking his advice or opinion, discussing with him the choice of an artist for the statue of her husband that she wanted for the country villa. Livia was very precise in her requirements for this latter. She wanted a portrait of Octavian, not that of a resident of Olympus. Yet it must have that expression of super-human nobility, of the heroic figure who worked untiringly for his country.[70] Even here, among birds, trees and flowers, the solemn pomp which the Imperial family inevitably trailed after them, was not wholly dispensed with, and Cleopatra Selene could not escape the stifling air of their grandiloquent vanity.

Horace was now among the frequent visitors, and an

intimate of Octavian from whom he had long held aloof. Mæcenas had tried for some time to bring the poet around to the point of dedicating his muse to the purposes of the administration, but Horace was honest to his muse, and declined to write an epic in praise of Cæsar's reign. However, a refusal might easily be taken as an affront to the Emperor, and with consummate tact he was able to preserve his integrity by passing the task along to Varius on the grounds that he himself was unequal to the sustained flights of Homeric poesy which alone could celebrate the illustrious Cæsar and his deeds.

However, Horace had become a partisan of the new government. He was convinced by Mæcenas, along with the rest of Rome, that Octavian was honestly concerned with the prosperity and welfare of the Empire. It was true that in the few years of peace, the universe was recovering its equilibrium; and contentment, thanks to Octavian, was replacing the look of fear on the faces of the middle and upper-class citizens—and if Horace was conscious of the exactions which the prodigious projects of Octavian would impose on the common people, it did not interfere with his enjoyment of the villa Mæcenas had given him, nor with his visits to the royal household at *Ad Gallinas,* or at Rome. Cleopatra Selene enjoyed hearing the poet talk, but of all the princes of the royal house her brother, Julius Antonius, was Horace's favorite. Julius was endowed with many gifts, excelling in that of poetry, so that he was a ready and appreciative audience for the master to whom, at times, he would show his youthful efforts. Horace addressed several odes to him as one of his peers; and once, on the occasion of some games, when Julius Antonius sought Horace as the poet, the latter encouraged the young man to write the commemoration verses himself; not that he wished to shirk the task, but that he believed wholeheartedly in the boy's talent.

Literary discussions were the rule in that house where all were to a more or less degree gifted. Octavian himself liked

sometimes to read aloud to his family and friends from his own works. His choice of subjects was ponderous—"Exhortations to Philosophy"—and his essays at poetry trivial. He composed his verse mainly while in the bath, and when he was asked what had become of a tragedy which he had begun with great enthusiasm but destroyed when he became dissatisfied with the style, he explained that "Ajax had fallen on his sponge."

Juba, the exiled African prince, also read aloud at these friendly gatherings. It was probably in these years that he gained his reputation as a wit, tossing off an epigram or a bit of prose to be read here or in one of the literary circles at the Capitol, where Horace, Virgil, Tibullus and Propertius, as well as the lesser lights, received their education as men of letters and men of the world. These gatherings were as influential in Ovid's youth as the famous Blue Room of the Marquise de Rambouillet at the time of young Bossuet. Juba seems to have been a man of handsome person and engaging manners—the "most gracious prince of his day," so Plutarch describes him—and thus easily acquired a host of friends.

From a word dropped by Octavia here and there Cleopatra gathered that Juba was considered as an excellent husband for her. She had once had higher hopes . . . and she hoped still, by acting with circumspection, to fulfill her dream of a kingdom over which she would reign, as Antony and her mother had meant her to do. Perhaps there was still time. She would not be twelve until December, and the Emperor did not admit a girl to be of marriageable age until then. Nevertheless, she took pains to acquaint herself with all the facts concerning Juba who, though a favorite of Augustus as well as Octavia, had no kingdom to offer the daughter of Cleopatra. She knew the ways of Octavian and his sister, and was certain they would not hint at this match unless they had carefully weighed its advantages.

Juba's talents as a writer and historian had already attracted attention at Rome, where his love of research had led

him to help in the introduction of Greek letters to Roman society. Yet eighteen years before, he had been a prince of royal blood and seemed destined to the scepter and sword rather than the pen. His father had inherited the Numidian kingdom of his ancestors at about the time that Juba was born. Juba I had been a student of the Roman policy of divide and rule, which had wrought great havoc in his country. He sought to apply it to his own advantage and thought, when he was asked to take part in the civil wars, that the opportunity had come to expel the Romans from the African shores of Numidia. Under the obsession that he was called to deliver Africa, he left off rebuilding his kingdom and, abandoning his wife and children at Zama, flung himself recklessly into the party of Pompey. He soon distinguished himself by his insolence as well as by his military valor. He was an able strategist—relieved Varus, besieged in Utica in 49, and was the conqueror of Curio, Cæsar's lieutenant. He seemed destined to win a great future, when his corps of young elephants stampeded in the heat of battle, bringing crushing defeat to the Pompeians. The decisive battle of Thapsus saw Cæsar victorious, Africa under his heel and Juba I, a fugitive.

Thereupon, in company with Petreius, one of Pompey's ablest generals, he returned to Zama to rejoin his family and his heir, Juba. But the citizens refused to open the gates. The King of Numidia's defeat was complete. Turning his back on the ungrateful city, he took the road to one of the royal pavilions, where he ordered a sumptuous banquet served to him and Petreius. When it was over they took up their swords and fought a strange and horrible duel, of love not of hate, in order that they might die with honor. The general, enfeebled by age, perished first; Juba, mortally wounded, had himself given the final blow by a slave.

Thus it was that the infant prince had been left with the rest of the family to fall without resistance into Cæsar's hands. The young Juba was carried off by Cæsar to replace

his father in the triumph at Rome. Cæsar, attracted, or out of pity for Juba, caused him to be brought up in the house of Julii.

Cleopatra had long been struck with the startling resemblance between her life and Juba's—even to the suicide of their fathers and their adoption into the house of Julii, after having marched behind a conqueror's chariot in the streets of Rome. After Cæsar's death Octavian saw to it that his uncle's protégé was surrounded by wise councilors. This inculcated in the boy his love of learning and of Rome.

An insatiable student and the intimate of Octavian, Juba would now attract the attention of M. Terrentius Varro, man of the soil, soldier, sailor, poet, critic, grammarian, archeologist and historian, chosen by Cæsar and Octavian to organize the public libraries at Rome. Undoubtedly, it was this most celebrated erudite who first awakened in Juba an interest in philology, a study which in that world of oratory and rhetoric, took precedence over all sciences. Juba advanced the theory that Latin, derived from the Greek, had gradually altered by mixture with some Italian tongue, and he set out to find for many Latin words a Greek etymology. A similarity of tastes, or the diversity of talents which he was to display, caused men later to refer to him as the "African Varro." After his eighteen years' residence in the Imperial palace, this Numidian prince became a living example of what could be done with the provincials—the Gaul, the Spaniard—once Romanized.

Avid of knowledge, Juba showed no desire to meddle in politics, and Africa, his lost inheritance, remained a closed book to him. All his tastes were those of a Roman youth, and he could easily be mistaken for one in any of their gatherings. He became a particular favorite of the Emperor, who liked to have beautiful faces around him. Juba had a smooth, oval face, regular features, the high forehead of the scholar and something of the poet in his large eyes. Like the Romans he wore his hair short, in striking contrast to the savage ap-

pearance of his father. His rather full lips betrayed his southern birth and served to bring out the intellectual cast of his face.

The young Numidian Prince recognized the advantages of his friendship with Octavian. It was a recommendation to all men's favors in Rome. Octavia, too, made it plain that this prince was a favorite of hers. Up to Actium, he had been quite content with his student's life at Rome, and his gratitude for the protection of Cæsar's house was without expectation of personal honors. But when the final struggle came between the two Triumvirs, Octavian called on Juba to join his cause and participate actively in the war with Antony. He was not taken to Actium with the rest of the nobles of the capital, but was sent to the spot where he was most needed.

Egypt and Africa were the two granaries of the Italian people. With Egypt closed as a source of supply, the Empire depended on Africa alone. Fearing that Antony might take advantage of this, it was decided that the logical place for the friend of Octavian and the ally of Rome would be among his people. In Numidia he could maintain the Roman standard in case of attack and, in any event, lend by his presence in his own land, a steadying check to any sign of revolt among the effervescent natives.

Thus the carefree prince, who had hitherto passed his days with men of wit and learning and his nights burning the midnight oil, was plunged into the struggle for the mastery of the world. He realized then, of course, that a victory for Octavian would augur well for his own future and the possible resumption of something approaching the kingdom of his fathers. Nevertheless, it was as a duty that he left his studies for Numidia. Although he had not re-visited the land of his birth since he had been carried off in captivity, he possessed Punic books and spoke the language, which was that of all Africa.

The Numidian's conduct during this most perilous mo-

ment in Roman affairs more than justified the confidence that the House of Julii reposed in him. As the son of King Juba, he had the glamorous aureole that belonged to all descendants of the great Massanissa; and in Cirta,* the capital of his father, he exercised that prestige to hold his people in check while their Roman masters engaged in mortal combat. He demonstrated that he was as capable of governing a people as of recording history. In the two years he spent in Numidia, he acquired that practical knowledge in the administration of a state which Rome considered essential to every servant of the government.[71]

After Octavian's Triumph, for which he returned to Rome, a handsome domain for "services rendered"[72] was given him for his devotion to the Cæsarian cause. However, it was not in Octavian's power to reinvest him with his father's rights. After his victory at Thaspus, Cæsar had recognized Africa, and the eastern part of the kingdom of Massanissa and Juba I had been attached to Rome as *Africa Nova* under senatorial governorship. Twenty years later, in the repartition of provinces between Octavian and the Senate, it was united to the old part and given to the Senate under the name of *Africa*. Any attempt by Octavian to alter that act would be regarded as illegal, and the new master, intent on solidifying the Empire, was not one to follow revolutionary procedure. Juba's domain bordered on the edge of a barbarous land, a part of but by no means the whole of his father's kingdom. This name "Juba" was also a title of commandment in Numidia, and his Berbers addressing him so treated him with that respect they had been accustomed to give to their previous kings. He was a king in Numidia by a courtesy title, but in Rome, no more than a petty prince.[73]

Though Cleopatra Selene found the young Numidian attractive and extremely intelligent, she was not inclined to accept any one less than a king with a kingdom for her husband. She had learned how things were managed at Rome.

* Modern Constantine.

Now was the opportunity to reap the advantage of the position she had obtained in the royal household. Though it seemed that the young Ptolemy orphans had already achieved considerable distinction for exiles in being adopted into the house of Julii, Cleopatra Selene never forgot her glorious ancestry, and she was determined to be a queen. Contrary to all expectations, since entering the palace Cleopatra Selene exerted more and more influence over sisters and brothers and, through them, she reached the elders.

The Emperor did not readily make friends, but those he had he clung to with the utmost consistency, suitably rewarding their virtues. He had always had a friendly liking for Juba, and now he began to fondle the project of the marriage of his ward. It was Octavia who had first thought of it. Octavian felt that he was finding a noble mate for his protégé Juba and, at the same time, making an excellent match for Cleopatra. Though she was the daughter of his former rivals, he had, since taking her into the family and raising her as one of his own children, formed a great attachment for her.

However, prestige counted for much in the Empire, and that of his house was all that mattered to Octavian. Could he give his own kin, sister of his nieces, to this prince, charming and brilliant, but yet insignificant in rank and at best a functionary of Rome? These were the delicate suggestions that the children of the household insinuated to Octavian and Octavia, playing on the pride they all had in the house of Julii. Julia said more than once: "I do not forget that I am the daughter of Cæsar."[74] Cleopatra's childhood companion and half-brother, Julius Antonius, was no less proud, and also exerted his influence to prevent the marriage of his half-sister to one of inferior rank. The Ptolemy princess, whose every gesture and word revealed her proud heritage, once crowned Queen of Cyrenaica, daughter of the great Queen of Egypt and Rome's most celebrated general—should she be wedded to a Moor, even though he were blue-eyed, fair-haired, and descended from the Greek Hercules? Nothing

less than a king was the ultimatum of the youth of the house.

The alliance of Cleopatra and Juba was an adroit political move. A pacified North Africa was vital to Rome. Along with Egypt, it was the granary of the Empire. It had been the last region to resist Rome. Only a generation back, the Romans were still unknown to the Mauretanians, and there were great areas with hostile inhabitants still waiting to be subdued. The work of bringing this country round to the Roman point of view could only be given to one in whom Octavian had complete faith. Who else but Juba, whose Græco-Roman education and attachment to the House of Julii fitted him perfectly for the task? He had already shown his mettle when he governed the territory during the war with Alexandria.

Added to the prestige of Juba's name and ancestry, the prestige of the Ptolemies, which had always been great in North Africa, seemed the perfect solution to the African problem. These people should be brought to peaceful submission by the most subtle flattery, and thus the grain of the Empire would be doubly safe. This was one of the most important affairs that Octavian had to solve. Egypt, for example, was allowed a governor of no higher rank than a simple Roman knight, *præfectus Ægypti.* Egypt with its seven million men and great riches was not to be confided to any one but an obscure person, since such a one, being nothing in himself, could do nothing against the Emperor. The præfect for Egypt was merely an agent sent to administer one of Octavian's farms. Egypt, considered as a province; its revenues, instead of going into the public treasury, fed the private fortune of the House of Julii.

Africa, on the other hand, with its grain for Rome, its riches and natural resources, was the first of the senatorial provinces. Its governor was chosen with great care by the Senate. Octavian's problem lay in getting one of his dynasty into the ruling position in Africa without seeming to encroach on the Senate's prerogative. This he hoped to accom-

plish through Juba and Cleopatra Selene, but how was the marriage to be consummated when his young ward and his family, as well as himself thought she should marry only a king? And how could he, limited by the agreement with the Senate, invest Juba with the throne that would make him an acceptable match for the royal Daughter of the Moon?

CHAPTER X

OCTAVIAN was in no hurry to settle the problem of Cleopatra Selene's marriage. Among other qualities, he owed his success to his talent for waiting. Cleopatra was very young; North Africa was secure for the moment. Meanwhile, there was more immediate business: to solidify his position as Princeps and to continue the work of solidifying the Empire.

The Romans were getting restless; once more they were ready to set out in search of lost eagles or new fields of conquest. For a time this war-wearied world had been satisfied with the gold of Egypt and the fruits of peace. Octavian, knowing their vanity had to be flattered and their strong emotions given some outlet, had indulged them with games and magnificent plans for the rebuilding of the Capital.

But the martial spirit was beginning to show itself again. Octavian did not intend to allow this energy to be diverted and perhaps in the process destroy the Empire he had built. He could not forget the end of the Republic and the horrors of the civil wars that had followed one after the other. There was to be no more of such folly, no more chaos of which the ambitious might take advantage. The Principate was his chief concern, and his political platform would continue to be peace and prosperity.

Recognizing the temper of the time and feeling that

discretion, as always with him, was the better part of valor, he took the opportunity to give a lesson to the Cantabrians, those truculent mountain tribes of Spain.

The succession had been settled upon Marcellus; and Julia, the Emperor's daughter, was to be his wife. The marriage of Cleopatra could await this more important wedding. There was no hurry about either. Meanwhile, Octavian spent most of the next two years, from 27 to 25, in Spain. Besides taming the Spaniards, the campaign was an opportunity to initiate the young men of the household into the mysteries of war. Then they would better understand those campaigns of glory on which the Romans prided themselves. With Marcellus, his heir, Tiberius, son of Livia, and Juba, Octavian set off for battle in good spirits. If the Romans felt warlike, it was good policy to lead the campaign in person.

The new Imperial machine was running smoothly. Under Octavian's rule, with the help of Mæcenas and Agrippa, a wave of prosperity was rolling over the Roman world. But the Romans always wanted more. The conquest of Persia and an open road to the Far East was the great illusion of Italy. It hung like a glittering bauble before the eyes of Rome, tantalizing first one and then another of her chiefs. That eastern conquest had hitherto been the justification of all the coups d'état projected or accomplished. Through it Cæsar had hoped to justify the dictatorship and Antony the triumvirate. Octavian was aware that he could not depend alone on his prestige as conqueror of Cleopatra and saviour of Rome. Nevertheless, he did not intend to follow that eastern road which had led his great predecessor Cæsar, as well as Antony, to destruction. He had directed the public gaze and interest towards the banner of prosperity, with which he hoped to replace the eagles of war. Now his prolonged absence from Rome was to allow the fiery spirit of further conquest in the East to die down while he waged a campaign to strengthen the inner lines of the Empire in the west. Octavian was a conservative. Let Italy keep what she already

possessed and leave those further military successes to the poets. Octavian was farsighted. Rome was aging....

In Spain, Octavian demonstrated Roman arms to all rebellious peoples. For the first time he was present at his own victory. But the joy of his success gave way to consternation when it was learned that after the submission of the Cantabrians, Octavian suffered the most severe illness of his life. The strain of battle had evidently been too much for him. Or was it a bedside comedy? By keeping Rome in a state of suspense with bulletins of his health, he discovered the true sentiment of his people, uncovered intrigues and measured the populace's love for his heir Marcellus. When he found how the party of Marcellus openly celebrated its arrogant joy, he placed the ring, the symbol of power, on the hand of Agrippa. Upheld by Agrippa who had served Cæsar and was unwavering in his devotion to Cæsar's house, Octavian had dared to seize his heritage. It was also largely to Agrippa that the victory of Actium was due. Without this general it is doubtful whether the foundation of the monarchy could have been laid so firmly. Mæcenas and Agrippa, the invisible and omnipotent powers behind the throne. The Emperor's seal was left with them, and they frequently opened the missives he sent to the Senate to correct them or re-write them before they were made public.

Octavian was constantly throwing Rome into a panic with threats of illness, so that the Senate decreed that every fifth year, vows should be undertaken for his health by the consuls and the priests... a sort of bribery, or perhaps an early form of life insurance. Thanks to Juba's physician, Musa, Octavian fully recovered his health after the Spanish victories. His treatment, a cold shower after a hot bath, became a fad at Rome and made the doctor famous.

Octavian was able to play on the Roman spirit as a skilled musician on an instrument. He had made a feint of putting the Republic back at the disposition of the Senate and the people; he renounced consular power, giving as an

excuse the state of his health and the fact that affairs of government were in a more normal condition. And when the people and the Senate begged him not to abandon them and the work he was doing, he consented, with a great show of reluctance, to assume command of the land and sea forces and the administration of those provinces where the soldiers were garrisoned for ten years. Thus under the cover of republican humility, instead of relinquishing his power, he continually added to it.

At a sitting in January 27, the consul Plancus gave a gala performance as a messenger from the gods. At his instigation the Senate bestowed upon the Emperor the name of Augustus, until then an epithet used only for sacred names, objects and places. Octavian had been horrified when Antony and Cleopatra announced themselves as candidates for Olympus. Now he accepted his new honor with no overt expression of astonishment. Fortunately for the Emperor, Antony was no longer there to mock the new Augustus.

After receiving the title he began more seriously than ever to plan his dynasty and organize the Empire. In his convalescence he went to work refashioning the constitution to his own satisfaction. Deceived by the veil of humility that he habitually wore, the Senate left him to manage affairs as he wished, believing it was as *they* wished. That body sat in Rome apparently unaware that a concentration of power was in operation.

Under Augustus' constitutional manipulation, changes favorable to the wealthy class began to take place. The monarchy at home was to be supported by a powerful aristocracy abroad. Augustus and his ministers followed the republican principle of selecting representatives for the provinces with the most scrupulous care, and then allowing them complete liberty in administration: men under whom the provinces grew prosperous.

In Spain, Augustus finished the work of "planting" veterans in Carthage, already begun by Cæsar. Now the Moors

and Numidians had Roman influence on both sides of their frontiers.

Augustus this year was in a benevolent mood, ready to shower honors upon his favorites. Why not? Not one of his plans since Actium had gone awry. Was he not a god now, who could dispense favors, justice, death? Mæcenas had done much to soften the Emperor, preaching the policy of moderation. He gave him sharp lessons, and Augustus was shrewd enough to accept his admonitions in good grace. The succession of the Empire was conferred on Marcellus. His wedding to Julia would soon take place. What of Cleopatra Selene? Would it not be possible for her to have a kingdom, a domain that would not only please the young Ptolemy princess, but be of use to the dynasty of the house of Julii?

For the first time since 29 Octavian had an opportunity to review his life. After his illness he recalled the words of Cicero—that sickness causes the mind "to reflect upon itself, with judgment survey itself and abhor its former courses."

Now that he was sole master, was it not his duty to conquer minds and hearts by an ideal of moderation, justice and reason? There was that scene in the Senate when he was passing judgment on some one brought before him. Sensing the harshness of the yet unspoken sentence, Mæcenas threw into Augustus' lap his tablets on which he had written "gird yourself, butcher!"

He could afford to be generous, now that he was assured of the loyalty of his followers. He had no rival; he could now build solidly toward the future of the Empire and his family. Usefulness to the state had to be substituted for the caprice of individualistic aspirations. It was true that Cleopatra Selene wished to be Queen of Alexandria, and Juba a writer, but these ambitions must be subordinated to the welfare of the state—his state.

As Augustus he was a living example that the gods still walked among men, changing their destinies. Cleopatra Selene realized the innate vanity of the Emperor, and determined to

play on it as she could to avail herself of the heritage she felt was her divine right.

It had been his mission to vanquish Egypt. He had threatened the Egyptian Queen regarding the fate of her children. But now, in the mellow time of life, he could admire the dead queen without stint. He had not forgotten her, surrounded as she was with the devotion of his benefactor Cæsar and his great rival Antony. She had cheated him by her suicide, but he would not forget, for that reason, his debt of honor. He would strike that off the tablets with one magnificent gesture: Cleopatra Selene, daughter of Cleopatra and Antony, would be a queen; one who could serve the Empire which the death of her parents had brought into being, and one who would help to preserve the fields of grain on which the state subsisted.

After all, Egypt was a dead jackal. Africa was now the vital point for Rome. He had told Cleopatra, through Proculeius, that she should "be of good cheer and trust Cæsar in everything."[75] He would keep his word to the dead queen; tardy, to be sure, but then, she had promised him to live, so that he was repaying her deception with honor. He had not promised Egypt. A kingdom was a kingdom wherever it stood... Africa?... As yet no kingdom was available there.

Now that he was omnipotent, he would create a kingdom for Cleopatra Selene. He would make her dowry Mauretania and part of Getulia. That, added to the domain he had already given Juba, would provide a kingdom for the couple and a source of strength for the Empire and the Augustan dynasty in Africa. Juba with the kingdom of his father, or at any rate, a part of it... Cleopatra Selene with a realm of her own to bring to her husband. Such a dowry would be worthy of the Imperial family and of one who had herself already been a queen.[76]

Thus the betrothal was announced and the line of the Heraclidæ crossed that of the Lagidæ, so that one exile would

become Queen, and the other King of Mauretania; and the children of the couple could say they owed their throne to their maternal ancestors.

Both Juba and Octavian gained by the adoption of this Ptolemy princess into the royal household. For where would Augustus himself have been without his ancient claim that the kingdoms Antony had conferred on his children by Cleopatra, had dismembered the Republic? Well, she had her kingdom now, and he could face the world without a blot on his celestial escutcheon.

There was a sort of romantic fatalism about the engagement of these two exiles. Both were orphans whose parents had been defeated by Roman arms; the heritage of both had been confiscated by the Roman Empire; Juba's father had committed suicide, as had both of Cleopatra's parents; Juba's mother and brother had disappeared,—like Cæsarion and Antyllus; both Juba and Cleopatra Selene had escaped death to march behind the chariot of a Roman conqueror; and both had entered the palace of the Cæsars to become favorites of the victors, to be brought up in Imperial dignity, like Roman children.

The salons of Rome echoed with the news. Fantastic tales about the prospective bride and bridegroom reached the provinces in letters to friends. Consuls and Senators who had frequented that house of Cæsar's across the Tiber retold tales of the great Dictator in the days when Cleopatra's mother had lived and reigned with her great retinue in Rome. Heated discussions took place between those who regarded her as a monster, the originator of the orgies at Alexandria, a wanton who had seduced Cæsar and befuddled the brain of Rome's ablest general, a voluptuary who had led Antony to his ruin and death, and those who remembered her a woman, brilliant and fascinating—a stateswoman who had staked her life on a coup that failed.

How would the Queen of Egypt have greeted this marriage of her daughter, she who thought nothing too exalted



CLEOPATRA SELENE, QUEEN OF MAURETANIA (Enlarged)
(From a coin)

for herself and her children? The judicious saw the match as a compromise between nothing and everything. For a penniless orphan, dependent on the Emperor's charity, any kingdom and a marriage to any king, however petty, was a magnificent success. For the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra, once rulers of the eastern world and potential masters of the universe, the queendom of Mauretania was a small thing.

Cleopatra Selene herself could scarcely complain, remembering the humiliation of her captivity, and a life devoted to homely tasks in the palace. Alexandria was lost to her forever, but in Mauretania she would be her own master even though she remained a Roman vassal. She could at least surround herself with the life she preferred and the kind of court to which she had been accustomed in Egypt.

The year 25 B.C. promised to be the most brilliant in the annals of Roman society: besides the wedding of Cleopatra Selene to Juba, Julia was to wed the heir of the Emperor, Marcellus. The salons of Rome anticipated a great display in this union of four of the children of the household of Octavian, and the women who passed their days in chatter had a new source of gossip. Of course, the marriage would take place in June, after the sacred Ides—that being the most "propitious time to light the torches of Hymen." The date was rather important. It could not be the first part of June, so "fatal to nuptial couches." Lemuria, the season devoted to the souls of the dead, would be worse, "One must wait for the pure days to light the torch of fire."[77]

During the last days preceding her marriage, Cleopatra Selene helped with the preparations for her voyage to Mauretania. She saw the heavy woolen stuffs of her Roman sojourn being laid away in traveling chests, and vowed that when she was free in Mauretania, she would discard such ugly garments forever. The chests she had brought from Egypt were opened, and the delicate stuffs she had not been allowed to wear in Rome were gone over and repacked, bringing back the times

when she had worn these gossamer things before her mother and father and Cæsarion.... In this glittering coronation robe she had heard the acclamations of the Alexandrine throngs....

Through the long weary years at Rome, each day so like another, she had sat in silence, winding the wool to weave the garments for Octavia's household, accepting the menial tasks which all engaged in and which so dampened her spirits, ingratiating herself into the sober hearts of her guardians to reach this day of escape that was soon approaching. Her younger sister Antonia and her friends deferred to her in a new way, as she stood on the threshold to a new world of freedom and authority.

Much as she looked forward to her departure from the Capital, there was a feeling of sadness as she took her last walks on the Campus Martius and thought that here was another city she was leaving, perhaps never to see again. Only a few years back, men of arms had filled the Campus Martius, and she and her brothers had been captives. Now, it was the battleground of rivalries in fashions, and the Ptolemy princess appraised the apparel of the smartest Roman matrons.... As a queen, she would dictate fashions. Here in the meeting place of Roman society, every one came to see and be seen. The Emperor was not averse to being found there, playing at ball with the young men—his favorite pastime since he had given up horses and arms—or dicing with the little Syrians and Moors. Cleopatra Selene took her last walks with Octavia, and Julia, the Antonias and the young men of the family, along the magnificent Portico of Pompey. It was a favorite promenade of Octavia as well as of the other Roman matrons and Cleopatra Selene, in spite of herself, felt that the colonnades and galleries were old friends to whom she was saying farewell.

It was already hot in Rome, but here the air was refreshed by cool fountains. As usual, Octavia and her family were accompanied by a troop of attendants to prevent the

crowd from coming too close. Naturally, every one wished to see the prospective brides and the promenaders pressed close as the girls rested on a bench, or stopped to admire the mural paintings of the famous Greek artists that covered the walls of the Portico. But the ladies of Rome had adopted the fashion of wearing veils like their modest great-grandmothers, and Julia and Cleopatra Selene were invisible as they whispered to each other behind their gauzy veils.

Of course they spoke of dresses and the purchases Cleopatra Selene would need for her voyage. Many days were spent by the young Queen in shopping with Octavia and Julia in the little booths along the arcades, making purchases for court dresses, coronation robes, garments for banquets and receptions and for religious service to the gods, and—most important now—the wedding gown. Many searches were made through the porticos of the Argonauts and Neptune, near the Sæpta Julia where the smart tailors and dressmakers were to be found. In the little shops east of the Palatine Hill, a thousand and one queer things were displayed to tempt the princesses' eyes. In these quieter streets, the merchants were grouped so that women could loiter and window-gaze at the peacock-feather fans, crystal balls, ivory dice, caskets of precious woods, card tables, gold-leaf wreaths, bibelots of all sorts, cosmetics and jewels—all the expensive trifles impossible to secure in Mauretania.

Slowly the daughter of the Ptolemies filled her traveling chests. Moving towards her emancipation she had no mean notion of what was essential for the palace of a queen. Goldsmiths and silversmiths were found to fashion precious vessels for the intimate needs of her toilet. Even her years spent in the rather austere palace of the Cæsars had not destroyed the taste and knowledge of luxurious refinements acquired in her earliest years.

As for Juba, he could not feel the same elation of spirit that animated the Ptolemy princess in leaving the Capital behind. He was deeply attached to the city, and felt none of

the nostalgia for his native Africa that moved Cleopatra Selene when she thought of Alexandria. He was to exchange his kingdom of letters for that of Mauretania. Men envied him his good luck, and he was compared to Alexander, youngest and only surviving child of the unfortunate King of Perseus. Abandoned and penniless, this young prince had learned the trade of carpentry and bronze worker to keep himself from starving. After studying Latin, he was eking out a meagre existence as a scribe. And Juba, another forsaken prince, was to be honored with the daughter of the Egyptian Queen and a realm of his own. Yet Juba was troubled at leaving Rome and engaging forever in the task of administrating an important province of the Empire, which would take so much of his time away from his books.

Books were an emotion for Juba, and to create them his greatest ambition. The friends he was loth to leave were the artists and literary men who had encouraged him to strive for the honors of scholarship. He had given himself wholeheartedly to Hellenic pursuits, and even as a young man achieved some fame. He had chosen a literary career to satisfy an inner need. All other things had seemed vain.

Now it was to be farewell to the quiet life of a historian, farewell to the literary groups of Messala Corvinus and Asinius Pollio, those patrons of the arts. There would be no more gay, witty evenings at the home of Mæcenas. Literature must take second place after his obligations as a king.

During his last days at Rome Juba spent as much time as he could among his old haunts, visiting with the friends of his youth. The *Subura*, at the back of the Argiletum, was the center of the artists who came to Rome from all countries. The small shops and taverns and less reputable places were always thronged with painters, sculptors, Syrian and Spanish dancers, models, gladiators and ephebes, Egyptian musicians and poets. As a scholar and serious student, Juba had not spent much of his time in this ancient Montmartre that had sprung up in Rome, but now that he was to be

exiled and crowned, he looked about for the last time at all he was leaving and engaged for the last time in discussions with his friends and acquaintances among the *popinæ*, the little cafés that crowded the quarter. Here the still unknown intelligentsia drank and painted and exchanged canvases and poems against dinners with the insouciance and camaraderie they have always had. Here young geniuses sought relaxation among their fellow artists, musicians or actors, Greek, Roman, provincial, including many protégés of Mæcenas. The great man himself was often to be found in the quarter in company with Bathyllus or Tigellius. Juba knew the latter well, a talented musician, an ancient favorite of Cleopatra the Great and at present enjoying Augustus' favor. He was called the King of Buffoons and gathered around him like parasites all the indigent singers, dancers and musicians in Rome, who ate his food and laughed at his wit and amused him in turn. He was a strange fellow, sometimes fancying himself an ascetic and living with extreme frugality. Then suddenly he would take to riotous living with as many as two hundred slaves.

Young Dionysus of Halicarnassus was another acquaintance of Juba, but of a different cast. He had come to the Capital after Actium to study Latin and gather material for his "Ancient History of the Romans," a work in twenty volumes, as well as his book on Roman archeology. He guarded his obscurity, paying little attention to those about him as he discussed some point in history with Juba. Neither of them, for that matter, gave much heed to the fiery if empty words that rose from a neighboring table where a group of agitators were expressing their discontent with the régime. Juba, as a favorite of the Emperor, was not too much troubled by the fact that under Augustus men might think what they liked, but they must not discuss it in free and open assembly. The little gatherings in the Fora that had formerly done so much to foment revolution were forbidden now, and poets complained that Augustus bridled the imagi-

nation except when it took the form of verses exalting him to Olympian heights. It was a particularly delicate time for historians and orators. It was under Augustus that Cordus committed the unthinkable crime of praising Brutus and calling Cassius the last of the Romans. He committed suicide when his histories were burned. Others, such as Titus Labienus and Cassius Severus, who used terms too strong for the Emperor, had their works burned too, and left Rome in perpetual exile.

Juba wandered about the quarter with his friends, taking farewell of them and of the care-free life he would not have in Mauretania. In one tavern Tigellius, quite drunk, was singing his eternal drinking catch, "Io Bacchē, Io Bacchē." In another, Juba watched, as had Virgil and many other poets, Syricsa, the innkeeper, dancing tipsily in the smoky tavern, her head bound in a Greek kerchief, swaying her tremendous limbs to the notes of her castanets. In his favorite night club, Mæcenas and his constant companion Bathyllus were watching a child of ten being put up at auction to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

In these taverns the closely-guarded secrets of Rome were passed across the table as one poet recited his satires to another, for there were poets here who frequented the *atria* of the great houses in Rome, and a Martial would say: "I have told in full the vice, debaucheries and liaisons there!"

Juba had tasted all varieties of life in Rome, from the highest circles of the court to the lowest life of the most suspicious taverns, where plots of murder were hatched amid the twinkling music of Egypt and Africa, and the innkeeper acted as a protector to the *bravæ*, the gangsters who infested the streets and roads. A historian must know all, experience all. And to one who was dedicated to the spiritual recompense of the arts, there was much to be learned from those who were touched by nothing but gold. Juba subscribed to those words of Pliny: "The sons of sensuality who have no views beyond the present hour terminate with each day

the whole purpose of their lives, but those who look forward to posterity and prolong their memories by their works, to them death is always sudden, and it always breaks off some unfinished design."

The Rome to which Juba said farewell blazed with life. Roman society was converting night into day. Young law students had to be threatened with instant deportation if any of them were found at banquets or places of amusement late at night. Even the artists' quarter had been touched by the era of prosperity, and statesmen were sometimes seen in bohemian haunts as well as debauched patricians and parvenu business men. Occasionally some veiled woman surrounded by friends would watch for an hour the "evils" of the night life of which she had heard, and see in the flesh what starving genius looked like when it left its garret to relax in an atmosphere heavy with the fumes of cabbage, peas, beans, beets and pork sausages.

Mauretania would not attract these gifted bohemians as did the rising wealth and opportunities of Octavian's Rome. But Juba hoped to continue in the quiet of his African capital the work for which he had prepared himself in his Roman studies. Many of his days were spent in the bookshops, preparing the library he and Cleopatra Selene would need to solace their retirement. The Sosii Brothers, whose shop was at the *Vicus Tuscus*, were friends and helped in the selection of volumes suitable for the royal couple.

These booksellers were the publishers of Horace, and besides this poet there were, of course, beautifully bound and polished editions of Polybius, Virgil, Tibullus, Catullus and Propertius, as well as the younger new authors, friends of Julius Antonius and Juba, whose work they encouraged. Small volumes bound in parchment that the Queen could hold in one hand as she strolled in her gardens, were found at the shop of Secundus, behind the Temple of Peace, while other collections were housed among the columns of the Temple of Apollo. Cleopatra Selene was already dreaming

of a theater in the new kingdom; and Juba's friend, the poet Crinagoras, gave his advice on the selection of Greek comedies and tragedies.

Cleopatra Selene was now fifteen and a mature young woman, who had lost one kingdom and by adaptability gained another. Since the first years in Rome when she had met Juba, as one of the family she had advanced considerably in the intellectual capacities which she had inherited from her great mother along with her charm. The last two years, while their marriage was being discussed, had given Juba an opportunity to become acquainted with the depths of understanding that lay behind the young princess' delicate features. And as they discussed the books with which their new home was to be stocked and the other details of their adventure abroad, it seemed to Cleopatra Selene that perhaps, after all, the prophecy that Virgil had uttered on the eve of her birth was to become true, though in a different way and in a different clime than had ever occurred to her or her mother or, above all, to the prophetic poet.

CHAPTER XI

IN royal families love and a political alliance are not one and the same thing. Cleopatra the Great had been accused of sacrificing Antony to her own ends. Yet her severest critics agreed that she had loved the Roman Triumvir. It is not simple to enter into the feeling that motivates the mind bent on Empire, particularly when, as with Cleopatra of Egypt, there is so close a kinship between the sovereign and the gods.

Cleopatra Selene's mother had loved Antony, but not more than her destiny, and her destiny was Egypt. Like mother, like daughter. In Rome, there were people who would only see in the young princess, a bride "full of rosy love-desire."[78] The same type of men and women had thought that it was possible for a Queen like Cleopatra to betray her country for love. It was something they could do and so they thought a great queen was likewise capable of acting as a Roman citizen or consul might do.

Like her mother, Cleopatra Selene had a deep sense of her place in the world, and her relationship with the unseen powers. The more perceptive Romans said that the Kingdom of Mauretania was the deciding factor in bringing about her union with Juba. Juba and his friends, as well as Cleopatra Selene herself, understood that she was an instrument in the hands of an ambitious ruler. It was fortunate for all concerned that the plans of Augustus for strengthening his

dynasty and protecting an important grain center, coincided with Cleopatra Selene's idea of her proper destiny. It was, in fact, a tribute to the slow and careful plans of Cleopatra Selene herself. She knew that no rebellious head reared itself in that palace and that those who wished to advance their fortune must do so under the guise of furthering the plans of Octavian-Cæsar. The alliance was not displeasing to her, but it was more than girlish love that brought about the culmination of Octavian's plans and her own. In truth, she was now as much as any one could be, a favorite of the Emperor, and no one knew what further projects the august one had in mind for his young protégée. Egypt was his own province. Was it possible that in Cleopatra Selene's marriage he saw a future time when Egypt and Libya might be turned into one country, over which the daughter of Antony might rule?

People spoke of the handsome dowry which the Emperor had given her. It was suitable to her rank. Was it irony that he added some of her mother's jewels, outstanding among them that famous amethyst ring, whose magical powers to ward off inebriety had been celebrated in story and verse? Was it thus that Cleopatra, divorced from Cæsar by his untimely death and turned into an enemy of Rome through her claims for Cæsarion, was in the person of her daughter to be won over again into the Roman fold?

The wedding gifts began to arrive. Notable among them were the gem engravings. Livia chose a jewel from amongst those fashioned by the jewelers of her household, Agathopus and Epitynchanus... Actium and the old discords seemed far away now. How often Augustus had been twitted by Marc Antony with that "grandfather of African birth," who first kept a perfumery shop and then a bakery at Aricia. How Augustus once had winced at the nickname "Thurinus" by which Antony delighted to address him in his correspondence! And when the Emperor had written in one of his autobiographical notes that he came of an old and wealthy equestrian family in which his own father was the first to

become a senator, Antony had retorted, "Your great grandfather was a freedman and a ropemaker from the country about Thurii. As to your wealthy grandfather, why not the usurious moneychanger!"[79] And now he was to give away his ancient enemy's daughter in marriage! Did Antony's loyal old friend Asinius Pollio recall Virgil's strange prophecy of a divine child? Did the old Triumvir's more violent supporters recall that perilous moment in Roman history when Antony acknowledged his children by the Queen of Egypt, the Sun and the Moon, dismembering the Empire and calling upon Rome to legalize his acts? That had been the first step towards Actium!

This wedding would be, as it were, an epitaph on that world of passionate hatreds into which the twins had been born to become the playthings of men's ambitions. From their high estate they had been sent hurtling into obscurity, out of which one of them, the Daughter of the Moon, now emerged to be raised to a throne. In the winter of their birth the priesthood of Egypt had felt sure that the star of Rome was setting, and had supported and used Cleopatra in their far-reaching plans. Her childhood had been spent during those long years of jockeying for position between Octavia and Octavian and Cleopatra and Antony. At one time, she, Cleopatra Selene, had seemed destined with her brothers to inherit the entire earth and she had been publicly crowned and invested with kingdoms from Antony's conquests. She had seen the downfall of those magnificent projects; could they be revived at last and in some measure fulfilled?

The Imperial wedding brought together all the best of Roman society: The Julii family with its numerous ramifications, friends and clients; the Claudii, the smart set of old who had wielded such power in the Dictator's day; the Piso family; and the Ahenobarbus, who were nearing admittance into the royal family through a marriage of Antonia Major. Virtuous Republican matrons in dowdy clothes brushed elbows with licentious young patrician women. Elderly men

with distinguished manners mingled with lisping fops. The vast rooms of the palace buzzed with hundreds of voices.

Crowds wandered through the palace, those on the outer edges of the socially elect lingering in the *atrium* where *imagines*[80] were kept, studying enviously the noble ancestry of the Julii. The wedding presents were on view, presided over by the dowry slave, a gift of Augustus, and an attendant that had been given to Cleopatra Selene by Antony, years ago in Alexandria.[81]

Agrippa was there, uncouth and clumsy as a bear. Octavia, dignified and austere, received the guests. This was a proud day for her with the daughter of her husband and her rival becoming a queen in a marriage that she herself had favored. And close to her, her son Marcellus, the future Emperor, talking to his prospective bride, Julia.

Plancus was there, now paying court to the daughter of the man he had flattered and betrayed, and now to the Emperor who had deigned to accept the title of Augustus which he, Plancus, had so graciously suggested. Ptolemy Philadelphus wandered through the throng, unhappy at the thought of being abandoned by his beloved sister.

The excitement of the occasion covered any sadness the other children felt at this last ceremony they would attend together with the companion who had always been for them a glamorous and romantic figure. To the older children this reception marked the consummation of their desire to make their beloved Ptolemy princess a queen. Among the guests were many of Marc Antony's old friends, who had known Cleopatra the Great, and who were not displeased with Augustus' treatment of their children—of those, that is, whom he had permitted to live. Timagenes of Alexandria, the caustic historian and son of the banker to King Ptolemy Auletes, grandfather of the bride, observed the grace and beauty of Cleopatra's daughter, and smiled ironically at the sight of the virtuous Octavia surrounded by her unfaithful husband's children by another woman.

But for the matrons of Rome Octavia represented a paragon of virtue. Despite all she had suffered at Antony's hands, here were his children brought up by her like her own, princes and princesses; indeed those precocious children of the New Isis, particularly the bride-to-be, seemed to be her favorites.

Cleopatra Selene showed no outward signs of shyness as she stood by Octavia's side receiving the guests. She was used to being a queen! Now she was to be crowned a second time, a mark of her triumph over the humiliation of her entry into Rome as a captive walking in the dust before the Triumpher's chariot. She was slender and straight in her long white tunic. Over it the *palla* was drawn forward about her head so that it framed her face like a hood, showing only her brow and hair, parted in six braids by a spear-shaped comb. It was the cloak and headdress of a Vestal, symbol of innocence and purity. Only to-day the *palla* of the Vestal was flame color, the garment of a bride. She stood there half-hidden in its folds, an Isis veiled from the world, with only her face and the tips of her vivid-tinted shoes showing.

At the last moment, the ceremony itself had to proceed without the presence of the Emperor. He had been delayed on the high seas, and his place was to be taken by Agrippa. The heat was becoming unbearable, the assembly nervous, when finally the sound of the rods could be heard signifying the arrival of the *Flaminus Dialus,* King of the Gods, with those who were to officiate with him. The *peristylia* was opened to accommodate the crowd pressing forward. The bridal procession, the bride and groom, the Imperial family as nearest of kin, following into the *sacrarium.* Cleopatra Selene and Juba took their places on the double chair covered that day by a fleece dedicated to the gods. Placing the right hand of the young girl in Juba's right hand, the *Flaminus Dialus* pronounced the solemn words of the holy sacrament.

In all good and evil, he declared, she should share the worldly fortunes of her husband and those higher aims of

the spirit, whereupon he offered a libation of milk and honey to Juno, patron goddess of weddings. The cake of spelt was eaten, and the wedding contract signed. The first part of the ceremony was at an end; the nuptial tablets were deposited in the public *tabularium*, and a copy kept in the *tablinium* of the house.

"The daughter of the Queen of Egypt and Antony wedded the son of Juba I." [82] From now on this couple, Juba II and Cleopatra Selene, was known in the Roman world as King and Queen of Mauretania.

At the lavish banquet that followed the ceremony Crinagoras, an inmate and favorite of Octavia's household, and tutor, too, to the Princess Cleopatra Selene, was the poet selected to compose a wedding ode, and all eyes turned to him when he rose to read his verses:

> "Great bordering regions of the world which the full stream Nile separates from the black Æthiopians, ye have by marriage made your sovereigns common to both, turning Egypt and Libya into one country. May the children of these princes ever again rule with unshaken dominion over both lands." [83]

A daring epigram, and a gasp followed its delivery! The verse did not invoke Aphrodite, Queen of Love, nor did it have the familiar tone of a poet addressing one of equal rank. It was addressed to a queen, with all the prestige of a Ptolemy. Crinagoras was a social lion, and too subtle to jeopardize his position in the Imperial household by a thrust at the generosity of Augustus, in restoring Cleopatra Selene only a part of what was her own. Had this Greek poet merely read the mind of the Emperor and anticipated some unformulated project whereby Cleopatra Selene would become even more than Queen of Mauretania? Her own attitude was unmistakable. This daughter of a great queen never allowed any one to forget her rank, nor the dowry so long withheld. In her own mind she had always been Queen of Libya. There

was nothing startling to her in the epigram's allusion to her as heiress of the Ptolemies. She was coming into her rights more slowly than her parents had planned, at the hands of a different donor and in a different manner, from Octavian. But she had learned to bide her time, and she felt certain that in the end the gods of Isis would prevail, and the prophecy of her birth be fulfilled.

Nor was Augustus displeased at the allusion of the witty poet. He was well aware of the prestige of the Ptolemies. Now that Cleopatra Selene's place was securely fixed in his plans it was in his interest that her position be magnified in the eyes of the people. The house of Julii was great enough to embrace all the greatness of the Ptolemies....

It was the twilight hour. Venus, the star of the evening, lit the heavens. And on the Palatine Hill friends were assembling to conduct the bride from the *gynecium* to her husband's apartments. Five freedmen went before, carrying torches lighted by the *Ædiles*. It was a good sign to have these old Roman guardians of morality light the torches of Hymen.

The moment of leavetaking had arrived. The young couple stood before Octavia. Placing her hand on their shoulders, as if to draw them together, Octavia asked the young Queen to place her right hand in that of her husband. Three little patrician pages, toga-clad, came up and veiled the bride's eyes from the world with a flame-colored cloak. Then came the mythological struggle, the young pages, like so many gods of love, essaying to draw the veiled grace from the arms of her stepmother. Then two of them took each a hand, while a third standing in front, held a torch of pinewood to ward off evil from the head of the bride.

A slave marched forward, bearing a shuttle and bobbin and a willow basket containing all those weaving implements which old Rome considered most fitting tools for the hands of a young matron, but which she would take care never to touch again.

Myriads of torches lit the way along the hill, and run-

ning in and out of the procession noisy children were shouting jokes that would have made the rudest camp followers blush on any other occasion. It was the children's privilege, however, to play the rôle of jesters at weddings.

It was a solemn occasion for Cleopatra Selene. She was stepping from the House of Octavia and Augustus, not only to the marriage couch, but to her rightful place in the world. She was beginning to fulfill that destiny in whose inevitability her faith had never wavered.... On the walk across the gardens, the women, accompanied by the tuneful piping of the flute players, were clapping their hands lightly keeping time to the cry of "Talasio, Talasio!" [84] The procession came to a halt at the doors of the palace where Juba barred the way. Looking into the eyes of Cleopatra Selene, he asked, "Who art thou?"

The bride was lifted over the threshold into the *tablinium*. There upon a dais was enthroned the bridal bed of ivory and gold. Upon the floor were laid carpets of gold brocade and Tyrian purple. Purple and gold hangings adorned the walls. Around the bed six statues of gods and goddesses presided at Hymen's altar.

CHAPTER XII

FOR days, Rome had watched the long procession of transport carts and baggage carriers go by with the treasures destined to create a Ptolemaic *mise-en-scène* in that land over which Cleopatra was to rule. In the retinue of the new monarchs all the crafts were represented—tailors, dressmakers, shoemakers, jewelers, scribes, bookbinders, tradesmen and merchants. Mauretania had none of the luxury shops which the young rulers deemed essential for their kingdom, and it was necessary to take with them all the workers for the various trades as well as the materials with which to pursue them.

It was early autumn before the royal couple set out for the port of embarkation. What a contrast to Cleopatra Selene's arrival in Rome! Now the streets were crowded, but with well-wishers. Rome had talked of the impending departure for weeks. And many among those who now waved farewell and godspeed to the Queen, had jeered at her in the triumphal procession only five years before.

The Queen of Mauretania's own guards escorted her, as they had not done since her brief tenure of power in Alexandria.[85] The numerous personal friends of Juba and Cleopatra Selene lingered near the coach for a final word. And Alexander Helios and Ptolemy Philadelphus were glad at least that their farewells were deferred until the port itself was

reached. Julius Antonius hid his sadness at the departure of his favorite sister by smilingly acknowledging the ovations attesting to his popularity among the watching throngs.

Slowly the cortege filed out on the Appian Way. Horsemen, couriers, lictors were followed by a long train of carriages, wagons, coaches and carts piled high with chests and boxes, while thousands of slaves swelled the procession. Among the company, besides the craftsmen, were included those artists the couple would use as the nucleus of the intellectual life of their court,—a talented Greek sculptor, a pupil of Pasiteles, musicians and librarians, scholars and philosophers, and last but of prime importance, the host of experts charged with the administrative duties of the kingdom of Mauretania.[80] Poets were not averse to traveling with the great, as Virgil and Horace had shown on the memorable voyage to Brundisium. Crinagoras could have been found among the party, accompanying the young couple along the road to the port.

With so great a train, progress was slow. Besides, as Horace had advised, the Appian Way is less tiring if taken slowly. Those traveling in coaches were not over-comfortable. Litters were better and could move at a greater speed over the huge blocks of marble that paved the road. Inns were unknown. The wealthy owned small houses along those roads upon which they were accustomed to travel, and these were lent to persons of note—proconsuls, senators, or sovereigns with their suites. It was only at vast expense that a rich Roman accompanied by a large equipage could be housed and entertained in fitting style.

Strangely enough, men competed for the honor of showing hospitality to the wealthy and distinguished travelers whose journeyings might be compared to a passage of locusts across the country; it was an unfortunate host who did not know at what time his guests would arrive or when they would choose to dine.

Travelers who had no friends along their road, stopped

to rest and sleep in the *diversoria,* of which Horace complained bitterly that they were infested with noise, smoke, bad odors, fleas and bugs. It was in such lodgings that the mass of slaves accompanying Cleopatra Selene and Juba found shelter en route to the sea. In these dirty little wayside refuges they drank their thin wine and ate their coarse food, but, as they had no experience of better provision, nor any hope of it, they accepted their fare with good grace and passed the night in song, dance and carousal.

On reaching the port the party stopped at another of those villas whose terraces were perfumed with violets and whose appointments represented the last word in luxury of those days. Cleopatra Selene and her tirewomen sought refuge from the cool breezes before a blazing log fire in a room overlooking the sea. Bright torches were moving along the shore where sailors and slaves loaded the cargo of the King and Queen of Mauretania. In another apartment Juba, anointed and refreshed after his bath, rested while his secretary read aloud the latest scurrilous poem circulating in the capital, and the news brought in by courier. The journey had not been over-rapid. Juba was not reluctant to linger a day or two longer in the beloved country of his adoption, and found excuses to tarry by pleading the delay of awaited dispatches and overdue stragglers.

Cleopatra Selene was not sorry to leave the country she would always feel had wronged her, but she, too, was glad of these last few days with her brothers. Northern Africa was a long way from Rome, and there was no certainty that she would ever see her beloved brothers again. While Juba sat closeted with his secretaries, Cleopatra and her brothers walked through alleys lined with ilex trees and fragrant with rosemary. Here they renewed for a last time the memories they shared of their childhood in Alexandria and speculated on the future of the two boys, Alexander Helios and Ptolemy listening with grave attention to the shrewd advice of their sister.

"Now's a fair wind, and all the sea-men crown the ship with garlands."[87] The day of departure had come. Cleopatra Selene stood on the shore, waiting to embark. For the first time the twins were to be separated, and the overcast skies of autumn reflected the mood of the children's hearts. Now were the last farewells, the last hopes for a fortunate crossing, and perhaps the premonition that the three would not meet again....

The crowds waved farewells as the trumpet sounded and the ships sailed out of the port. The young Queen waved her scarf until her brothers were shadowy figures on the receding shore.

Thus the last Queen of the Ptolemies rode out to meet that empire, which a curious destiny had chosen for her. She was leaving Rome behind her, perhaps forever, as her Mother had done years before. What lay before her in this strange country to the South? Would she, too, found a dynasty, as her mother and Antony had boasted of doing? Did Octavian-Cæsar have greater plans in mind for her, once she was entrenched in Africa?...So her thoughts ran, as the ship cut furrows in the deep blue.

Though the sea-voyage was far from being an undiluted pleasure, special provision had been made for the royal couple. The crew was hand-picked and not the usual run of sailors who, Juvenal had said, were among the vilest rogues, "without any sense of religion or humanity." The crew, however, suffered from lack of food and space. Hardly any cooking could be done, and no one of them slept in a bed. Properly speaking, there were no decks, though at prow and poop, raised platforms formed a type of double deck. The hold was covered from end to end and divided into compartments so low that a man could not stand upright in them. They were invaded by fleas, lice, and bugs, not counting the flies, nor the frightful vermin which respects neither ambassadors nor crowned heads. The galley rowers lived on their benches where they were no more cramped than the sailors and offi-

cers in their quarters. To support the smell that arose from the ships, it was necessary for people unaccustomed to it to take snuff from morning until night.

In her cabin in the poop, hung with silk and spread with softest cushions, Cleopatra Selene, as befitted a queen, was spared most of the rigors of the sea-voyage,—rigors that arose not so much from the sea as the ship itself.... Standing before the mast, a tuneful Orpheus played to the rowers to charm away the hours of their toil as well as for the more practical purpose of making them row in cadence, and thus faster to their ever-nearing destination. An officer stood immobile on the prow, constantly on the look-out for pirates. Though attacks were not frequent in the early days of Augustus' reign, the hazards were still great, not only to ships but to men.

On the third day, a little fleet of fishing boats was sighted, and beyond them, a faint blue line of horizon,—Africa.

As they neared the coast Cleopatra made out first one and then another of the Phœnician cities strung along the edge of the sea....Here, far to the west of Alexandria, though on the same waters that washed its beloved shores, she saw in her mind's eye a city of fine columns and broad avenues, one that would be to her kingdom what Alexandria was to Egypt.

As the new sovereigns swept into the harbor, they passed the grain fleet bound for Rome under an armed convoy of war vessels. Another few days and the quays and shores of Ostia would be lined with men and women in holiday attire to greet the incoming ships and their cargo of grain, with music and song. And before the new Queen lay the land of grain over which she would rule. In the harbor her vessel was surrounded by a city of boats, and as she stepped ashore with Juba, she was acclaimed Queen and flowers were strewn before her. The people who crowded about were wearing the toga, and spoke and acted like Romans. Over these subjects

now gazing at her, some curiously, but most reverently, she had the power of life and death. At last she was on her own soil. She was free....

Tall, grave men with majestic carriage, light-skinned and gray-eyed, of sturdy build with sinews of steel, saluted the monarchs on their way to the Palace. These were the true natives, some blond, fair complexioned, snub-nosed and blue-eyed; others fierce, dark men, defiant tribesmen from the desert, with fires of hostility smoldering in their eyes.... What was the origin of the Berber people over whom she had come to rule? Were they a commingling of different races or were they diverse types of one and the same family?

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According to King Hiempsal, Juba's grandfather, "In the beginning, Africa was inhabited by the Gætulians and Libyans, rude and uncivilized folk, who fed like beasts on the flesh of wild animals and the fruits of the earth... subject to no rule....But when Hercules died in Spain, the men of divers nationalities who formed his army, now that their leader was gone, soon dispersed." Among them the Persians, the Medes and the Armenians crossed the Straits, landed in Africa and settled along the coast." The Persians intermarried with the Gætulians and were gradually merged with them, and because they often moved from place to place trying the soil, they called themselves Nomads.

"But the Medes and the Armenians had the Libyans as their neighbors; for that people lived closer to the Afric Sea.... The Libyans gradually altered the name of the Medes, calling them in their barbarous tongue *Mauri* (Moors)." The Persians first rose to power, flourished, and under the name of Numidians, left the over-populated land they had first settled, and possessing themselves of the region around Carthage, named it Numidia. "Finally, the greater part of northern Africa fell into the hands of the Numidians, and all the

vanquished were merged in the race and name of their rulers." [88]

Thus was implanted that cult of Hercules, God of Berbers, an ancient chieftain working untiringly for his people. Kind of heart, as he was strong of body, Hercules was loved for his prowess and revered for his justice. So, according to ancient usage, the hero entered the hierarchy of gods as the divinity of the dynasty of Massanissa, Hiempsal and Juba. It was the program of all heroes. His image was engraved upon their coins and they gloried in the fact that they were called Heraclidæ.

This account of the Berber origins may have seemed a bit naïve even to the Romans; yet the legend of Hercules undoubtedly marks the sojourn of a small Greek colony on its way to Sicily that sought shelter here from storms and made its votive offerings to the astonishment of the natives wandering along the shores. Thus, at least part of the people over which Cleopatra Selene was to rule, were of the very Greeks from whom she herself was descended.

The history of peoples is obscured by layers of misty legends, but King Hiempsal's account of their origins accords with descriptions ancient writers have left us of the North Africans, and our observations to-day tend to prove that many elements go to make up the composition of the Berber. In pre-historic times Africa may have been occupied by hordes coming from the North and South. Some authors contend that the blond type belongs to the Aryan who came from the west by way of the straits of Gades, while the dark featured people came out of Egypt through Tripoli or the Soudan by way of the Sahara, and that at one moment all those tribes came together, united, and enjoyed the same life. What is more, they created a language, an alphabet, a system of writing not to be found elsewhere. This Berber writing or Libyan alphabet is almost identical with Tefinagh in use to-day among the Touaregs. It must have been in common use under the Numidian kings, for all about Carthage are to

be found traces of it. Twenty-three centuries ago the Berber spoke this tongue, and left a record of his wanderings and halts in the farthest reaches of the Sahara, in rocks, in grottoes, near wells, and springs. Wherever the nomad stopped to rest in the cool shade of trees above cooler streams, he left the mark of his passage: Cyrenaica; Egypt; as far east as the island-like Sinai; the Moroccan Sous; and even the Canary Islands in the west.

For fifty years, Juba's great grandfather, Massanissa, had held the various rival tribes in check. Towns flourished, plains were cultivated, and foreigners came to engage in trade. But the Berber dynasty fell a victim to its successes. In working so passionately to ruin Carthage, its kings unwittingly brought about their own destruction. Rome again.... As long as Carthage existed, Rome needed the Numidian kings as allies. She flattered them and maneuvered them and when there was nothing more to fear from Carthage due to their efforts, the former allies became wards of the Roman Republic. The kings were still allowed a semblance of power,—to rule their own people for the Romans. The Berbers were not unaware of their fate, "I know," said the son of Massanissa, addressing the Roman Senate, "that I have only the administration of this kingdom, and that the property belongs to you."[89]

Now after conquering the country and deposing the native monarchy, the Romans were sending back a Numidian prince and an Egyptian princess to maintain Roman power in the guise of an African dynasty. Numidia was well under Roman control, but Mauretania was an almost barbarous country, from its beginnings a political center of the unsubordinated regions of North Africa. The Emperor had given the young couple a kingdom to govern and a still wider territory to civilize. The climate was milder than the temper of the people. They were hostile, brave, and proud, and Augustus was shrewd enough to realize that it would cost

more to maintain troops there than one could ever hope to get back in revenues.

The sullen Mauretanians had remained faithful to their national customs. Undisciplined and quarrelsome, they had so little notion of living in harmony with each other, that no one thought the tribes of Berbers and Numads belonged to the same race. Rome had always extended her power through the internal dissensions of other peoples. For her entrance into North Africa she had awaited the moment when the rivalry and feuds of brother kings had split up the once united kingdoms of the Heraclidæ. Taking advantage of the chaotic situation, she had advanced slowly, gaining one tribe and then another. Unable to escape the Roman domination, they still clung to their old customs, and retained their ancient language. The strength of the Berber tribes lay in their immobility. Others might occupy the steppes and highlands situated in the center of the civilized territory, but most of the Berbers camped beyond the frontiers.

In sending Juba to Africa, Augustus foresaw that it would require a native to interpret the complexities of the Berber character, and apply the proper thumbscrews for its control. The program Augustus had for refashioning the Empire required that Northern Africa be secure and peaceful. Though this great grain field had been conquered, that was only the first step. The next was to accustom it to the temper of the Roman people, to educate the native to the luxuries, fashions, and needs of the Roman citizen, so that eventually the natives themselves would form an integral part of the Roman people, and the grain fields would be as secure to Rome as if they lay in the Campagna.

The new monarchs were to dazzle the nomads, the stragglers from the desert, and the hardy mountaineers from the Atlas. The African has always demanded splendor and brilliance; who was better fitted to display it to them than the daughter of the Ptolemies? It was an ardous task Augustus had entrusted to his protégés, but Juba and his bride faced

it with confidence, backed by the prestige of the great Egyptian Queen, Mauretanian Troops, and the powerful legions of the Third Augusta permanently stationed in North Africa.

Soon after landing in Africa Cleopatra Selene began to sense her power as Queen of Mauretania, and became more and more anxious to start building her own capital, the city of her mind's eye with wide avenues, open squares and beautiful buildings.

The surrounding country presented a magnificent panorama of vineyards and fields of wheat. In making her first tour of inspection through her realm, she was amazed to find rich cities which still retained the character of Punic civilization—with strong traces of Egyptian influence; and sumptuous palaces, giving evidence of that prosperous reign of Juba's great grandfather Massanissa. It was not a mere barren waste of barbarous land in which the Queen now journeyed for the first time. Carthage had subtly extended her civilization over this country, and so besides Cirta, and its port, Rusicade, there were many splendid cities: Chullu, famous for its purple dye, and on and near the coast, the proconsular cities of Thapsus, Leptis Minor, Ruspina, and many others.

To govern their vast kingdom it was necessary that their new capital be on the sea. And such a location answered, too, to that North African model of Alexandria which it was Cleopatra's ambition to erect in her new kingdom. Finally, the site was chosen, on the eastern boundary of their domain, at the foot of the Atlas mountains. Nature, indeed, seemed to have marked out this site to become a miniature Alexandria, even to the little island which protected its harbor, recalling the Pharos of Alexandria. The name itself, Iol or Iul, meaning the return of the sun, brought to mind her own and Alexander Helios' birthday, and seemed a good omen. This old Phœnician port, stronghold of former kings, was situated some forty miles to the east of Icosium (Algiers).[90] Broad fertile plains bordered the coast of the Mediterranean here

and thickly wooded hills rose up behind, while the protected port would, by encouraging shipping, develop maritime commerce. The juncture of the various roads was bound to develop trade inland with the interior.

Punic Iol was to give way in an imposing ceremony to Cæsarea.* Rome may not have been built in a day, but Cæsarea seemed to spring up as if by magic. Not many natives were pressed into service to build the city as the monarchs did not wish to antagonize the new subjects, who resented any suggestion of coercion. However, there was no great need of the black slaves who filtered through the great deserts to the borders of the Mediterranean. There were plenty of white and Oriental slaves, including the vast number that had been brought from Rome.

Calcium, native to the country, was a good building material. In addition, Juba had made some arrangement with capitalists for the exploitation of mines—and from the greatest capitalist of them all, Augustus, to acquire a quantity of the famous Numidian marble for use in erecting the temples, palaces, and public buildings of the new capital. Soon Cæsarea was a beehive of activity, full of architects and artists overseeing the laying out of the stately avenues they had planned at the young Queen's direction.

Cleopatra had not yet passed the age of eighteen, but she showed that she was already a woman of energy who knew how to impose her will. The walls of the city were to enclose an area of about one thousand acres. This like the Bruchium at Alexandria, was to be the royal city. There was another enclosure on the side of Bab-el-Rouse, and on the seaside, another wall starting from Cape Sezaren, followed the winding shore, and leaving the port to join the hills above, thus forming a walled barrier against invasion.

The arrival of Cleopatra and Juba in Mauretania was the signal for the opening of the country and a wave of activity swept over North Africa. During the first years,

* Modern Cherchel.

hundreds of emigrants left the ports of Ostia and Puzzoli, attracted to Cæsarea by tales of the marvelous fertility of the land and the reputation of the rulers for justice.

Bankers came out on every ship to investigate reports of the country and see if investments would be sound. In Rome, burghers assured of not losing, set to work to exploit the Mauretanians as vigorously as the legions worked to conquer them. Soon a crowd of clever and enterprising men threw themselves on Mauretania to seek their fortune, and an army of traders and peddlers came, anxious to place their goods to the best advantage in this virgin territory.

The Roman business men, whose interests were furthered by the Augustan policy of peaceful expansion, and commerce in place of war, knew how best to adapt the resources and industry to the needs and possibilities of each country. In Sicily and Gaul they had cultivated vast lands and speculated in wine and wheat. In Asia they had become bankers and furnished with their usurious methods prompt and sure means for the kings and nobility to ruin themselves. Now they set about exploiting the cities built by the ancestors of Juba.

To build up the Empire effectively and further colonial expansion, new needs must be created and new markets found. Money must be loaned to further the sale of the second-class merchandise that sufficed for the provinces. Thus, at exorbitant interest, the exploited people were able to satisfy the desires which contact with superior civilization developed in them.

In Africa, the sharp Italians trafficked in everything. The opening of Mauretania was like a gold rush. Few of the Romans who arrived had any idea of establishing themselves in the country. Mauretania was the new land of opportunity. Some men of talent set out eagerly for the colony in the hope of enriching themselves at the new court of Cleopatra and Juba, acknowledged patrons of art and letters. Italians who had been appointed to the administration of the Imperial domain came out. Some of them married the natives later,

but the children called *hybridæ*, were not held in high esteem.[91]

Trying to get rich quickly, this horde of speculators had no time to treat the natives with understanding or sympathy. Thus, in organizing their kingdom, the new monarchs had the avaricious Romans to cope with as well as the suspicious and liberty loving, uncivilized tribes. They had also the legionaries on their hands; the spoiled darlings of the Empire; who shared with the bankers the power of the provinces. It was in Mauretania that Cleopatra became acquainted with the arrogance of the former and insolence of the latter. Many of the veterans lived with their wives and families on lands adjacent to Cæsarea, and the monarchs had to evolve diplomatic means of keeping their vanity soothed and at the same time not allowing it to become excessive. It was a problem that called for the tact and shrewdness of a Ptolemy.

After Actium, Augustus had disbanded the formidable double army of seventy-six legions, and had reorganized it on a much smaller scale so that the world that he ruled might have the appearance, at least, of being peaceful. With incredible swiftness and his usual foresight, he had distributed throughout the Empire the mass of soldiers who had been corrupted by the civil wars, establishing them in innumerable military and civil colonies. Some of these had been installed before Juba's arrival on the Atlantic coast of North Africa. After the Cantabrian campaign he had given another vigorous impetus to the colonization of Africa, and he installed more soldier colonists in various African military settlements. So that the number of legionaries was, in spite of Augustus' reductions, still a formidable one.

These, then, composed the various elements of the kingdom the new capital was to dominate,—the mixed native population, the influx of Romans, and the military colonies. This was the heterogeneous Empire the young queen and her scholar husband must learn to govern, not to their own glory alone, but to the advantage of Augustus and Rome.

CHAPTER XIII

AUGUSTUS was slowly and with the greatest diplomacy arrogating the entire power of the Empire to himself. Although he had ridden into power on the warrior's buckler, the citizens of Rome would only see a man like themselves in a homespun toga and broad-brimmed straw hat: an ideal Republican type! Augustus had inherited the prestige of Cæsar. To it he had added his own success in delivering Rome from the Alexandrine dynastic menace. He had before him, as well, all the experience of the Dictator's efforts to impose discipline and order in the Republic, and the example of Cæsar's tragic death in putting his faith too early in the Roman desire for a ruler, and Antony after him, who had envisaged a monarchy of the Eastern type. Augustus offered the deed without the name. He would be merely the first citizen of Rome, *Princeps*. In the provinces he was Emperor, recognized as Military commander-in-chief, as in Egypt he was hailed as the heir of the Pharaohs; but in Rome he offered a transition to the monarchy, and with the title *Princeps*, was able to assuage the Roman fears of being ruled by a potentate in the Eastern fashion. Like a dictator, he now held all the portfolios: minister of public works, commander-in-chief of the armies, admiral of the fleet, head of the judiciary. He had finally succeeded, too, in assuming control of public funds. In the minting of money he showed his

power by reserving for himself gold and silver coins, leaving to the Senate only the right of minting copper coins. In the administration of the provinces, Augustus did not depart from the old precepts of Republican Rome which had proved their worth. The cities were allowed to keep their religion, their customs, their special laws, their magistrates and public assemblies. Only when their peace was threatened did Rome interfere. In taking up the task abruptly left by Cæsar in 44, Augustus had shown his foresight and capability as a colonizer, and in the process he relieved Rome of the most turbulent of its restless, hungry plebeians, who had troubled the Forum, taxed the treasury and constituted a potential threat against his own power. Colonization served a twofold purpose: by de-peopling Rome he assured his own security, and he repeopled the world—for Rome.

Since the *Pax Romana,* security for the traveler had been established in the Empire. Roads had become safe and numerous. Regular service by boat from Italian ports brought Rome into rapid communication with the rest of the world. Augustus had reduced the menace of piracy to a minimum, and tourists and colonists could sail to North Africa tranquilly to foster trade relations for the Empire. It was a policy of peaceful penetration. Races were to come under the Roman yoke from now on, not by battle, but by being gradually absorbed into the Roman population. The authority of Augustus, on the surface as light as possible, remained abroad as at Rome the underlying key to the control of the Empire. Augustus knew that he could not govern the entire world against its own wishes, so the local customs and beliefs where they constituted no danger to Rome were not restricted. However, instead of popular government whose changeableness and unsteadiness were distrusted in Rome, the provinces were administered by the native aristocracy. Thus in the greater part of North Africa, the Punic aristocracy managed much of the affairs of the country and the people barely felt the change from native to Roman rule. The Berbers were an

exception to this, due to their intense national pride, and so presented a real problem to their monarchs.

It was not a uniform constitution that Augustus was imposing on the world, but the unifying agent of a central control to which the local governments were responsible. In the provinces, next in power to the proconsul, the chief administrator representing the treasury, came a personal representative of the Emperor, the Procurator General. To offset eastern licentiousness, Augustus encouraged these officials to take their wives and families with them when they left Rome to fulfill their duties in the new province. The wife of the proconsul was, after the princess of Rome, the first lady of the land. It was not long before the two courts—that of Cleopatra Selene in Cæsarea and of the proconsul's wife in Carthage—offered entertainments to visitors in Africa. Though a proconsul's wife hardly offered serious competition to the young queen.

Cleopatra Selene, coming straight from the Imperial household, was a welcome distraction to the routine of officialdom. Her official receptions brought out all that was smart in Roman provincial society, and the latest fashions which she and her ladies displayed were eagerly followed by the wives of officials and their secretaries. All the cities of North Africa were being eclipsed by the splendor of the new capital; unique in its architectural taste, its monuments, houses, and particularly in the customs of its inhabitants as they came under the Greek influence of the Queen. Her entertainments put a new standard for luxurious display before the provincial hostesses. Since there was a constant stream of Roman visitors to the capital, entertainments were frequent. Cleopatra Selene was far from being cut off from the type of society she had known in Rome. Friends of Juba and herself came out to hunt and explore the wonders of the mysterious land over which they reigned. Bankers and financiers came to safeguard their interests in the natural resources and agricultural products of the country. Many aristocratic

Romans were attracted not only by the novelty of the new city, but came also to take the waters at the famous thermal establishments at Aquæ to the southeast of Cæsarea.

Throughout Mauretania went inspectors of finance, public accountants, and engineers on the King's business. The lives of these men, as well as of rhetors, artists, merchants and secretaries, and their families began to center about the activities in the capital from which Cleopatra Selene ruled her domain and in which she had established a court combining Greek taste and Alexandrine splendor.

Behind the vast web of society and officialdom loomed the figure of Augustus in Rome, building his Empire. Juba II administered his province with practically no interference from Rome. No expeditions were sent from the Palatine Hill, no conquests nor battles were ordered by the Senate or the Emperor, no decrees needed the approval of the Forum. There was no delay in papers sent back and forth between the capital and the province.

It was without aid of the Emperor and relying on her own authority and Juba's that the young queen administered her land. Rome had restored a crown to her, and she did not accept her royal duties lightly. Indeed the tasks given to her seemed filled with insurmountable obstacles. How to Romanize the hostile native population so that it would submit meekly to the Roman yoke? In her task she had the aid of officials who had been trained from birth in the complexities of just such problems. The royal couple were popular among the immigrants, but their work of Romanizing the native population went more slowly. The natives tended to resist the foreign customs and preserve their own, a course in which they were aided by their secret language.

When the Berber population had long ago come in contact with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, the old tongue had changed rapidly, taking on new words of the invaders and changing its form to the point of becoming a new language —Punic. This was the language of the Carthaginians; and

Massanissa, who had dreamed of North Africa united into one kingdom, finding Tamacheck, the original Berber tongue, too difficult, made Punic the official language of his subjects. Thereafter, the Numidians spoke both Punic and Tamacheck. When the Roman conquest introduced Latin, it did not penetrate deeply into private life. The old tongues still continued as the languages of the families and children and native households. The country folk particularly continued under the new rule much in their old way, meeting rarely for barter; and beyond the occasional recourse to law when the foreign tongue was needed, they went on very much as always: tilling the ground, guarding their flocks, marketing their goods; marrying and bringing up their children to think and dream and speak their own tongue.

Queen Cleopatra had officially adopted Greek. As for Juba, although he did not officially adopt it, it was the language of his choice, in which he wrote his works.[92] The Greek language had charm for the African court and citizens residing there because of its aristocratic aroma. Latin was used in the law courts and in commerce; this official use of the Roman tongue was the discipline imposed by the Italian capital in its domination of the Mediterranean world. Greek, however, was the language spoken by the ruling class; and they gossiped, declared their love and wrote poems in it.

This confusion of tongues did not make the unity of North Africa a simple affair; but slowly the monarchs succeeded in extending the radius of their influence; bringing within their orbit some of the most hostile of the Getule chiefs. They were taming those wild spirits, usually so unmanageable, yet so highly adaptable when approached with gentle and skillful handling.

In the refined court life at Cæsarea the natives caught their first glimpse of a society which would make them look differently upon their own customs and incline them toward emulating those of their new rulers. This Grecian city, the Greek tongue, the new customs and architecture seduced the

young Berbers who came to visit in the capital. Here they found charming women dancers, singers and entertainers in the theaters—who spoke only Greek. The young natives were quick to learn. They had vivid imaginations and were eloquent by nature, and the love of the muses which the scholar King and the Ptolemy Queen inculcated and encouraged in their subjects exerted its influence on the natives. At Rome it was the fashion for every one to write, and here in Cæsarea the natives began to conquer the Latin and Greek tongues and to make their own fresh contribution to letters.

Inured as they were to the rough life and privation of the burning steppes, Cæsarea opened up a vista of enchantment to these Nomads. The Bedouin paradise had always been a garden where cool fountains flowed and flowers exhaled their perfume. Here, on the African shore, a veritable paradise on earth was being built before their eyes.

Cleopatra and Juba, as well as the Roman in supreme command knew that the great land was vital to Rome. For Rome depended not only on walls to protect her men, but on men to protect her walls—and walls could not be protected by hungry men. Egypt could allay the fear of famine for four months of the year; North Africa alone could supply the wheat needed in Rome for a whole year. The soil was fertile, like that of Egypt, and the Berber himself partook of the very character of his country. He possessed a rich nature, bold and strong. He was also a poet and an incomparable warrior, a man whose soul was in revolt and whose body was shackled by an alien nation. But the ebb and flow of trade and the benevolence and restraint of the far-sighted administration as well as the magic of the new capital slowly brought about the assimilation of the Numidian and Berber into the Empire. Only beyond the radius of the Queen's personal influence hostile forces stood their ground, repulsed by the prestige with which Rome surrounded the new monarchs. It would take time and patience to win over these suspicious tribes.

Did Cleopatra, like her Ptolemy ancestors, dream of conquest; of inspiring these people to become a united nation free of Rome and its demands? Augustus had the uncanny gift of picking the right person to serve him. Cleopatra was no more capable of betraying the Emperor who had placed her in so high a position than her mother could have betrayed Cæsar, or her father "who had betrayed no man." [93] Her character had been marked from birth. It was the power, too, of Rome to make the rulers under its Ægis think it was glory enough to be working for the good of the Empire. It was enough exhilaration to know that one had the power to build cities and transform the life of a country for oneself and for the Empire. Moreover, Juba's dreams were not of conquest, but of peaceful rule. He only sought to conquer a place among the great writers, and in North Africa he continued that work of history which was ranking him among the stars of the Augustan age. His influence on Cleopatra Selene, were her Ptolemy ambition to become too strong, would be a chastening one.

Though his pursuits were scholarly and sedentary, yet Juba was at one with the Berber in his native love of horses. He was an excellent rider, and encouraged the breeding of the fiery Barbary steeds, fleet as the wind, so admired by the Romans. The Numidian and Berber were, so to speak, born on horseback, so that Juba's proficiency as a rider did much to increase his prestige among his impressionable subjects. The breeding farms constituted another source of revenue for Roman and native aristocracy, and one which they took seriously. An anecdote attributed to Juba regarding horses amused his friends at Rome when it reached them. It was said that King Juba, cantering over a muddy countryside on his high-stepping Numidian steed, bespattered a good dame walking by the road. She turned on him furiously: "Look what you've done with your dirty hoofs, splashing every passerby!" "My good woman," Juba replied, when the tirade was over, "do you take me for a centaur?" [94]

The initiative in the royal house and the directing power was left by the scholarly monarch very much in his wife's hands, so that her subjects were made to feel that here was a "Queen of Egypt," a true Ptolemy come to bring the glory and power of Alexandria to their shores. Though she might once have been considered the spoiled darling of the Emperor, here in Mauretania she was showing her true metal.[95] She knew that she was essentially a tool in the game of Empire building and that the hand which had given her honors could as swiftly sweep them away. In her letters and messages from Africa as well as in her administration, she continued to flatter her guardian. In the progress Mauretania was making, in the smoothness of its functioning and in the beauty of its capital, Augustus now saw that he had chosen his monarchs wisely.

Immersed as she was in the problem of administering her realm, the Queen kept closely in touch with her sisters and brothers as well as Augustus. Anything touching the Imperial household was a matter of deep concern to her. Besides the letters the family exchanged, there was the periodic arrival of the *Acta Diurna,* with its news of the capital, its official acts and decrees of the Senate. Some Greek scribblers in the Italian capital were also employed to supply the young rulers with news of weddings, births and deaths among their acquaintances, as well as gossip of the latest scandal and the newest lion in the literary world. Though social and artistic diversions absorbed much of their time, they eagerly awaited the couriers from Rome; Cleopatra Selene followed with the deepest interest the ever-increasing spread of the Isiac cult, and she read between the lines of the news that the Emperor was ceaselessly occupied with perpetuating the deified line of Augustus Cæsar.

Among the most pleasant items were those concerning the success of her girlhood companion Julia. Married to Marcellus, she enjoyed the privileges to which the young couple's position as heirs-apparent entitled them. She had assumed

the position of a young empress, setting the tone for all the younger members of society. From the first, Cleopatra had believed that the marriage was but the beginning of a long triumphal march. Letters from Octavia had shown the pride she felt in the fact that the Roman people accepted Marcellus as the heir to the "throne." Why not, since he embodied all the virtues the Romans most admired? Cleopatra and Octavia agreed that the masses must certainly take him to their hearts for he was gifted, intelligent and charming.

Meanwhile, it was becoming obvious that the tension between Octavia and Livia had not diminished since Cleopatra Selene's departure from Rome. Livia had become more of an outsider, surrounded by the women of her husband's family, all of whom, as she knew, secretly hated her. Octavia had barred the way to the succession of Livia's son, Tiberius. Octavia's pride, it seemed, could mount no higher when Augustus had adopted her son and declared him hereditary prince of the Empire. Some of Cleopatra's correspondents had found it not beside the point to hint that the Emperor's illness had frightened Livia. His death would leave her powerless, and those closest to her knew that she bitterly resented this dependence.

At the marriage of Julia and Marcellus there had already been some speculation as to what Livia could do against the destiny that had set this seemingly insurmountable obstacle on the road to the throne for Tiberius.

Now came the news from Rome that Marcellus was ill. The Mauretanian monarchs began to fear rather than to hope for the arrival of the *Equites Singulari*, for now these dispatches bore the dreaded feather rather than garlands. Letters from the palace informed Cleopatra and Juba that everything was being done for the stricken heir that love and human ingenuity could devise. Courtiers and family were at the boy's side, and Antonius Musa had been called in at the first sign of illness. The presence of the latter was, at first, reassuring to the Mauretanian monarchs. He was the

most eminent physician of the time, a freedman of Augustus who had already cured the Emperor of a serious distemper after the Cantabrian campaign. But that régime of cold baths after hot fomentations was proving ineffective for the heir. Then came a day when they broke the Emperor's new seal—a portrait of himself carved by the hand of Dioscurides—to read the tragic news: Marcellus, the adored prince of Rome, was dead at barely twenty.

This was a terrific blow to Juba and Cleopatra, as it was to Roman citizens throughout the Empire. Was the death of that heir an unfortunate omen for the house of the Cæsars? Rumors, as usual, drifted through; bolts and bars cannot contain the whisperings of slaves nor those of their betters. The court at Mauretania received many versions of that death. Was it destiny or Livia who had completely wrecked the fortunes of Octavia and changed the current of Julia's life? The palace slaves wagered that the Empress would now have her way and marry her handsome son Tiberius to the young and suddenly widowed Julia. What did the poet Propertius have in mind when he sang of the evil spirit that resided in the waters of Baiæ? "In the waters of the Styx had Marcellus been engulfed. An instant sufficed to terminate so splendid a destiny." Was this the proverbial poetic license, or was there an ominous note of foul play sounded here?[96]

Cleopatra and Juba realized what this death meant to the Imperial household. It became a place of discord; Julia in widowhood turned from her stepmother and sought comfort with her own mother, the repudiated wife of Augustus, Scribonia. Octavia was sick with grief. She came to hate all mothers, particularly Livia, who seemed now to have appropriated for her own two healthy sons all the happiness which had been promised Octavia's child. When Augustus had declared Marcellus the hereditary prince and then had married him to Julia, it had seemed the culmination of Augustus' stress on the family line. Octavia and her brother dreamed

that they had succeeded in founding their dynasty. How right Augustus had been; to her the blood line came first. Her brother had come before Antony. Husband and wife might pass, but the family went on forever. Her son, she had thought, would be Emperor, and it would be to her, not to Livia that the Romans would turn for counsel. Now the house of Augustus, which she had served so faithfully since her marriage to Antony, had suddenly crumbled in ruins about her. This would embitter the remaining years of her life.

From Alexander Helios, Cleopatra Selene heard that Octavia's house was like a mausoleum. Everything which reminded her of Marcellus was banished: portraits, books, his childhood toys. The children were forbidden to mention his name. In her deep mourning she frowned on any exhibition of joy or lively spirits in the young Ptolemies.

Cleopatra Selene's grief at the death of her former companion and her sympathy with Julia's loss were soon overshadowed by anxiety about the position of her own family. The reports were disquieting. With death stalking through the palace, serving the special interests of Livia, who was safe? What of Alexander Helios and Ptolemy Philadelphus? She had thrown her fortunes in with the Octavian dynasty. If its future was to be eclipsed by the rise of Livia's family, where would she and her brothers fit?

Now that Augustus' first plan in dynasty building had miscarried, Livia took up the rôle of consoling angel. Apparently she was unaware of the dark looks that followed her or the suspicions that were in many men's minds. However, on the other side of the Emperor stood Mæcenas, director of the royal conscience. And so it followed that, despite Livia, the choice for succession to the throne did not fall on Tiberius. Mæcenas pointed to Agrippa, after Augustus the greatest man in the Empire, and one whose unwavering devotion to the house of Cæsar had long been proved. Mæcenas murmured in the Emperor's ear: "You have raised this man

so high that now he must become a member of the Imperial family or fall!" [97]

Agrippa as the heir to fill the place made vacant by the death of Marcellus was disturbing news to Cleopatra. She knew that Augustus loved his sister and adored his daughter whom he was determined would be the future Empress, but he seemed to be sacrificing both to his pride. Agrippa was already married to Marcella, daughter of Octavia; he was the father of children and almost old enough to be Julia's father, yet all these considerations were secondary in Augustus' use of his family as pawns in his plans.

He was touched by Julia's grief, and sympathized with Octavia, but his position as ruler of the Empire and founder of a dynasty was still too insecure to hazard anything less than the most certain iron family solidarity. It was now plainly Octavia's duty to bring her daughter to divorce Agrippa.

The letters from Rome showed Cleopatra Selene two uneasy households. Marcella was resentful that her own mother, knowing her love for Agrippa, should be the first to urge her to consent to a divorce. She was bitterly cynical, too, at the hypocritical attitude of her uncle Octavian who, despite all his sermons, was now urging her to take steps to shatter the very foundations of the old Republican morality. But Octavia had done with love. Whereas, before the death of her adored son she might have sided with her daughter Marcella in preventing the divorce, now she felt that all women in love had in reality always been her enemies.... Under her own roof she had brought up the love children of Antony and Cleopatra. There was little place left in her life now for sentiment. She had always been her brother's ally, and now more strongly than ever she worked to fulfill his new plans—particularly, perhaps, because in so doing she would be thwarting the unexpected but clearly understood plans of Livia.

Though the years since the advent of Cleopatra Selene

to a position of world influence had marked a period of emancipation of women from the leading strings of the male, Octavia had no desire to evade the domination of her brother. Augustus exacted obedience; he wanted women to revive the virtues of old, but first he expected them to serve as the docile instruments of men's ambitions. Above all they must not follow the example of Cleopatra the Great, who had made men fall in with her plans and those of her Alexandrine priesthood.

But Augustus' code was supple. He enforced the old morality when the alliances of the great houses were in the interests of high politics. Otherwise he found ready pretexts for disrupting them. Cæsar, like Cæsar's wife, could do no wrong! Cleopatra Selene could see that in Octavia the wife and mother was, more than ever, to take second place, and that her house would continue to be the nursery where tools were prepared for the use of Augustus and the Empire.

Youth and the love of life will overcome the greatest sorrow, Augustus contended. And Cleopatra Selene had to admit the logic of his reasoning. Had she not surmounted the tragedies of her own childhood? For the good of the state, Julia had now to lay aside her mourning to don the robes of a bride and join her life with the soldier Agrippa, the ex-husband of her cousin and childhood friend, Marcella. It was little wonder that Cleopatra received reports from Rome that the young people of the aristocratic circles were now passing, on the example of the princess, from husbands to lovers with such rapidity that it was difficult to know which was legal. Those deep, everlasting emotions for which Antony and Cleopatra had staked all seemed to have passed out of the world with their death. Now, everything was practical, calculating common-sense, and human instincts were relegated to second place before the dominance of Augustus and his cautious schemes. How long ago since Antony had dressed and acted and lived the part of the god Dionysus! Or Cleopatra had been invested as the new Isis—



I. SILVER DENARIUS. DIADEMED HEAD OF JUBA II TO RIGHT, REX IUBA. BUST OF CLEOPATRA SELENE TO LEFT, DIADEMED AND DRAPED

The legend is in her native Greek

(From a coin—enlarged)

Isis alive, dedicated to fulfilling the flame of her own greatness and the destiny of the East, over which Isis was to rule.

In Mauretania her daughter was also changing with the temper of the time. With the sudden death of Marcellus in Rome and the lightning changes in the affairs of Julia and Marcella, Cleopatra Selene took more pride than ever before in the position she had gained for herself as mistress of the most important province of Rome, and wife of a great scholar descended from kings. She entrenched herself in her position and asserted the superiority that she had always felt was hers by divine right. The Daughter of the Moon—daughter of the god Dionysus and the goddess Isis—was she not destined to bring new light into the world? And was not her escape from the troubled times in Rome proof that she was guided and protected by mysterious forces? Studying the conglomerate mixture of races that occupied her domain, might she not have seen in her mind's eye the day when the faith of Isis would unite them all? If she could help in spreading the faith of the gods who were protecting her then, surely, she would be worthy of being called the daughter of the New Isis![93]

CHAPTER XIV

DURING the next few years there arose on the burning soil of North Africa a city of marble; temples peopled with statues; palaces with mosaic floors that rivaled the rarest Babylonian carpets; libraries where the royal historian studied with Greek scholars and compiled his works for posterity; theaters, mansions, and palatial baths. If it was the ambition of the young Queen to be like the Greek Ptolemies, to play her part in the world drama as her mother had done, then she had certainly taken the first step.

Alexander had originally made his city rise as if by a touch of a magic wand. So the young Queen of Mauretania planned and worked to produce Cæsarea, not little by little, but at once, in its glorious entirety. To the Berbers coming down from the hills, this pearl of cities, rising almost overnight along the sea against the thickly-wooded hills, must have seemed pure miracle. It was the Queen's first regal gesture to the world.

The tranquil old port of Iol had become a forest of masts. Ships from Gaul, Greece, Italy, Spain, Egypt and even from far-off Britain came to unload their precious cargoes. Among the olive groves, vineyards and gardens that covered the sloping hillsides, new houses gleamed. Splendid palaces crowned the eminences above the port in which the more opulent subjects could escape the torrid heat of summer.

Rows of cypresses and aromatic pines girded the city, and the air was heavy with the fragrance rising from the numerous gardens the Queen had laid out.

On the cliff above the port a temple to Neptune dominated sea and land... within it stood a superb statue of the god himself, a white marble copy of a remarkable Greek work, done by one of the Greek artists in the retinue of the Mauretanian King and Queen.[99]

Near the port lay the new Forum, thronged with money-changers, merchants, bankers, functionaries and soldiers. Here the public scribes were to be found, bending over their tablets, turning out their letters, verses, appropriate epitaphs and their other daily orders, just as in the Fora of Rome itself. Adjacent to the Forum were the courts of justice where the natives sought redress against Italian traffickers, particularly those fleeced tenant-farmers appealing against the extortion of the usurer. Here the townsmen answered complaints to the *ædiles*, the two police commissioners whose duties included the upkeep of the city's streets, the policing of public morals, the management of the markets, games and distribution of the grain. The young Queen left much to able administrators while she oversaw the building of her city.

The city abounded in temples with Greek colonnades of rare marbles. The Temple of Emperors stood on the right as one entered the Forum. There were temples to Apollo and Saturn and, upon the heights, those of Bacchus and Hercules, that god of the Heraclidæ dynasty from which King Juba claimed descent. Nor had Cleopatra Selene forgotten to include Fortuna in her list of omnipotent names: that favorite goddess of Augustus must be propitiated! She had also planned and executed temples to the Goddess Cælestis and to Æsculapius, and adorned them with marble statues and verdure.

Thousands of slaves throughout the new city were engaged under the direction of Cleopatra's architects and

engineers, transforming the old Phœnician town into a miniature Mauretanian model of Alexandria, and the old Punic architecture of the other African cities was rapidly superseded by Greek design. The natives coming to marvel at this work of their Ptolemy Queen walked down broad avenues lined with handsome residences; passed porticos of marble built to shelter pedestrians from the heat of the sun; and gathered to talk their strange language in the many public squares ornamented with statues of gods and heroes unknown to them; or gratefully refreshed themselves and their beasts at the cool fountains along the walls of the city. In the niches of the public buildings were busts of Greek philosophers and poets, and many statues of a mother and child—Isis, mother of Pity, nursing Horus, her divine son. Cleopatra Selene forgot nothing.

Under the touch of the Moon Goddess, a Greek city was rising in this Berber land, and all the building trades—stucco workers, painters, interior decorators—and the craftsmen—marble cutters, mosaic workers—were kept busy bringing the dream into reality. Silversmiths, bronze and iron workers,[100] stone cutters, potters and goldsmiths did a flourishing business. The capital was setting the style; and, as always, the provinces attempted to ape it. The craftsmen were building up a fine trade supplying the outlying districts with the new fashions as well as supplying the gladiators, galley captains, schoolmasters, grammarians and all the rest of the new population that streamed past their doors.

There was nothing in North Africa to compare with Cæsarea.[101] It was unique in its architecture, monuments, even the customs of its inhabitants, since everything in it was under the Greek influence which the young queen exerted in her every act of living as well as her building. When her mother had lived in Rome, her sojourn there had brought about a change in Roman art and decoration. Though Cæsar, Sulla and Pompey had already brought back with them the splendors of Asia and its art, and Greece had begun to shed

its light over the Roman capital when Cleopatra the Great arrived, there was still something pompous about Roman art. It lacked that softening touch which Alexandrian artists secured by their cunning combination of the grave with the gay. The elegance of Cleopatra the Great and her magnificent court inspired the luxury workers to invent those expensive trifles made in the style of the royal visitor's country. It was not only in architecture and in bibelots that the Græco-Egyptian influence was felt.[102] Theocritus and Callimachus as well as other poets of the Alexandrine school contributed their lighter graces to the rugged virtues of the Latin poets. So, too, the daughter of Cleopatra the Great gave an embellishing touch to the art and architecture and the very life of North Africa.

In the houses that were now built there was no trace of the Roman style. The rooms were grouped about a large central marble-paved court, decorated with statues and fountains. Often, too, these had several smaller gardens and courts bordered with porticoes. Mosaics in the Alexandrine manner ornamented the walls and paved the floors and courts. The subjects were often the mythological ones inspired by the verses of Alexandrine poets—only occasionally would the artist find his inspiration near at hand and draw, in harmonious and imperishable colors, the native African scenes.[103]

An old Antonian visiting the new city and finding himself a guest at a banquet given by Cleopatra, Queen of Mauretania, might well have thought that he had strayed back to Alexandria and the court of the great Queen of Egypt. Greek dancers and singers, Egyptian musicians, eastern jugglers and acrobats followed in dizzy succession, and the lavish entertainments resembled minutely those of the old Alexandrine court. The site of the city, its growing beauty, its opulent subjects, its public monuments, circuses, games, its theaters where plays were given in the finest Greek tradition, began to be talked of in Rome, and returning

travelers were loud in their praises of Cæsarea and its rulers.

The passion for creation which Cleopatra Selene expressed in the building of her city was reflected by her new subjects. Like the Ptolemies of Alexandria, she was an ardent collector,[104] and her people not only vied with each other in the construction of their houses, but followed the Queen's example in adorning their new capital on the great inland sea. Stately columns arose in Cæsarea that had once supported temples in Egypt, Asia and Greece, and in the cool recesses of the temples were enshrined the gods of these old lands. The urge for building was communicated to the other African cities and soon all were being ornamented with monuments in Hellenistic style.

In Cæsarea every day, seemingly, some new treasure greeted the eye. Two great granite Thermæ arose, each as magnificent as a palace. One was in the center of the city, at the extreme south of the broad main avenue that traversed Cæsarea, much like the Canopus at Alexandria; a second of massive construction stood against the ramparts; both decorated in accordance with the Greek taste in those things.

With her Ptolemaic devotion to the arts, Cleopatra Selene paid particular attention to the theater, and on the flank of a hillock near the sea arose a building of great dimensions, richly decorated. The side overlooking the lower part of the city and the port had niches under pediments filled with statues. Here stood a statue of the great Augustus himself in armor, after that one Livia had commanded for *Ad Gallinas,* reminding the young Queen of the few really pleasant days she had passed in the Italian country villa of the Emperor. To the north stood the great temple of Augustus, perhaps constructed not only to flatter the Emperor, but as a cautionary reminder of him to whom she owed her realm.

The fashionable quarter of the city lay west of the circus. Here were the villas built of the beautiful Numidian yellow and rose marble of Simitthu, their ever-vernal por-

ticoes surrounded by groves of shade-giving plane trees, and a canal winding through the beds of flowers leading into the lake below. Under the influence of Cleopatra, one supposes her subjects had their fish ponds and their pools floating with lovely lotus lilies, another fashion imported from Alexandria.

The royal palace itself was, of course, the source of greatest concern to Cleopatra, and she had it built according to her very definite specifications: a marble portico with columns of green diorite surmounted by white marble capitals; caryatides rivaling those of the acropolis at Athens. A palace built of rare marbles—Carrara, green porphyry from Egypt, transparent alabaster, serpentine marble from the quarries of Italy, the many-veined *ebréché* of Africa, the Gouraya marble and granite from nearby quarries and beautiful woods from the forests crowning the hills. The cool gardens were dotted with fountains, the borders of the terraces were laid with innumerable flowers and the grounds were peopled with gods, fauns and satyrs.[105]

Amidst the Greek and Alexandrine splendor which the young queen created on the shores of the sea, she did not forget the lessons of utility she had learned in her residence at Rome. She could appreciate not only the fine arts but the practical Roman gift for engineering. The aqueduct that carried the water to Cæsarea for the pools of the patios, the fountains and the baths, was the most important in North Africa, and testified to the ability of the military engineers of the legion as well as to the size and importance of the new capital. Suspended in view of the city, between two rugged hills, it mounted tier on tier to maintain its level as it ran back into the water sources it tapped.[106]

With the building of the new city, the roads which crossed it became great arteries of commerce. The grand Roman highway, running parallel to the sea, crossed Cæsarea. There was also the great highway to Carthage by way of Theveste as well as an inland road between the two cities through Lambessa. A fourth road ran between Cirta and

Sitophus. The road to Cape Cartenna was like the Appian Way, and near the Cape the massive arcades of the circus rose up, a granite mass against the blue curtain of an African sky. But it was, perhaps, outside the four gates of the city that Cleopatra Selene most profoundly displayed the Ptolemy origins of which she was so proud!

In Egypt she had not been brought up to look upon death as the end of all things, but as the sad close to a mortal existence through which one passed into another life in time. In Egypt, each succeeding monarch began work upon a monument designed to be the mausoleum for himself and his family. The house of death was the most noble of human creations since it contained the sum of man's existence and was his gateway into the perpetual land of the dead. In their great simplicity the grand catafalques of the Egyptian kings were a constant reminder that each should live with dignity so that having passed his judges his soul might rest in peace, and those behind could, in the monument that held his remains, still take pride in the ancestor from whose line they had sprung.

With this charge upon her the Queen of Mauretania, shortly after ascending the throne, followed the traditions of her family and had built in this alien land a monument which, like those of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, should defy the ravages of time and the destructive hand of man. Her own sense of her grandeur and her instinct for mystery moved her to erect her monument upon one of the farthest mountains of the Sahel. There royal architects began work on a pyramid that would be an everlasting monument for posterity.

It was indeed a royal tomb, with marble facings, bronze ornaments and crowned by an heroic statue. The architectural design was midway between an Egyptian pyramid and a Greek mausoleum. It was circular in form, surrounded by Ionic columns, with a series of steps narrowing as they reached the top to form the apex of the conical structure.

Like the tombs of Egypt, it faced the East, testifying to the cult of the sun. In the labyrinthian interior one came at last into the chamber of the dead. Enshrined here, Cleopatra Selene might dream through all eternity of the countries she loved above all others—Greece and Egypt.

That *monumentum commune regiæ gentis,* pointed out by Pomponius Mela, a contemporary of her son Ptolemy, still dominates the Metija at the western end of the plain that extends beyond Algiers. Cleopatra Selene, last queen of her line, left a monument not only to herself, but to the memory of her native land and its great tradition. Here she must have come often to superintend the work of her engineers and architects,[107] haunted by who knows what memories of the Sema of Alexander the Great, of the Pharaohs—the mausoleum where her mother and father slept? What idea was it of immortality that possessed the Pharaohs and this last of the Ptolemies and inspired her here to the task of raising up a monument to outlive Time the Destroyer?[108]

of a capable heir, the Emperor felt the moment propitious for another trip away from Rome. He was a past master in the art of absenting himself at the right moment, and in 20 Cleopatra Selene and Juba learned that he was on his way to the East. Juba hoped that this time his patron would visit Mauretania. Africa and Sardinia were the only two provinces that Augustus had never visited. And Juba's pride in what he and Cleopatra had so far accomplished in their short reign made him anxious to have Augustus see the new capital with his own eyes. Crinagoras the poet, still a familiar of the Imperial household and as such acquainted with the Emperor's plans, evidently thought that Mauretania was included in his itinerary, for he sang: "Whether Cæsar Augustus goes into the forest of Hercynia, to the promontory of Soloeis or to the furthest borders of Libya."

A visit from the Emperor would do much to solidify the growing fortunes of the house of Cleopatra and Juba. They could show him that commerce prospered, that the Berbers were tranquil, raids infrequent and travelers secure. An expedition into the interior of their realm had opened up the ancient commercial routes followed by Carthage and the Ptolemies. That meant still more riches for Cæsarea, and Juba could have shown the Emperor caravans laden with stores from the far East entering the four gates of the capital to load the ships in the harbor with luxuries for Rome. Cleopatra would have liked, too, to renew her personal contact with the Emperor, to show him how he was honored in her city with a temple magnificent while the goddess Isis had only an altar. Perhaps she might soften Rome's attitude toward the Isiac cult, whose position was again becoming precarious.

Disquieting reports were reaching Mauretania concerning Isiac activities, and those who cloaked their motives under the prophetic mantle,[109] and measures were being taken against them. Although as Triumvir, Octavian had built temples for Isis, he had in 28 relegated the Alexandrian cult beyond the city walls. Nevertheless it had flourished, and in

21 the situation was again becoming acute. Prophecies were once more animating Isiac circles, reviving interest in a new Messiah, perhaps even then being groomed to supplant the Imperator. When Cæsar had made an attack on secret societies in 45, banishing the Pythagorians, he had protected the followers of Isis for very good reasons of his own. But no such reasons swayed Augustus and his counselors. To them the Isiac societies were not a possible source of support but only a danger to the strength of the Empire. So, the Emperor being in the East, Agrippa now took charge, repressing sedition that broke out and forbidding once more the celebration of Egyptian rites and relegating them now not merely beyond the gates, but even beyond the villages about Rome.

These measures interested Cleopatra Selene vitally, for her brother Alexander Helios, the foremost living descendant of Isis in Rome, might easily become the innocent victim of disturbances in Isiac circles, particularly if these were being used to conspire against the powers and life of the Emperor. Augustus had promised Cleopatra the safety of Alexander Helios,[110] but she knew that foremost in his mind would always be the good of the state and the good of Augustus. She could never forget that other sons of Antony as well as of Cæsar had perished, and that the Emperor still was never able to free himself entirely of the fear that one day, despite all precautions, some conspiracy against him might be successful.

So Cleopatra Selene followed the Emperor's itinerary, hoping it would lead him to Cæsarea. She was not greatly reassured when she learned that he was visiting Herod, his old "friend" and ally who had been so helpful in the overthrowing of Antony. Herod had effectively opposed her mother's dynastic ambitions, and the enmity he had had for Cleopatra the Great could not help but be transferred to the twins, the very existence of whom was always, in his mind, a threat to the King of Judea. For was it not possible that a descendant of Cleopatra would some day attack that throne which, as

an old province of Egypt, might conceivably be claimed to belong to them?

But whatever thoughts and plans Cleopatra Selene had for an interview with the Emperor were cut short by the unexpected turn of events in Rome. The Emperor now could not think of dallying in a visit to Mauretania. While he had been in the East, a coalition had been formed by the independents who aimed at taking over the principal magistracies vacant at the time, as well as those of the consulship and quæstorship elected by popular assembly. This was a revolt, indeed—headed by Egnatius Rufus and directed against the authority of Augustus. Saturninus, a loyal henchman of Augustus, threatened the revolters that even were the new officers elected by the people's will, still he would deny them office. Meanwhile, he sent a courier flying after the Emperor, urging his immediate return to Rome.

The unsettled conditions underlying the prosperity of Rome needed only the provocation that the party of Rufus provided to set things aflame. The Romans were now enraged by what they considered the expropriation of their rights by the ruling party. They attacked the Senate in 19 B.C., and once more blood flowed in Rome. Augustus returned at an unexpected hour. The conspirators were arrested and, though the Emperor had been many hundreds of miles away, they were tried on a charge of conspiracy against his life.

So it turned out that Augustus had indeed chosen just the right moment to absent himself from Rome. The Goddess Fortuna seemed again to be smiling on him and his plans. His method had never been boldly to face danger. Now, as always, when the immediate danger was past, and the hour-glass showed the time to celebrate and reap the spoils of victory, he reappeared in the political arena, radiating benevolence and dispelling the last popular fears. He managed to surround all his acts in a shroud of mystery, and thus used an age-old trick to invest himself with glamor. Rumors were circulated of the great work Augustus had accomplished

abroad for the glory of the Empire and of still vaster projects that he nourished. All these were vague and far distant. By allowing just the proper amount of bloodshed, the Emperor had succeeded in instilling fear into the hearts of all lovers of order who dreaded above all things that they might again be plunged into civil war and see the fortunes which they were so carefully building dissipated. His ministers, complying with his wishes, played on the fears of the conservatives, so that with the peace that succeeded the conspiracy, Augustus' popularity increased as the protector of prosperity.

To the scholars and historians as well as to the populace, Augustus presented a figure of magnificent enigma. Yet Agrippa and Mæcenas and a few other of those highly intelligent men sitting on the Council Board thought they had in the Emperor, who was building for himself an unparalleled position as a great administrator, something of a figurehead necessary for popular consumption and political foreground, a man under whose cloak of mystery and power others might carry on the Empire's work. As patriots, the ministers of the Emperor and their colleagues placed the good of the state above their personal opinion of the man, and it is perhaps here in the ability to use his eminent subordinates, to keep their loyalty despite their personal prejudices that Augustus showed the greatest administrative ability. He allowed himself to be used, as it were, as a symbol for the solidarity of the state and by so doing was able to use for his own purposes the services of the ablest men in the realm. The private opinion of his close associates as to his essential mediocrity and the distance he stood from the glorious character an Emperor of Rome should have, reverted in the long run to Augustus' own advantage as everything did, and he gained by being the reverse of such figures as Cæsar and Antony. He was a cautious, calculating man at a time when just such a temperament was indispensable in a ruler.

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It was now that the Roman state saw itself divested of its last remaining shreds of power. The opening wedge in the destruction of the Republic had been made by Scipio, the African, who had placed himself above the law in the period of the Punic wars. The first step in breaking down an old order of civic integrity is always taken at a time when there is public unrest and the customs and procedure of established usage will not suffice to meet the needs of an emergency. Then demagogic utterance blinds the public to the facts of its own individual civic loss by urging the immediate requirements of the state and the well-being of the people as a whole. Carried along by its emotions, the public is led to encourage or, at any rate, forced to countenance the fine-sounding innovations. Thus the descendants of those Romans of Scipio's time found that his exception to the Golden Age of Roman constitutional law had become the rule and that he had sounded the death knell of the Republican ideal. At the time, Scipio's innovations had seemed sound and his course of action inevitable. Later, the barriers against a preponderance of any military power within the state fell, one after the other, under the attacks of generals becoming ever more powerful.

In Rome the Senatorial power had long been weakening. Cæsar's uncle Marius had challenged the election of one of the Senate's nominees and brought the matter before the popular assembly for judgment. The plebiscite won the cause for him, and the candidate was impeached. Thus a precedent was created, and Pompey and Cæsar owed to the popular vote those military commands that opened to them the road to power. It was the people again who, in full possession of their sovereign rights, fixed the length of time of the command of these generals and voted the military budget, indispensable for the accomplishment of their missions. Two more attacks on the rights of the Senate and two more barriers against an individual military domination fell.

Since the reform of Marius had opened the way for

farmers, laborers and the new poor of Italy to enter the army, it had undergone a profound transformation and become professional in character. Furthermore, the allegiance of the army was more and more to the individual general rather than to the state. The army had become a faithful instrument in the hands of the chiefs who knew how to exploit it, and it was on its way to the days when it would acclaim its choice for Emperor. In the last century of the Republic, the power of Rome was in the hands of its generals, and it was only the rivalry of military chiefs which retarded, as it made inevitable, the fall of the Republic and the "rule of one."

Backed by the power of the army, Sulla had been Emperor in all but name. His dream had been to found a monarchy such as those he had seen ruling by divine right in his eastern campaigns. Sulla foresaw the end of the Republic, and when he gave up his dreams to retire to private life, he prophesied, "After me, the deluge!" A monarchy at Sulla's time might have spared Rome from the civil wars, but it is by just such inability to accelerate the process of change that human history unfolds its tragic stories. Sulla failed to establish a monarchy because he counted too much on the only active force at Rome—the nobility; but the nobility was too corrupt in its public as in its private life to take the lead. And the Gracchi acting in the interests of the populace failed because they found the populace lacking in intelligence and morality. A power founded on military domination thus became inevitable.

Cæsar, the nephew of Marius, became the heir to the Gracchian and Sullan policies. His task had been the difficult one of enforcing a liberal policy devoted to the popular cause with the military strength without which he knew no domination of the state was possible. "I come to deliver the world," he said, "from the faction which oppresses it."[111] What was that faction? It was the arrogant aristocracy in whose hands the Senate had become an instrument of oppression. Cæsar was faced with the problem of harmonizing a democratic

platform with the necessity for a monarchy under a single ruler. He could have survived the Ides of March only by a ruthless proscription of all the minor rivals whose power a monarchy threatened.

It was the necessity for a monarchy under a single supreme head that Augustus inherited along with his legacy from Cæsar. He succeeded in delaying the final test of strength against Antony by sharing the Republic with him until Cleopatra's and Antony's Alexandrian policy brought about the inevitable conflict at a time when he was strong enough to win, not only by arms, but by his successful policy of undermining Antony's supporters in Antony's own camp.

As Cæsar had eliminated Crassus and Pompey, so Octavian had triumphed over Lepidus and Antony to arrive finally at a point where Rome would accept centralized government under one head. Of all governments a Republic is the one which calls for the greatest individual integrity and a political —that is, social and civic sense of responsibility, from those who live under it. The more privileges it confers of individual liberty of thought and action, so much the more restraint, devotion to the state, intelligence and balanced judgment does it require of each citizen in return. A miserable people, living on donations from private citizens and state charities who make no use of their rights but to degrade them by their undirected behavior or to sell them to the highest bidder—these are, by the very squandering of their political suffrage, marching towards its inevitable loss. In restoring order Cæsar had aimed to let men once more perform their usual round of activity, untroubled by civil dissensions and political problems which were beyond their power to solve, yet remained within their province to consider. But Cæsar was hampered on one hand by the temporary authority of his power which required continual political manipulation and on the other by the vigorous republicanism of a powerful minority—a minority which would not acquiesce in the necessity for an

empire, and combated and conspired against it as it took shape in Cæsar's hands.

The great majority, to whom the abolition of the debts was the most important function of a democratic platform, were disappointed in the fact that these debts were merely reduced by Cæsar and not abolished. While those whom the reforms hurt less than they had expected realized that the dictator's measures were temporary and that a continuance of his reign meant a complete reformation of the state. Rome, appointed by destiny to take first place among the nations, must find a new formula of government to replace the worn-out constitution of the Republic.

Cæsar saw rightly but too late that his attempt to bring in a monarchy had been abortive. He had decided to maintain the *status quo* until a victory over the Parthians in the East would allow him to return once again to Rome and *accept* from the Roman Republic the form of monarchical government. He was not allowed to depart on that campaign. The word *Republic* had a glamor about it, but the daggers that murdered the dictator instead of saving the Republic really killed it. A monarchy had become a necessity to the world, and the danger before Actium was that it would be an Alexandrian rather than a Roman one.

After Actium Augustus appreciated the fact that it would be too hazardous to trust the state to control the populace when everywhere the government was paralyzed and confused. He was of the younger generation. He was a realist who used the degraded standards of the old Republic to their greatest advantage. He swayed the populace by all manner of propaganda, conciliating Antony as long as he could, though never hesitating to bribe his way into the heart of Antony's supporters. At a time when integrity to the old ideals was at a low ebb, he was able through realism to conquer against the romantic figure of Cleopatra's lover.

From the moment that Augustus set out on his career, the attitude of Italy made him keenly aware that the Re-

publican past was far from being buried. A monarchy was necessary, but was it possible to convince the people of this fact? How could he succeed where the great Cæsar and Antony had failed? What practical and convincing compromise could be made with the truth? Augustus, as a great realist and a clever psychologist, took over the notion then of *Principate* (*Princeps*), a title created by Cicero to show the position occupied by Pompey in 52, in the Roman state. Thus Augustus, in bringing about a conciliation between the ancient traditions of senatorial aristocracy, the oligarchy and the new populace and in breaking away from the outer form of Cæsar's and Antony's political system, succeeded in imposing his personal rule under the modest guise of that innocent term *Principate*. Where Cæsar had been haughty with the Senate, Augustus was humble. When the Senators had visited Cæsar in the Temple of Venus, bringing fresh proofs of their docility and the announcements of further honors that day bequeathed to him, the Divine Julius did not rise from his seat. Augustus, on the contrary, shunned pomp and declared himself the servant of the people, submissive to the will of the Senate. With the army at his back, he knew that a Senate disarmed could become the most useful instrument of domination. He lulled the Senate into a sense of its own power, restoring its former dignity while he himself, affecting humility, held the reigns of government. Nevertheless, he alone had entire control of that army which had conquered the world for him. He had learned the importance of concealing his strength in Rome.

The citizens were gratified to see the laws amended for their general good and the power of the magistrate diminished. There was no protest at the growing centralization of power in Augustus' hands; and he on his side could take the cynical view of his uncle Cæsar that these people had never had liberty and did not deserve it, while the simple citizens declared that here was no war lord but a man who wished to bring peace and profitable commerce to Rome, replacing the eagles

of the battlefield with the banners of prosperity. "Extension of commerce, peace and prosperity rather than further extension of the Empire—these were his political platform." Cæsar had achieved the purpose for which he had striven and lived —a new world, of which Augustus was to make Rome the head and heart. His triumph in Rome celebrated the victory of his modern realism over the romantic dreams that Antony and Cleopatra had had in Alexandria.

Popular opinion urged upon Augustus the position and title which he had most coveted—consulship for life. With this power in his hands he arrived at his greatest moment in world affairs, for it left him sole arbiter of the fate of the Empire. Those statesmen who had followed Cæsar and Antony knew this had to come. The constitution was not fashioned to stand the strain of a great Empire. The *Principate* is nothing but what Sulla, Cæsar and Antony had fought for all their lives—a monarchy. Let the Romans deceive themselves, but his successors would not. So that when the abortive revolution which had called Augustus back from the East was over, far-sighted men at Rome realized that the liberty of the old Republican days was now finally and irrevocably dead.

CHAPTER XVI

CLEOPATRA and Juba followed the unrolling of events in Rome with the deepest interest for the effect it might have on their fortunes. Cleopatra, particularly, heard of the events with the gravest concern because of the way her life and that of her brothers was involved with the Isiac movement, and the movements and acts of her hereditary enemy Herod, King of the Jews, to whom Augustus had paid so friendly a visit while in the East.

There were many contradictions about happenings in Rome, which no one seemed willing or able to explain. Who were the organizers of the last revolt; how had it gained such headway? Why were Rufus and his fellow leaders executed on a charge so palpably trumped-up? Rufus had always seemed a loyal follower of Augustus, and there was a suspicion that craftier minds than his had been at work to set the revolt going. Once the scapegoat had been taken into custody, the matter was apparently dropped; and the citizens, their tranquillity restored and their prosperity assured of continuing, seemed to give no further thought to it. Not so Cleopatra Selene, following closely the acts of Augustus and following just as closely what she thought might be his sinister motives and intentions as they affected her brother and the cult of Isis.

Augustus seemed to be inclining to the belief of Agrippa

and others of his advisers that the existence of the Isiac cult in Rome was a menace to his own safety. The religion of pity had been gaining great headway in Rome, not only among the proletariat, but among the aristocracy and in literary circles. Inevitably the more a religion is denounced and its adherents persecuted by a secular government, the stronger do its roots become. Even in the palace it had been hinted that the cult was found, probably started by the slaves left from the Ptolemy régime who still continued to worship their old gods. Augustus took drastic measures that seemed to indicate to Cleopatra Selene that he suspected the conspirators of the Rufus revolt had had the backing of the Isaic societies.

A strict censorship prevailed at Rome: imagination about the inner workings of the state was no longer encouraged, if, indeed, it ever had been under Augustus' rule. Fear seemed to strike men dumb as to the real course underlying the events that were now taking place in Rome. The citizens were again being dazzled by the splendor of games and public entertainments offered them by Augustus. While their eyes were ravished by the beautiful monuments raised at the command of Agrippa and Augustus to their respective wives and sisters, the last democratic institutions quietly disappeared.

It was apparent to Cleopatra Selene that Augustus himself did not subscribe to the public news that the authorities were ignorant from what quarter the conspirators of the latest revolt had sprung. Nor was he, she guessed, despite all surface indications, content to let all the rioting and bloodshed pass as merely another demonstration of malcontents. The Council Board divulged to the public only what was deemed wise—anything which could have thrown light on events leading up to this revolution was quashed in the highly efficacious manner of despotic governments. It was politically expedient that the public should not know what part the cult of Isis had played in the conspiracy. Any inkling of its power would only make that power greater.

Nor did the writers of the day dare express their knowl-

edge or intuition as to what was going on. The literati were a cowed and indigent body, anxious to avoid any dispute with authority, fawning upon the master of the state. Among the other classes dowries to daughters of impoverished patricians, gifts enabling gentlemen's sons to enter politics, were obligations that fastened men to Augustus' side with "hoops of steel." Thus there was no opposition, nor even the criticism of the stifling of the Roman's individual right to free assembly and free speech.

Augustus had access to the secret police records as to what lay behind the agitation of the masses in Rome. There was also access at this moment to certain notes found among the papers of the mystic poet Virgil, recently dead. Augustus had been appointed executor of Virgil's estate and manuscripts. All his researches convinced him that the time had come for him to put an end to exalted rumors of a new Messiah and erase all traces of a saviour other than himself from the records and, if possible, from men's minds.

He turned his attention not only to the Isaic cult in Rome, but to the Sibylline books and the attendant collection of oracles and prophecies. All the latter—about two thousand—were consigned to the flames. After secretly revising the former, he placed them in a golden box under the pedestal of the Palatine Apollo. Thereby, the prophetic poem of Virgil, the *Fourth Eclogue,* which had foretold the birth of a divine child, became an enigma forever. And the source of the enigma—the prophecy, which it had been intimated, had been invented in an Isiac chapel—became with the Emperor's orders forever expunged from the records. Augustus had had enough of trials and tribulations due to prophetic children and divine saviours. He was determined there should be no more of them and the old prophecies must be forgotten.

Naturally this sterner attitude toward mysticism and mystic rites, secret societies and their activities caused Cleopatra Selene in Mauretania considerable agitation, not only because of the support she had given the introduction of the

Alexandrine cult in North Africa and her dreams regarding it, but because of the equivocal position of Alexander Helios in the midst of the governmental sentiment against Isis. It seemed to her keen intelligence that the common-sense, practical policies of Augustus only served to drive deeper and intrench more strongly the desire of people everywhere in the Roman world for prophets and prophecies, for saviours to do their thinking for them and for a burning need for faith in a world devoted to the concrete. If Augustus persisted in his determination to root out such mystic tendencies, what would become of the youth who was known to have been born under the prophecies and hopes of the Isiac star?

It had been the aspiration of Cleopatra the Great that her son Alexander Helios should one day occupy the throne of Judea. That ambition of hers had underlain all the dealings which she had had with Herod and brought about an undying hatred between their two houses. It was unfortunate for Alexander Helios if at this time events should have focused attention upon him, son of Antony, the beloved and regretted leader among the Republicans, and son of Cleopatra, the new Isis. To devotees of Isis at Rome, this Ptolemy was the living symbol of that religion which to them was not only a faith but a way of life. To Herod he would always be a continual threat to his throne. And to Augustus, with the recent disturbances traced in his mind to their source in the Isiac societies, Alexander Helios could not be entirely overlooked in his resolve to drive out the faith and longing among certain Romans for prophetic fulfillment.[112]

Following his radiant and prophetic birth and the reuniting of his mother and father, Antony-Dionysus and Cleopatra-Isis, Alexander Helios had been crowned at the age of seven and named King of Kings. With the fall of Alexandria he had followed in the dust behind the chariot of the conqueror. Then he, with his sister and brother, had entered the Imperial palace to begin a new life and share the lot of the other princes there. As an inmate of the house of

the Cæsars, Alexander Helios received the homage due to the step-son of Octavia and ward of the Emperor. With his sister, brother and cousins, as well as his half-sisters, brothers and friends, he had become a familiar figure at the games of Rome. He was to be found in the Campus Martius, exercising along with the other patrician youth of his own age or seen driving along the Appian Way behind a four-in-hand, as befitted a prince. Like all the Ptolemies, he showed the precocious strain of his heritage, and his early training for kingship had served to bring to the fore his capacity for letters.

Alexander Helios grew into a handsome youth, and on the threshold of manhood was a débutant with the other young men of his age for the toga with the purple hem. When his sister left Rome, Alexander Helios stayed behind in the palace to continue his studies.

The twins had been bound together by more than the usual ties of brother and sister, even of twins. There was the divine prophecy which attended their birth, the glorious future they seemed destined to share as children of the royal and divine couple, and then—the sudden eclipse of their glorious hopes, orphans by the double suicide of their parents, and sharing the same humiliation in the triumphal procession of Octavian, the conqueror. In a strange and hostile land, they had depended on each other for the love and understanding their parents would have given them. And according to the ancient tradition which had prevailed in Egypt for so many centuries, they might have been brother-husband, sister-wife, had their fortunes flowed otherwise. Though on the surface they had shared the palace life and the upbringing and education that was, according to the designs of Octavia and her brother, to transform them into loyal Romans, secretly they would confide in each other their youthful misgivings and hopes for the future. Only on each other could they depend for the profoundest sympathy.

When Cleopatra Selene left Rome for her new kingdom in North Africa she had been gravely concerned about the

future of her twin brother. It was their first parting after a life in which they had gone through much together—triumph as well as degradation. The last thing upon which Cleopatra Selene had fixed her gaze as she sailed away to her kingdom had been her brother's face.

She had confided her vague fears to her stepmother and to her older half-brother Julius Antonius, so that before she left Rome Augustus had accorded her a last favor—that he would guard carefully the lives and welfare of her two brothers. While Alexander Helios and their younger brother remained at the Imperial palace, Cleopatra Selene in Mauretania felt herself under the necessity of displaying a certain gratitude in exchange for their security, almost as if the Ptolemy princes were—in Rome—the pledges of the good faith of the Queen of Mauretania.

At the beginning of their separation, Cleopatra Selene through a constant exchange of letters with all the members of the Imperial family was reassured that her brothers were in every way treated as princes and accorded all the privileges that befitted that rank.

In Mauretania there was a constant shift of scene. One event crowded out another. Cleopatra's life was becoming so rich in achievement that her life in Rome gradually receded into the background of her mind. Ships constantly arrived, bringing artisans from Greece and Alexandria, while more and more treasure poured in from the East to adorn the new capital. But with all her local preoccupations, the close relationship between her and her brother was never allowed to languish.

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It was in 23, only a few years after her departure from Rome, that the vague premonitions which had been in her mind about Alexander Helios took a more tangible form. It was then that she had received the news that Nicolas of Damascus had been named tutor to the Ptolemy princes.[11a]

Nicolas, as Cleopatra knew, was friend and officer of Herod the Great, and there seemed something sinister to her in the linking of the Ptolemy princes with that name. Did the hand of Herod, who had conspired against her mother and father, reach out as far as Rome? Was he protecting himself against a possible claimant to his kingdom by establishing his own councilor as tutor to an imaginary rival?

Cleopatra Selene remembered that Antyllus, son of Antony and Fulvia, had been betrayed by his tutor Theodorus, and that Cæsarion had been lured back to his death in Alexandria by his preceptor Rhodon. Was yet another brother to be betrayed by his mentor? She knew that her mother would never have confided her children to the care of Nicolas of Damascus, friend of her bitterest enemy and one who believed that his own kingdom was threatened by her offspring.

Nicolas of Damascus had come to Rome with the sons of Herod, and it oppressed her to think that her brothers were under the guidance of this man and in proximity to the Herodian princes. However, she found no other basis on which to ground her fears, and—as Juba pointed out—what could possibly happen to the boys since they lived in the palace and were part of the Imperial family?[114] Yet after the sudden and mysterious death of Marcellus, it no longer seemed that poison or the thrust of a dagger could be avoided if it were destined, even in the palace of the Emperor himself.

Herod's emissary at the palace was a most enigmatic character. It was difficult to fathom his motives, to divine what he was likely to do. He was already well-known to both Cleopatra and Juba as well as in Rome through his fame as one of the most brilliant scholars of the day. He had taken up his residence at the court of Judea when Herod, in his maturer years, discovered in himself a taste for philosophy. It was natural that Cleopatra Selene should now take a great interest in the character and career of the man who was not only guardian of her brother's character, morals and—re-

membering her other brothers' tutors—possibly life, but also a trusted adviser of the Ptolemy's bitter foe.

Between Nicolas of Damascus and his patron, Herod, there was the attraction of opposites: one was shrewd, unscrupulous, violent; the other quiet, clever, a scholar and urbane. The sedentary was fascinated by the man of action to whom he had taught Greek philosophy, rhetoric and history. Herod was a pagan at heart, not a Jew; in fact, it was thought that he even hated Judaism. It was quite fitting in his Græco-Roman court, where the most important functions of state were entrusted to Greeks, that Herod should have attached to himself the Greek philosopher who led him and his children along the Aristotelian path. Yet Herod's friendship was known to be a dangerous thing, conferring favors upon a man one day and ordering his execution the next; and Nicolas found himself under the necessity of bowing himself into the audience chambers of the Emperor and Roman courts of Justice, obliged to step forward to explain away some cloudy act of his patron.

Nicolas had needed all the persuasion of his rhetoric to overcome the prejudice at Rome against Herod for the manner in which his wife Mariamne had met her death. That tragedy had begun in the spring of 30 when Herod, leaving for the West to visit his new patron Octavian, had placed his wife in the care of his brother-in-law Joseph. Joseph's orders had been if Herod died, Mariamne should be put to death also. She had lived on for years in Herod's palace under this menace. When Herod returned from the West with the good graces of Augustus and the security of his throne assured, he found hostilities had broken out between Mariamne and his sister Salome. Salome accused Mariamne of wanting to poison Herod and of committing adultery with Joseph, and finally realized the desire which obsessed her—the death of Mariamne and the extermination of the whole Hasmonean house.

Cleopatra and Antony were not there to curb Herod, and his jealous doubts and the constant urging of his sister

eventually did their work. The royal murder had profoundly shocked Rome and somewhat shaken Augustus' friendship. Rome had been filled with rumors and gruesome details—of sumptuous banquets where Herod commanded the dead queen to appear; of Herod, driven almost to madness at having killed what was dearest to him, hunting by day and night, in orgy after orgy, to forget Mariamne.

It was not an easy task for Nicolas of Damascus to eradicate the memory of such things from the minds of the Roman nobles. Nor was it any easier to soften the reaction to the executions which followed—of Herod's mother-in-law, of Salome's new husband and of others. But Nicolas of Damascus was a subtle logician and succeeded in tempering Herod's ill-fame to the point that Augustus could several years later pay Herod a friendly visit on his trip to the East.

Cleopatra Selene's trepidation that her brother should be under the direct care of Herod's friend and envoy was somewhat allayed as the years went on and she received no disquieting news from Alexander Helios or from those about him. But with the death of Marcellus and particularly with the uprisings in Rome and the suppression of the Isaic cults in the capital, her fears for the safety of her brother mounted again. With Egypt in its death throes, the Alexandrine hierarchy had had time to reflect upon the brilliant past, their drab present and seemingly hopeless future. No one thought that Alexander Helios had dynastic ambitions, yet even the mention of his name in such troublous times was enough to endanger his safety. The Sibylline and Isiac prophecies had all been consigned to limbo by Augustus: Only the divine child remained and his position might very well be considered equivocal.

It was in the year 17 that rumors of Herod's impending arrival in Rome filled Cleopatra Selene with the deepest apprehension. Bearing gifts, lavish as ever, whether his patron were Cæsar, Antony or Augustus, he came to repay the Emperor's visit and to renew the friendship he had formed in

40 when he had come to seek the support of Antony and a crown—at least, these were his ostensible motives. But to Cleopatra Selene it seemed as if, somehow, an ominous shadow had fallen across the path of Alexander Helios. Herod had grown powerful and his throne was secure, but his behavior in the past had been so erratic and vicious that beholding the son of his ancient rival face to face in Rome, it was impossible to tell what dark passion might be stirred in him. An upstart king, Cleopatra the Great had called him. His ambition was to outshine in largess those of truly royal birth, and in letters to emulate the Ptolemies, whose favorite discussions were philosophy and sciences. And he was to remain a king for many years after she, who had called him an upstart, was dead.

Herod found himself in his element at Rome, where each man lived as he pleased, libertine or stoic. With shocking cynicism he violated the most sacred precepts of the Jewish code. Yet the intelligent rigorists recognized that the high credit of Herod was useful to them. Herod had taken up the position of the defender of the law and the race, so that any liberties he allowed himself were not to be too strictly examined or criticized.

Cleopatra Selene was well aware that her mother had had three major personal enemies: Augustus, whom she had first seen walking out of her mother's apartments at the palace in Alexandria; Octavia, who had tried to be a mother to her in Rome; and the third whose power she had not yet tested, Herod, an Oriental tyrant. She knew too that an Oriental never forgets insults, imaginary or real, and that like a panther, one could never be sure when or where he would spring. At Rome his animal magnetism, which operated equally upon men and women, helped him to charm the new Emperor of the world, as well as the young men of the Imperial household, all of whom he now met for the first time—Antonius, Drusus, Tiberius and the Ptolemy princes.

What would the Arab king feel if in the palace he noted signs of affection on the part of the aging Augustus for Alexander Helios? What flames of hatred might stir in his breast at the sight of the eldest living son of his old enemy—an enemy whose very life he had plotted against, and had only at the last minute been dissuaded from taking? Would it occur to Herod that Augustus might one day find it expedient to crown the boy King of Egypt, just as he had crowned his sister Queen of Mauretania?

The ambitious Arab king resembled Augustus in that neither could brook a rival. With the exception of Juba, whose marriage to Cleopatra Selene joined him to the royal family itself, no king had risen so high in Imperial favor as Herod or received so much in gifts.

Nicolas of Damascus knew of Herod's dream of a double crown, Judea and Egypt, and of his fears that contrary fortune might lay him low. By his fallacious reasoning Nicolas had more than once won over the Emperor, being most convincing when the interests of his patron made it imperative that evil seem to be good. His post as tutor to the Ptolemy princes had allowed him access to their apartments at all hours, and his charm had long ago won their confidence as well as that of Augustus.

Though Egypt itself might be in its death throes, the fear of Egypt was not yet dead. Antony had challenged Rome from there as a king. Cæsar in his struggles with Pompey had thought to make it his headquarters. Gallus, sent by Augustus, had had his head turned by Egypt. Disturbances at Rome might bring forth a new leader with aspirations in the East. What better instrument could he have than a Ptolemy prince firmly established on the Egyptian throne? But Augustus could well recognize the wisdom of an observation that in perpetuating the line of Alexander Helios and his brother, he was perpetuating the line of Egyptian kings. Antyllus and Cæsarion had disappeared for the safety of his throne. Would

it be wise to let the other sons of Antony live as a potential threat to the unity of the Empire he would one day leave to his descendants?

Cleopatra Selene was all too keenly aware of the conflicting currents in which the fate of her twin brother was involved. The conspiracies, the Isaic disturbances, the fact that in Rome he was the living symbol of a forbidden faith put him in danger not only from the fears of Augustus, but as a possible victim, innocent though he be, of the maniacal fury to which ambition drove Herod. To Augustus, societies like the Isiac orders which, according to his view, stirred up sedition—anything in fact that threatened the solidarity of the state was treason, and on that charge any one, be he even a prince in the royal household, had to fall.

Although direct evidence is not available, the fact remains that when Herod and his suite left Rome, the Ptolemy princes disappeared from history. Cleopatra Selene would never hear from Alexander Helios nor from Ptolemy Philadelphus again. The fears which had assailed her upon the appointment of Nicolas of Damascus as their tutor had been justified. The sinister threads of destiny that linked the three houses of Ptolemy, Herod and Cæsar had drawn them into another tragedy.

Love for that twin brother and the little Ptolemy, dying so far away from her, alone, with their last hours obscured in mystery, haunted her. She was never able to receive a satisfactory explanation from Rome. Nor, with her native shrewdness, did she dare question too openly nor too closely into the underground activities of kings. Only too well could she guess the fate of her innocent brothers.

So the last sons of the great Cleopatra went to their doom. Now remained only her daughter to carry on the Ptolemy line. In Mauretania she performed alone the last rites to Alexander Helios, and alone mourned the death of those prophetic hopes that had centered around him. Mystery

had ushered this Saviour into life; martyrdom attended his leave-taking.

In Mauretania a medal was issued bearing the emblems of the Sun and the Moon—Cleopatra Selene and Alexander Helios.[115] It was an apotheosis. This much Cleopatra Selene could do in memory of her beloved twin and brother.

CHAPTER XVII

THE death of her brothers broke the most powerful link binding Cleopatra Selene to Rome. There came to her at this time the full realization that she alone represented the Ptolemies on earth and that it could be through her alone that the glory of her house would be perpetuated. In Egypt a queen was supreme even above the King and her mother had held powers unheard of in her day. Dead, the Queen of Egypt influenced the world and the Palatine Hill more strongly than alive. Cleopatra Selene had carried that influence from Alexandria into the very palace of the Cæsars, waking rebellion in the household there, stirring in her companions strange desires and delusions of grandeur which would be their eventual undoing.[116]

The court of Alexandria had maintained a tradition of high culture, and in North Africa Cleopatra Selene imitated her mother's capital in its serious as well as frivolous aspects. In Rome, this Alexandrianism had so "inveigled the Romans that no man could contain himself, all was turned to delight and pleasure."[117] Cleopatra the Great, dressed as a servant, had walked the streets at night with Antony, like any commoner, and noted the qualities of people. Julia hung garlands on statues, at night, in the Forum. The Saturnalia, a ritual inherited from the primitive tribes, developed into lavish banquets with every sort of entertainment supplied by slaves.

Dancers, musicians, mimes, and all the talents that can divert man and give release to his exuberant spirits, tended to soften the tone of Roman morality. There were still women in Rome, however, whose pride it was to live for their husbands and children; and men who believed in honorable conduct whether in private life or in the Forum. But an Octavia did not inspire poets or satirists, while the situation in Rome which did inspire them called for drastic corrective measures. Though Octavia might furnish the ideal model for women and mothers to follow, severe steps were necessary to make them curb their excesses. The *Lex Sumptuaria* obliged the rich to curtail their extravagances and proscribed jewels, banquets, rich garments, shows, and the building of pleasure houses.

Though in Rome it was the pleasure of an Empress to live like a simple burgher's wife, such was not the way of the Queens of Egypt. Cleopatra Selene spared no ingenuity or expense to dazzle the eyes of visiting Romans with the ever-growing splendor of her capital. And if, on the pages of history, the years of the reign of Cleopatra and Juba left very little mark, it was not because their reign was lacking in richness and culture, but because war, rapine, murder were remarkably absent.

If the Minister of the Exchequer at Cæsarea had removed the seal of privacy, as Augustus had done at Rome, to reveal to the gaze of public curiosity the life of the Queen, —what friends she cultivated, the pleasure she permitted herself, how much she expended on dress,—what a contrast it would have presented to that of the Empress! The thrifty Livia was the ideal of womanly restraint,—an ideal quite different from that maintained at Cæsarea. Cleopatra Selene merged her personality with that of her mother and exercised her will to perpetuate the glories and extravagances of the Ptolemies. In Rome, Augustus brought down into the Forum the Empress's frugal household account book as a matter of state business to support his argument for the passage of a



COIN PLATE III (Enlarged)

(For detailed description see page 331)

law. In North Africa, Cleopatra Selene swept her husband along with her into the fulfillment of her dreams of Alexandrine splendor. Under African skies, the "damned" charm of the Ptolemies was at work again, and Juba succumbed to Cleopatra Selene and her indomitable will, as Antony had to her mother before her.[118]

The very name of Cleopatra cast a spell over men's minds, recalling the woman who had charmed the two greatest men of her time. Such things are in themselves a recommendation to love, and to the kind of love which delights most in bending itself to the other's will. Juba denied his Queen nothing. Cleopatra Selene had inherited from her mother that adaptability which would allow her to combine the dignity of a queen with the abandon of a courtesan. If her husband loved the chase, she was an Amazon. Did he wish to wile the hour away, she would play at hazards. Stimulating or languishing, she was ready to suit his every mood.

Juba was proud to have as wife a daughter of the Ptolemies, and incidentally the title of step-son to Octavia—a notable distinction in the Roman world. He did not object to bowing before the stronger character of his wife, nor to allowing her to exercise dominion over her subjects while he busied himself more particularly with the pursuits of scholarship.

In 10 B.C. Cleopatra Selene was the embodiment of queenly power. She was the last figure to symbolize Alexandrine beauty in the Roman world, and the first queen in the great Empire to have her own coinage.[119] She was born at the very moment when the power of women was in the ascendancy, and she refused to accept the insignificant position assigned to allies of Rome. Like her mother, she wished to assume a rôle in life calling for the audacity of a Cæsar, the cleverness of a Mithridates, and the arts of Aspasia. She wished to reign, not merely to have the title.

What were the elements that went to make up the elusive character of the young Queen? Under the mantle of

eastern lavishness she possessed a ruggedness of character which may be accounted for in her Macedonian Greek ancestry. On her father's side, she inherited the shrewdness of the Romans. She had a strain of her mother's invincible spirit and like all the Ptolemies she knew values blindly, by touch and intuition. Corrupt as they may have been, there is a glorious halo about the Ptolemy line as patrons of all the arts, including the art of living.

In the long line of the Lagidæ, there was a ruthlessness in pursuing ends that sanctified any means, including the poisoning or assassination of mother, wife or sister. The curiosity of the Ptolemies often led them far afield from those virtues and philosophies expounded by the wise men in the museum. As they chose to be inimitable, their manners showed all the vices as well as the refinements of human behavior.

The annalists at Rome were not over-preoccupied with what went on in North Africa, and the writers of panegyrics were concerned only with the Emperor; nevertheless, Cleopatra's elevation to a throne, the city she built, the purely Greek atmosphere and Egyptian emphasis of this living deity, give one a key to her character and to her growing opinion of herself and her line at this time. Her arrogance and pride of race were well demonstrated by her coinage. Alone upon the coin of her realm, she would give final testimony to her unique power and position in the Empire.

Antony, the invincible warrior, had allowed for the first time in history, the effigy of a woman to appear on the coinage of the Roman world.[120] Fulvia, Octavia, and Cleopatra on his coinage give evidence that he was willing to acknowledge joint rule with a woman. His daughter went a step further, assuming a prerogative which Augustus had reserved for himself when he claimed the sole right to issue gold and silver money, leaving to the Senate the power of issuing only bronze pieces. Though any transgression of power even by the greatest of ruling kings brought instant

reproof, and Herod himself was an abject slave before the Emperor, the Queen of Mauretania achieved her will here without groveling.

In her mind, the grant of the universe itself would not have been a favor for a Ptolemy princess. After the death of her brothers she seemed to forget that as a queen of a Roman ally, she owed flattering allegiance to Rome. Actually she forgot nothing. She knew that she was a queen by right and only incidentally by the favor of Rome. She showed no more gratitude to Augustus for her kingdom than did any of the princes of the Imperial Court for the honors and benefits they received at his hands.

Nothing had been left to chance. The Senate might still have possession of Numidia, but Augustus' ward held the greater part of Roman North Africa. Whatever happened, here in his empire-building was a kingdom which he could use as a point of departure for fresh conquests. Why then should one expect to find her particularly grateful when she was building for him? No dulcet words or charming letters were needed to explain to Augustus that the greater her glory, the greater the glory reflected upon him.

So, in having her image stamped alone on the coins of her realm, Cleopatra Selene knew that she was only perpetuating the idea of grandeur which was associated with her ancestors. She was not only sure of herself; she knew how to handle Augustus. She knew, too, that in Rome she had left behind her those half-brothers and sisters—Julia, the Emperor's daughter, her stepmother Octavia, even Livia—as ministers in safeguarding her interests if need should arise in spite of Roman logic or their own common sense.

The coins of Cleopatra Selene themselves told, as they pictured her changing face, the story of her growth from an immature girl to a splendid queen. The wistful face of the bride of the year 25 entering her strange, unknown kingdom for the first time gives way to a profile of almost repellent beauty—a queen by divine right... or a pitiless goddess. True

the portrait was conventionalized, but the convention was the one which she herself wished to present to her subjects. The coins told who was the true sovereign of Mauretania. Coiffed like the Queens of the Lagidæ, her effigy heralded the return of a Ptolemy to a throne and seemed to show that the territory the young couple ruled over was composed of two states more or less independent of each other and two capitals, —Volubilis on the border of Mauretania, and Cæsarea where Cleopatra held sway.[121]

Many of her images on the coins recalled her native land and bore witness to her devotion to the Egyptian cults. She was shown coiffed with the elephant head which her mother and other Egyptian Queens had adopted. Occasionally she affected the plumage of the Numidian guinea fowl, and even permitted the Roman engravers to arrange her hair in the fashion of the Roman Empress. These were concessions to local tradition or foreign policy. When she followed her own inclination, she chose the head-dress of the Queens of the Lagidæ.

In imitation of her lost Egypt she used on her coins the Isis symbols, a disk surmounted by two plumes, placed against two cows' horns tipped with a crescent; the sacred cow, bearing on its back the divine attributes; the ox with the symbol of Isis on his head; and the sistrum.[122] When the Isiac cult was established in the capital as her own, the "rattle of Pharos," which in the hands of the goddess "gave forth shrill and clear sounds" would astonish the Berbers.

As the coins that bore her head alone showed the changing life of the Queen, so those upon which she appeared jointly with Juba II portrayed their life together. Here, upon her brow, the diadem, the insignia of royalty, and her inscription in Greek, there Juba's in Latin. Thus the amenities of allegiance to Rome were maintained, and Juba's kindly, conciliating character is shown by his concession to his patron Augustus in the Latin inscription, at the same time giving his wife full rein to assume the character that pleased her.

Like the other Ptolemies with their Greek heritage, his queen developed through doubt, speculations and all the sacred and profane sciences her dæmon to create and dominate. And Juba admired her royal audacity.

Meanwhile, surprising news had come from Rome: the Emperor's adoption of the children of Agrippa and Julia. The death of Marcellus, then the conspiracy had revived Republican hopes, but the adoption of the royal children dealt a final blow to Republican ambitions. Neither Juba nor Cleopatra were aware that the Emperor had been cherishing this project. Their correspondents from Rome sent them details of the ceremony of adoption: the Prætor, roused from sleep by the clatter of a breathless messenger from the palace, hastened with him to the atrium, followed by the public weighers and their scales and the scribes—there to find the Emperor, Agrippa and his two sons awaiting the ceremony.

Republican hopes had always been nourished by the delicate health of the Emperor. True, he had recovered from those abscesses of the liver after the Cantabrian campaign, but his opponents did not lose hope. In the beginning of the spring he had been troubled with an enlarged diaphragm. Soon none could deny that there was something decidedly wrong with his left hip, thigh and leg. At times he limped slightly. Was not this the obvious sign of coming paralysis? So fragile was his health that death always seemed to be lurking behind him. When it was necessary to put his name to a legal paper, Senators observed his extreme sensitiveness to cold. The forefinger of his right hand was so weak, numb and shrunken, he was barely able to use it, even with the aid of a finger staff of horn. Nor could he bear exposure to the sun.

Spies close to the court reported that it was impossible that a man with so many ills could long survive. With every twinge of pain optimistic Republicans dreamed they saw the flag of the Republic flying again. It was encouraging, too, that the dangerous disorders occurred every year at definite

times, just before devout citizens were showering the Emperor with good wishes and gifts for his birthday.

Augustus was more clever than his optimistic opponents. He continued to ail, and created about him an atmosphere of anxiety and solicitude as well as of hope. And he continued to outlive both friends and enemies. The latter he had disarmed. How credulous they had been to believe him when he had refused the title of tribune for life, accepting only "temporarily" the powers the office conferred. At first, he had asked the people to ratify his claims each five years, then the period was extended to ten. The Republicans were powerless, and they could only wait for him to blunder or die. But Augustus insisted that he longed to return to private life, and he appeared always to consult the Romans in regard to their government. He affected to disdain power, and declared himself ready to lay it down at the first sign of displeasure. The Republican chances dwindled as the affection the multitude bore him increased. All that was left them was the picture of an Augustus dying at Rome without an heir, face to face with the usurped power he must relinquish.

Now the adoption of the children, four years after the death of Marcellus, showed that the powers he had usurped would descend to none other but a member of his own house. If there were those who called for a new saviour, it would be Augustus himself who appointed and supplied him.

Julia's friends naturally exulted in the adoption, and Julia herself, whatever her feelings for Agrippa at this time, was bound to rejoice in the unalloyed happiness of her beloved father. His life underwent a marked change with the coming of his grandchildren. His large family inspired him with confidence. Those who had known him in the old days could hardly credit the affection he lavished upon his adopted sons. As for Tiberius, no one dreamt that beneath Livia's beautiful and inscrutable face she still nursed the indomitable aim to make her son heir to the Empire. Like her husband, Livia had an extraordinary capacity for patience, and

she was determined to be not only an empress, but more—a mother of emperors. And she knew, as all Rome knew, Augustus alone excepted, that Julia had taken a lover. She knew, though, how to await the proper hour for her vengeance.

Shortly after the adoption the Roman world learned that a fire had destroyed the Julius Basilica and that the Emperor had undertaken to rebuild it in the name of his grandsons, Lucius and Caius. Did he have in mind that he might thus replace with his own line the great and glorious Julius Cæsar to whom he owed his prodigious fortune?

Though some thought the adoption an error and though the Republicans regarded it as a severe blow, to Cleopatra Selene, who was of the same house, it seemed natural enough that Augustus, having shed so much blood to build his political edifice, would want to insure its continuity forever, not only with one but with two adopted sons.

In North Africa Cleopatra and Juba were not slow to give the outward sign that flatters royalty. It had long been in Juba's mind that the name of their capital, Iol, should give way to Cæsarea,[123] and now the change was declared official. Juba was the first king to name a city in honor of his patron and illustrious friend Augustus Cæsar, and Augustus was no doubt pleased by this mark of honor on the part of the Mauretanian monarchs.

The name of Iol fell into disuse from the day that the sovereigns of Mauretania made a tour of Cæsarea the New, accompanied by their suite—guards, officials, native aristocracy and notables of the kingdom and the legions. The city that Cleopatra reviewed was like a miniature of her beloved Alexandria. Both she and Juba felt that with all fairness even the most exacting patron could take pride in this city. Whatever Juba's intention in calling it Cæsarea, Cleopatra Selene looked upon it as a city named in honor of the divine Julius, who had raised her mother to the throne and thus to the rank of the gods. So it was that in the name of Cæsarea Cleopatra

might salute the sun which had set, and Juba the sun which had risen.

During a time that saw the decline of the majesty of kings, here in Cæsarea Cleopatra reproduced, though on a smaller scale, the grandeur and richness that usually marks the capital of only a great empire. Like her mother she was determined to revive the fires of the Muses; and her husband, the facile writer, saw himself glorified in a new Alexandria. Cæsarea became a center of learning where debates took place in the Iseum, where philosophers communicated their speculations, grammarians their opinions and poets their verses under the patronage of Isis. Scholars, court poets, musicians, actors and mimes... all the arts were represented at that court. The theater flourished, that art so favored by Cleopatra's grandfather Aulates, who himself was no mean performer on the flute. Under the influence of these Hellenistic monarchs the Greek classics found their way into Northern Africa, and Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, and a whole repertory of the best Greek plays were given for their subjects.[124] After any one of which a group of friends reclining at table, an idle crowd, were ready to follow their King's lead when he twitted that "devoted artichoke-devourer" Leonteus, his favorite tragedian, for perverting his genius by self-indulgence before the "well filled dishes that had destroyed his voice."[125] As a gathering it might not have matched the brilliance of those in Alexandria when scholars of the Museum and courtiers discoursed on matters of art and literature, but the subjects and tone of these conversations were not without distinction. That world composed of amateurs, eager for anything new—a flower, a poem, a song or a statue—paid homage to the man who was one of the first to introduce Greek arts and letters to Roman society.[126]

The gilded youth and *Novus Homo* dabbled in the arts in that period of great literary activity; savants and ignoramuses with the same zeal wrote poems, and even fashionable folk had a smattering of learned conversation. C. Asinius

Pollio had launched the fashion of public lectures in order to assure young writers a hearing. It was at one of these *recitationes publicæ* that Ovid made his bow to Rome. Augustus, following Pollio's example, had opened a lecture hall in the Temple of Apollo. The practice spread rapidly through the provinces, so slavishly following the fashions in Rome. Juba, forming a book-loving public in Cæsarea, was incited to give the young talent of their kingdom its chance, to versify moods and loves, and to declaim them before Mauretanian audiences. Thus befriending literary men, did Juba, like the Emperor Trajan at a public lecture of Pliny, ever send his freedman to the edge of the platform to warn the speaker by a tug at his toga that he must lower his voice, remember that he was but a man and had a delicate throat! Did Juba ever give a public recital of his works? Or, like Horace, did he deem the platform more seemly for needy poets, or the *Novus Homo* thirsty for applause? Contagion is a mighty force which sweeps man from his principles. And his treatise on "Meters" or his "Art of Writing"—a short cut to royal roads of learning, the public of that day too, so it seems, was seeking.

At every step the young Queen found familiar figures recalling the beauty and life she had known in the palace of her ancestors, and she offered handsome inducements, we may be sure, to bring to Cæsarea men who would add to the illusion of a second Alexandria.[127]

The temples, the buildings, the fêtes of the miniature Alexandria were a constant drain on the treasury. But Numidia and Mauretania were lands of plenty, and it was common to indicate a man of great wealth by saying "that he had in his barn all the wheat harvested in Africa."[128] In his library in Cæsarea, Juba dreamed of the conquest of this land, whose wealth was but half revealed. All the natural resources must be tapped if they were to achieve the goal they had set themselves, or rather the goal which Cleopatra Selene had set before them. Still, though he may have

dreamed of conquest, a scholar such as Juba was more concerned with cultivating the flowers of the intellect. He would have been well content with the apparent riches of his country if his queen had not been a daughter of the Ptolemies and his patron a Roman. True, the Carthaginians and his own ancestors, the Numidian kings, had already developed farming on a vast and profitable scale. A procurator of Augustus had sent him one day four hundred kernels which had sprouted from one ear of corn, and this in spite of the fact that the methods employed were primitive and that it was not unusual to see a plow drawn by a team composed of one donkey and one woman.

The Romans introduced a greater efficiency. To irrigate the hitherto neglected lands to the south, Roman engineers had collected the mineral-water sources and raised dams in the valleys to regulate torrents and put irrigation canals in the plains. They dug wells and cisterns, too, in the scattered villas beyond the capital and built aqueducts to water the cities. The Aqueduct of Cæsarea was, of course, the greatest engineering feat undertaken during this reign—an admirable yet not entirely disinterested enterprise on the part of the Romans. Rome was keenly aware that 200,000 of its citizens consumed one million bushels of wheat a month. Barley sufficed for the common people, but wheat was distributed to the lower classes in the capital to insure the tranquillity of the Emperor. As the chief grain province of the Empire, Mauretania and North Africa had to be cultivated, and they in turn had reason to be elated by their commercial relations with Italy, which purchased far more than it sold its new subjects—a profitable arrangement.

With its many natural advantages, Cæsarea rose rapidly into one of the richest cities on the Mediterranean. Its safe harbor made it ideal for commerce, and in addition to corn there were famous vineyards and olive groves. To protect Italian wines and oil, Rome forbade planting new vineyards and groves, but there were plenty of the old. There were

abundant orchards, too—fig and pomegranate, almond, pear, quince and lemon, exotic fruits which the wealthy Romans appreciated. A great diversity of vegetables were always to be found—peas, radish, beans, artichokes, melons, wild asparagus, garlic, onion, African truffles and cummin. Cattle abounded—small steer, sheep and goats, and all the domestic animals and fowl: pigs, chickens, geese, duck, pigeons, guinea hen, partridges and bees. Man and nature contrived to make Mauretania a land of plenty.

Unhappily, the very abundance of the land brought upon it a plague of profiteers. Part of the wheat was taken as tax, but the rest had to be bought, and negotiations were usually carried on through societies in Rome and Africa. Collectors disposing of the tithes, grain merchants, ship-owners—all these bought grain on their own account to be sold at profit in Rome and other cities. Thus, though African produce found many outlets, the return to the native farmer was small. They grumbled but they were helpless in the hands of middlemen, who imposed prices and closed the market to any who attempted to sell their products independently.

In the rich villas at Cæsarea mosaics picture the life of the time: A man at a plow drawn by bulls with another laborer wielding the whip; a sower casting out grain and beyond, a worker weeding the vineyards under the eye of the overseer. And, for contrast, a lady of fashion seated in her garden. The young man beside her has a little dog on a leash and holds an umbrella above his mistress. The flourishing little farms of the colonists, the yeoman farmers, many of them Cæsar's veterans, made striking contrast to the servile class huddled in miserable villages and working farms for large companies usually owned by a non-resident proprietor.

A great source of revenue for the Mauretanian nobility lay in the breeding of race horses for Rome, as well as the wild animals captured for the arenas of the capital. Africa was a reservation for wild beasts, particularly lion, panthers, bears and Libyan elephants. It was a happy hunting ground

for Romans fond of the chase, as well as for impoverished gentlemen sportsmen out with an eye to business as well as pleasure in hunting for the amphitheaters and trading in elephant tusks on the side.

A hunting party was not an unusual sight, mounted on strong Numidian steeds, with some of the guests, not accustomed to long severe journeys, riding in carriages or in litters. An expedition into the wild country was not undertaken without great preparation, and porters followed with camping equipment and enough food for several weeks. Part of the route to the hunting country lay through hostile territory, and occasionally a sudden descent by the Gætulian parties made necessary a squadron of the legion, the King's own guard. A slight clash of arms might provoke an incident which Juba would have deplored, and great caution was required, not only for the hunt but in passing through the native country.

After several days of hard riding, the elephant country was reached. The Roman veterans had met the beasts *naper a silva,* fresh from the jungle, in the battle of Thapsus, but there the elephants of Juba's father were utterly unmanageable. Juba himself had made a study of beasts and knew all there was to be known concerning them. One elephant in his stable was reported to be several hundred years old. Ivory was a source of private income for him.

When the expedition reached Sala, at the mouth of the Bouregag River, the serious hunt would begin. The first day was devoted to the capture of live elephants, destined for domestic uses. These were caught by an ingenious trap, a circular enclosure surrounded by ditches and steep rocks. The second day was given over to the hunt for ivory, for which there was an excellent market among the jewelers, sculptors and cabinet makers throughout the Empire. Elephants, Juba would explain, were cunning, and knew when they were being hunted for ivory. In every herd there is a "solitary"—a giant beast with enormous tusks, roaming by

himself, and this is the animal that would be encircled. After much skirmishing, the king's huntsmen would approach with their spears and the bowmen with their arrows—and let fly. On the way back to camp the traps would be examined for the day's catch.[129]

Cleopatra Selene also knew something of the elephant and lion hunt, for the Ptolemies had owned hunting palaces in Abyssinia and Syria. Many were the stories told over the campfires which Juba noted to incorporate later in his many books.

Finally, on the return to Cæsarea the populace would see in the amphitheater a gladitorial combat and an ostentatious hunt and struggle against the ferocious beasts captured by the royal sportsman and his guests. But five minutes' walk east and not far from the Tipasa Gate was the amphitheater. Wild beast shows had captured the imagination of the Roman people, and the veterans had raised a clamor for these spectacles throughout the Empire. They also furnished to the oppressed slave class the excitement, thrill of danger and spasm of fear which children so often seek.

Cleopatra had attended chariot races in Alexandria, but she was a rare spectator at these games where violent passions remain unsated until the ferocity of men and beasts has stained the arenas with blood. Egyptians were not a bloodthirsty people. If the Ptolemies had many a private murder to their discredit, they had not yet dreamed of ordering their subjects into an arena to battle for their lives for the distraction of an unsympathetic mob.

The Queen left to herself would have done nothing to satisfy such depraved tastes. Kindly Juba, too, would have preferred less brutal diversions, but the restless, roving veterans and troops during periods of repose demanded now the excitement of the amphitheater. North Africa never did things half-heartedly, and the importance of games is shown by the amphitheater there. Indeed the most magnificent and enduring buildings on the Roman world were those built for amusement.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN the shipping season opened, Cleopatra would watch from the palace windows, just as she had in Egypt, the bustle and excitement of the port. She might even be eagerly awaiting a cargo shipped from Piræus by some dealer in antiquities, which might never arrive, for many were swept off their course in a storm and sunk.[130]

Men were unloading and recharging cargoes for countries far and near. Was it not a picture of an Alexandria in embryo? With the imagination of her mother, she dreamed of creating new industries whose products would encircle the world. She could imagine the blond giant kings of the north, clad in Gætulian purple, and women of softer eastern climes adorned with jewelry and indulging in the luxuries made in her kingdom.

Like that of the Pharos, the inner port of her harbor was surrounded by superb colonnades and vast warehouses in which could be stored all the merchandise that came to the capital, awaiting the open season for navigation and shipment across the seas. Maritime commerce was much more important than overland transportation. Cleopatra Selene would see cargoes of silver, copper and grain setting out for Sardinia; oil and wine for Agrigentum and other Sicilian ports; galley after galley loaded with wheat and shipments of African figs for the tables of parvenu Trimalchions in that

mistress city across the sea. And thinking of the traffic in precious stones and metals that went on in the Forum, she might well dream that one day her capital would supplant her former home.

In the Forum were gathered the moneychangers, Italian negotiators, exporters and importers. Running back and forth were the commissaries for the army and for the Governor and his staff, mingling with the free men, the personnel of maritime and land enterprises. And everywhere the tax collectors of the Empire, watching the trading with a sharp eye for the public revenue. Whoever the master might be, whether crops were good or bad, the *stipendium* was not suspended for the natives. That was the "fruit of victory" supplied by a conquered people to pay the expense of the war and later made into a permanent tax.

More and more the affairs of North Africa came into the hands of Roman proprietors who would buy up the domains of the native nobility sold at auction; and their agents were numerous among the busy crowd. Industrial magnates, shipowners, financiers, capitalists of many types—all went to Cæsarea to seek their fortune, and were to be seen among the bustling crowds at the Forum. So, too, was the little pack-peddler come in from the hinterland to restock from the ships just docked. Soon he would be on his way again, braving the fatigues and dangers of the trip across the countries without roads and infested with bandits, offering objects from Cæsarea and the cities abroad to the scattered land-dwellers—cheap jewelry, Greek lamps, small metal vases, embroideries and all the gew-gaws destined to catch a woman's eye.

Under Roman domination the market was one of the essential elements in the social life of the Berber. It was not only to buy and sell, but to talk and gather news that he went there—even to conspire. Throughout the country, markets were held at fixed dates and places, not only in the villages but on the borders of the territories of different political

groups where the natives as well as the negotiators and traveling commercial agents met and conducted their affairs.

Trade routes had to be protected, particularly along the coast where the pirates were ready to attack on land as well as on sea. The African fleet, composed of speedy cruisers and crews borrowed from the Alexandrian and Syrian fleets, was stationed at Cæsarea.[181] From this base it was able to patrol Mauretanian waters, protect the transport of troops, merchants and students. What memories the name of that fleet *Augustus Alexandrina* evoked in Cleopatra Selene! Looking over the waters from the palace, she could see in the ships riding at anchor those galleys commanded by Antony and Cleopatra which had survived their fortunes at Alexandria and now, by order of their master, had come to find a last refuge in the harbor of the last of the Ptolemies.

The building of the vast harbor with its two ports shows how concerned Juba was with the development of this maritime trade. The Phœnicians, the original founders of the site, had found shelter here before setting out for Gaul, Sicily and the Iberian peninsula for tin. Juba, too, sought metal, as they had. Naturally, he followed their old trade routes, affecting negotiations with Spain, which possessed metals and mines in great quantities, including tin which they used to supply Egypt. From the inhabitants of Spain and the Cassiterides, the King of Mauretania purchased gold, silver, tin and amber—giving in exchange earthenware vessels, oil, salt, bronze manufactures and other things of less value, such as wheat and ivory. Thus, under the new sovereigns, Mauretania entered on an era of commercial expansion. What phantoms of glory passed through Juba's mind as he sat in his library, scanning the books which furnished him with details of that Eldorado which was Spain? Formerly, Juba had traded chiefly with Italy, but later the greatest volume of trade was with Spain. A regular service facilitated merchandise arriving from Mauretania, while those goods being exported from the Iberian peninsula soon filled the galleys in

the harbors of Gades (Cadiz), Malacca, Carthago (Carthagene) and Tarraco (Tarragona); and in the wake of the growing trade came the desire for more and more luxuries, so that it was no unusual sight to find the court jewelers trafficking in fine stones on the quays of Cæsarea as the ships came in.

If Gades and Carthago implored Juba to accept for one year an honorary magisterial office of Duumvir, the offer was not entirely disinterested. Growing wealth breeds respect among traders as among other men; besides, Juba was a member of the Imperial family, and the cities with which he traded were flattered by their association with such a powerful ally. Juba's prestige was enhanced later by the consulship of the flourishing city of Gades, offered to him on account of its great trade with his dominions and its propinquity to some part of them.

Far and wide Juba's fame traveled, and in all ports of the Mediterranean he traded. From Arretium came those *arretin,* red vases, so popular with the Mauretanians, pottery from Rutenes and Gaul; so the denarii of the king found their way into the money chests of Gallic merchants. Mauretanian money traveled as far off as Croatia, and the dolphins and tridents portrayed on Juba's coins were not a vain boast, but an eloquent announcement that he had won an honorable place in the Empire of Neptune.[133]

With rare wisdom Juba had begun by developing his kingdom step by step. Augustus might build on the farthest Roman boundaries, as in Zelis, for example, at the Straits of Gibraltar, but Juba left the west to a future day. Timbuctoo bowed to the will of this vassal Roman and, knowing that one of his predecessors had found the western Ethiopians, it was not strange that he considered himself sovereign of all those regions up to the Niger.

In the beginning Juba had founded Volubilis as a second capital, which allowed him to impress his restless subjects as well as permit officials to keep a watchful eye upon them;

and it was now to be put on a basis of equality with Iol-Cæsarea as a royal residence.[134]

Cleopatra Selene was to leave her mark upon so much in this land, probably due to an incurable nostalgia for the Alexandria of her birth. She was continually trying to cover what was alien in this land with a veneer of Greek culture, dressing up in Alexandrine dress Punic monuments, overlaying even the royal tomb with Greek marble. One senses her always pushing into the background what is foreign to her culture and birth. An assertion of this is found in her coinage which lays such stress on her Ptolemy heritage and her divine genealogy.

Juba, good-natured man of letters though he was, may have had his pride as a Numidian touched more than once by her attitude. In this alliance with a Ptolemy princess he frequently found himself at a disadvantage, one supposes. Trade was taking him more and more to the west, and now he would seek in that west his own divine genealogy. Between the Gardens of the Hesperides at Lixus and the tomb of Anteus at Tingi he went in quest of titles of mythological nobility, and discovered for himself an ancestor in a certain "Sophax, son which the Libyan Tinge, widow of Anteus, had by Hercules when the hero crossed the land of the setting sun."[135]

The King of Mauretania was in a mood after this to cross all boundaries. At the outset of his reign relations with Spain had awakened in him the spirit of expansion, but at first he had followed only known trade routes. At Cæsarea all the nationalities were represented, each with a legend of undiscovered countries, of mysterious islands anchored far out in some uncharted sea. Was there nothing new to be discovered, some land of beauty and treasure? An idea was crystallizing in Juba's mind. In the Punic books he consulted, there persisted a legend which convinced him that to the east of his kingdom lay a mysterious country, rich and un-

explored. If that were true and he could reach it, it would for all time make the fortune of the kingdom.

Augustus had authorized an expedition to seek a shorter route to India and Cathay, and the Ptolemies had long ago embarked on such an enterprise. Not only Juba but Cleopatra too, with that insatiable curiosity which distinguished her ancestors, pored for hours over crudely-drawn maps of ancient Greek mariners and books of travel. It was a gigantic enterprise the young sovereigns had in mind. With great eagerness they studied Agrippa's map of the world. Cleopatra's finger traced over the long band of parchment all the known countries from Gaul to India, and all those eastern territories that had been wrested from her father. There on the map was Actium, too, where Augustus had found fame, but she would seek with her husband the greater glory of placing upon that map hitherto undiscovered lands.

Could her navigators sail around the world? Agrippa's map was an innovation, and did not follow the Greek map which represented the world as a circle. On this new map what did longitude and latitude matter? These geographers deserted the Greek formula for one of routes and "stops" marked by cities, with the marching distances well indicated. The Greeks had been visionaries. They had been guided by stars. They had determined the surface of the earth, and they had lost it. Rome wanted a painted itinerary for the legions and the great administrative force ever en route to rule in her name. The Romans flattered themselves that they did not live with their heads among the stars, but close to the mile stones which staked out the roads in the world they had won.

The untiring energy and restless ambition of the Ptolemy princess spurred on the scholarly Juba to mark new routes on the map of the Roman geographers. He had inherited a library of Punic books, those of his grandfather Hiempsal and, it was said, those libraries of Carthage which the Roman Senate had formerly abandoned to the princes of his family. The works of Polybius, describing a voyage along the coast

of Africa, were familiar to him. Homer's Island of Calypso was known to be the island that lay in the Straits of Gibraltar, and the blind bard's Mountain of Monkeys, the Atlas. From the works of Heroditus Juba knew of the expeditions of the Phœnicians and of the voyages of Greek navigators to Cape Solois and to the Atlas.

Most precious was the Periple of Hanno. Five hundred years back this Cathaginian had written an account of his sea voyage along the African coasts, and his legend was exposed on bronze plates in a temple at Carthage where all might read it. Juba's curiosity was stirred by the tales in these ancient books. Strange races of men stepped across these pages: Atlanteans, who ate of no living creatures and for whom night held no terror, their sleep being deep and dreamless; troglodytes nourished on human blood, flocks herded by half-gods. Our scholar in his library and his Queen in the palace dreamed of further conquest. All must be brought forth if they were to achieve the task Cleopatra Selene had set for herself—a new Alexandria. Thus neither the flowers of pure intellect, nor the riches of the nearby soil sufficed to content the Numidian prince, and he was determined to seek out the truth of legends of undiscovered magically fertile land anchored out in some calm sea.

Daring fishermen from Gades, venturing off their course, had described a far-off new land. The tale was picked up by one of Juba's officials. An expedition was determined on. Scientists from the museum, the indispensable geographer and a few of the king's adventurous subjects were included in the party. How proud Cleopatra was to watch the departure of that expedition in search of gold and glory—the sedentary Juba setting off like a true Ptolemy at the head of a small fleet, banners braving the winds, prows cutting bold swathes in the blue waters and the high spirits of the adventurers bringing a glow even to the cheeks of the learned men whose business was the recording of the anticipated exploits.

So it was that Juba found the *Purpurarie* Islands, facing the Autololes, the great Gætulian race that lived in the north of the High Atlas. On the other side, facing Mogador, on the *Purpurarie Insulæ,* Juba laid the foundations of that industry which was to become one of the greatest sources of revenue in his kingdom and at the same time bring wealth to the islanders.[186] These latter had cunningly discovered that the pink murex gave the admirable dye that became famous in the Roman world. Soon there rose up wool and dye factories, employing armies of workers—both freemen and slaves—for the textile industries flourish wherever dye is found. Juba exported to Rome that purple, the most sought after by the rich and the most praised by poets: from 12 B.C. by Horace:

Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas
Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.
(Epistles, II, 2, 181-182),

and several years later by Ovid:

Dat tenues tunicas Gætulo murice tinctas
(Fastes, II, 319).

The map drawn up by Agrippa made no mention of ports further than *Portus Rhysaddir,** and it was Juba who supplied the information about this end of the continent. Great was the joy in Cæsarea on the return of the King's first expedition. For Cleopatra Selene it was a great delight to think that her husband, and through her husband she herself, was continuing the Ptolemy tradition, while to the Minister of the Exchequer it was a source of relief and satisfaction. Further extension of commerce would mean revenues. The growing importance of the Cæsarean capital extended to all quarters, and booksellers and antiquarians from Greece, Rome and Alexandria began to look upon the African capital as one of the future centers of their trade.

* Identified to-day as Mogador.

The success of this voyage tempted Juba to further exploration. He was eager to find those shores "Jupiter set aside for a righteous folk—the Happy Isles, Isles of the Blessed." [137] With no compass, on an uncharted sea, in boats none too seaworthy and with but the ancients' knowledge of winds and tides, the little expedition, which originally set out from Cæsarea, discovered Madeira and those "outposts of European civilization," the Canary Islands. These islands would play one of the most important rôles in the history of the discoveries of civilization, that is to say a "means which the western peoples employed to enter into communication with those parts of the world which remained unknown." [138]

This second expedition had sailed from the Purple Isles, traversing a distance of some 625 miles. These navigators showed able seamanship and their knowledge of currents by going straight west 250 miles to avoid a strong east current. Once this space was crossed the ships found themselves in the zone of the strong north-south currents caused by the trade winds. They could then, with the help of these currents, steer toward the east, certain of being carried sufficiently southward to reach the Canaries.

"The first island is called Ombrios (Island of the Rains). It bears no trace of buildings. There is a small lake in the mountains, and the trees resembled giant funnels. A bitter kind of juice can be extracted from the black ones, and a juice which is pleasant to drink from those lighter in color." This is the *euphorbia Canariensis* named for Juba's physician Musa as was the *euphorbia Mauritanica.* "Another island is called *Iuonia* (Island of Juno): here they saw only one cell built of stone. In the neighborhood there is an island bearing the same name, but smaller. Then there is *Capraria* (Island of Goats), full of giant lizards. In sight of these islands is *Ninguaria,* given its name on account of its everlasting snows, and which is always covered in mist. The island nearest to this is *Canaria,* thus named because of the dogs of enormous size which are to be found in great numbers there; two were

brought back to Juba. All the islands are full of fruits and birds of all kinds; there are quantities of date palms and pineapple trees. There is also an abundance of honey, and in the rivers papyrus and silures," writes Pliny quoting from Juba.

One object of his expedition had been attained—he had found the Rocella Tinctoria, a lichen from which is extracted a red violet and purple dye. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians had visited the islands of the ocean, going beyond the Pillars of Hercules. But it was the policy of these cunning traders to shroud the true position of these islands in mystery so that they might reserve for themselves a monopoly of purple dye in the Mediterranean. Centuries later a Numidian king is their successor.

Murex however abundant could supply only the wealthy, but in this plant which grew in such profusion on these islands would be an immense source of revenue.[139] He would adopt the policy of that race to which he was kin and guard his secret. The traces of buildings here of which Pliny speaks would soon be rebuilt and stir with life again, for as at Mogador a colony for extracting the dye would be established.

Juba on the return of his second expedition was closeted with secretaries who were compiling the report of this voyage of discovery for Imperial eyes. Geographers drew up their crude maps from the log, and personal journals furnished bits of new and interesting information on customs and phenomena. Bound and polished by the Sosii Brothers, a special copy was sent to Augustus, whereupon the Emperor would read it aloud to a gathering of friends after one of the rather frugal feasts which it was his wont to furnish his guests. Juba's expeditions brought him renown as an explorer,[140] and he began to prepare a book of travels to be circulated privately among his friends—the literati at Rome.

His time now would be equally divided between his two capitals. The growing wealth of Mauretania caused elation on all sides. States and subjects drew steady revenue from olive

oil, wine, cereals, fruits, horses and the maritime trade. The riches of the last of the Lagidæ and the Heraclidæ dynasty was not fabulous, but exact; and served to inspire the Berbers to invent incredible tales of crown jewels and precious golden vessels and ornaments of rare workmanship in the tomb on the hill, guarded by spirits and demons. These tales would be recounted to the Arabs entering Cæsarea and spread to Alexandria and to Rome.

CHAPTER XIX

CLEOPATRA SELENE in the years between 25 and 10 was not oblivious to life in Rome and happenings throughout the Empire. Gossip of court and society and palace intrigue reached all those in high places, and lowly too, through the medium of friend and compatriot, or one of those secretaries or scribes attached to the personnel of every great house. How far away were those days when Cleopatra Selene, Alexander Helios, and little Ptolemy played at childish games with the other princes in Rome. Now each of Augustus' wards bore his share of responsibility in the state—the boys bearing arms, Julia and the two Antonias heirs for the Empire, and Cleopatra herself reigning over a hostile nation.

Juba kept up a voluminous correspondence with kings in the East—notably Archelaus, King of Cappadocia who, like Juba, was given to scholarly pursuits.[141] Neither was aware that the threads of their destinies were even then being interwoven. Letters from Rome gave Juba accounts of the last hours of Propertius, Tibullus, and Virgil, upon whose winged prophecy his own Queen had been borne to fame. There were other missives, more official in character, relating to policies in Africa, and the reports of his agents—those unofficial ambassadors who while seeking commercial treaties with rich countries acquired the art treasures of the fallen

great for their patron. Cleopatra Selene, while deploring the misfortune that pursued one of her dethroned friends, might still request her agent or minister to purchase as many works of art at a good price as was possible!

These agents of the great, passing in and out of palace and counting house, were never out of touch with world affairs. From one of these the court of Mauretania most likely learned that Herod's marble palace in Judea had become an inferno. Herod was "news"—a storm center. Everything in his path was at some time uprooted—love, honor, and life.

It was around the unhappy sons of Herod and the murdered Mariamne that this storm had broken. Rome had a liking for these princes and with regret had bid them farewell in 17. Judea liked them, and by evoking the image of their unfortunate mother struck the first sparks of the coming conflagration. Dynastic pretensions would eventually wreck the House of Herod. Wisely Cleopatra and Juba kept aloof from factions! Their own adventures had taught them that princes are ruined and their causes invariably lost by over-zealous partisans. Alexander and Aristobulus had, along with their mother's beauty, inherited their father's violence. Seeing Herod's new wives flaunting Mariamne's finery, they threatened to strip it from these vile creatures' backs and dress them in sacks—as they deserved. Favored by the Jews, the Hasmonean princes became more arrogant toward their father, more imprudent... Herod, cognizant of all, dissimulated. Aristobulus was married to Berenice, daughter of Herod's sister Salome, and Alexander to Glaphyra, daughter of Archelaus, King of Cappadocia.... Thus was another thread introduced into the fantastic tapestry of the lives of the Ptolemies and Herodians.

Herod, to lower his son's pride, promoted to highest office the nonentity Antipater, son by his first wife Doris, and introduced him to Agrippa, Augustus and the court as his successor. Judea raged, and calumny pursued the princes. Ex-

asperated, the aging Herod departed for Italy with Aristobulus and Alexander.

Augustus must have become wearied by the forced rôle of mediator in these sordid affairs of Herod. But he happened to be in a benevolent mood, and with the connivance of his courtiers the tactful mise-en-scène was prepared. When Herod appeared at Aquileia and dramatically accused his sons of treason, they—probably at a sign from the Emperor—flung themselves at his feet.

Herod was too wily a politician not to understand that this was the Imperial command for a family reconciliation. Ostentatiously he forgave his sons and gathered them to his bosom. The scene moved all present to tears, his biographer recounts, even Augustus feigning to take part in the general emotion. He too was a tragi-comedian who on occasion could fling himself to his knees, bare his unworthy breast and beg Senate and people to desist from forcing a dictatorship upon him!

So the hand of the royal assassin was stayed...a while. On leaving, in a characteristic gesture which Herod hoped would dispel any remaining doubt as to his magnanimity, he donated three hundred talents toward the inauguration of the Theatre of Marcellus, the prince he had met in Rome in 40 B.C. when as a suppliant he came seeking Antony's favors. Augustus, thanks to his usurious grandfather, had a genius for extorting money from citizens and foreign flatterers alike for the gleaming marble monuments that rose up in Rome during his Golden Reign.

Pleased with the success of his stratagem, Augustus returned to Rome in September to celebrate his birthday and, in view of the general elation over military successes abroad, decided to give fêtes and games of unprecedented magnificence. He knew that it was as important to amuse this great Roman people as to feed them.

Reviewing the preparations and later reports of the fêtes, did Cleopatra and Juba miss the round of gayety and ex-

perience a nostalgia for that Rome being hourly transformed? Rome boasted of three theaters: Pompey in 55 had built the first, Balbus opened one in 13, and now was finished the beautiful Theater of Marcellus. The dedicatory speech sounded hollow to Octavia's ears: joy had gone out of the world with her beloved son. The solemnity of the occasion too had been somewhat marred, the Mauretanian monarchs learned, when the curule chair of the Emperor giving way left the August One prone upon his back! Did it portend the fall of the house of Cæsar? Romans of that day were ready to believe in signs.

But the calamity that befell that house was most unexpected, and banishing gayety brought every man to his post.... Agrippa, son-in-law of the Emperor, was dead!

Romans, recalling the great stature—the bull-like neck and stern features, the harsh voice and forceful tenacity of this rude man of the soil—wondered how such a frame had not endured forever. Agrippa had fought his way up to a joint rule of the Empire by merit alone, but Society had vanquished him.... He could not finger a lute nor turn a rhyme to wile away the hours of a spoiled beauty....

Cleopatra Selene, Antonia, and Julius Antonius must have foreseen that such a marriage was doomed to failure. A fine type of soldier and a great minister of state Agrippa might be, but it needed no special powers of divination to guess that a man more at home with camp followers than in a fashionable woman's boudoir was hardly of the mold to please the exquisite Julia. Agrippa was dazzled when the Emperor offered him his lovely and brilliant daughter. That man her husband! He might be her father. The idea was a repellent one. But private revulsion could not prevail against the will of an Imperial father and an aunt who looked upon marriage as a matter of State.

But because of the deep tenderness existing between Julia and Augustus, she and Agrippa never gave a hint of their incompatibility. Proud, it cut her to the quick that her friends should laugh at his boorish manners, for in the palace

where Julia entertained constantly a gay company of young people, her husband was despised as a *Novus Homo.*

How Agrippa must have hated to return home, after hours of wearisome deliberation with Augustus and the Senate, to find his wife in the garden surrounded by her little court, Julius Antonius, Ovid and her other admirers—languid dandies of the day dancing attendance upon the princess of Rome, flattering her and retailing the latest gossip. Romans were at their best lolling about the women's apartments, whispering secrets and receiving confidences in turn.

The arrival of a husband was importunate in Rome and likely to cast a chill on any intimate gathering, silencing the latest love song of Egypt on the lips of a gallant. Conversation became less animated. Agrippa, ill at ease in this gay company, meditated. How much easier was a leavetaking of his soldiers than of his wife and her friends! He knew all found Julia beautiful and fascinating, and wondered how she could put up with so rough a diamond. Julia was kind of heart. But he was earnest, over-zealous, and such are wearisome to beauty. Princes and princesses are more apt to put their faith in the corrupt.

In the hope of affecting a reconciliation, Agrippa had proposed a journey to the East in 14 B.C. He might not have glamor in Julia's eyes in Rome, but beyond the gates he was the greatest man in the Empire.

This second "lune de miel" threatened to end disastrously, for Julia barely escaped drowning in Ilium while crossing the river Scamander. Rome heard that an attempt had been made against the life of the daughter of the Emperor. Agrippa, whose temper could also be capricious on occasion, sought no encouragement from Emperor or Senate to deal harshly with the population. Ilium terrified, pleaded innocence.

It would have fared ill with them, but... enter Herod! The ancient enemy of Cleopatra and Nicolas of Damascus traveled with Agrippa and Julia through Asia Minor.

It was at this time, approximately, that he took to dyeing his hair, perhaps in the hope of charming the daughter of Rome. The reliable Nicolas of Damascus was ever ready, too, to present his master Herod in a favorable light so that she should see his country through his eyes.

Pleasure and business were delightfully intermingled, and Arab, Greek and Roman played a game of wits for increase of power. Their flattering attentions to Agrippa and Julia were richly rewarded. Herod was invested with the province of Damascus. His kingdom now extended as far as the mountain of Hoaran. Civilization had not yet penetrated this wild country, but Herod established order in Damascus, infested with brigands and marauding nomads, thus beginning the work which made that country in the first century A.D. so rich a region, and earned for himself the reputation of being the great Roman agent of pacification in southern Syria.

Agrippa was in high spirits, Julia was amiable, and but for the "smart set" at Rome, the journey might have brought about the desired reconciliation. But the lure of Rome proved too great. Every courier brought news of the capital; those innovations that the season brought forth in follies and which Romans were so ingenious at inventing. Already he sensed her eagerness to return.

Agrippa had offered a hecatomb in farewell to the Temple of Jerusalem and at a great feast given for the occasion Agrippa in a burst of good-will pardoned Ilium. Judean crowds were enchanted by his piety and generosity, and accompanied him as far as the coast....

According to Herod and Nicolas of Damascus, the voyage was successful: not so for Agrippa! Julia's heart was far from being appeased. As she became more frivolous, the more she resented the man of duty, whose presence stirred her conscience. Agrippa was the tragic figure of a man in love with a wife who easily fell in love with every man but him—and more tragic still, their children unwittingly widened the

breach between them! The adoption of Caius and Lucius by the Emperor strengthened the purpose of a little court beginning to form itself about her—a court whose ambitions would prove her undoing.

Agrippa, without a word of complaint to the Emperor, withdrew from the Roman scene. A voluntary exile, he journeyed for months at a time through the Empire, administering its finances, reorganizing its army and its customs, and inspecting the great engineering works undertaken by Rome in all the provinces. Sleepless, without respite from work, he was killing himself with his duties in the vain hope of forgetting the woman he loved....

*

And now Agrippa was dead. Destiny projected itself into the campaign against the Pannonii, bringing fame to Tiberius and death to Agrippa... and a smile, most assuredly, to the lips of Livia. To Augustus Agrippa had given the world which he had wrested from Pompey the Younger and Marc Antony, and then had supplied the energy and decision which the Emperor lacked.

Augustus himself delivered the funeral oration, eulogizing the finest example of faithful public servant, who had given his life to the furtherance of his country's ambitions and left his wealth and gardens for Rome to enjoy. Whereupon Agrippa took up his last abode in the Imperial mausoleum. Augustus could now boast that he had found a city in brick and left it in marble, yet Rome knew this was chiefly due to Agrippa.

Formal condolences passed between the court of Mauretania and that of Rome. Certainly Cleopatra was not the hypocrite who could pretend to believe that Julia was deeply affected by this death. Julia exulted in her newly acquired freedom. She knew that her vocation was to be an empress of delight, ruling forever over the realm of pleasure. She would have banished marriage from the Roman calendar.

Free at last, she could now give herself openly to her penchant for gallantry. Augustus, it seemed, could no longer plead the exigencies of dynasty: had she not given him four heirs to the Empire?

Yet rumor was already on the wing, and who the next husband of the Princess Julia was to be was the topic in all the drawing rooms of Rome. Tiberius, if the far-sighted were not mistaken! While still a wife the princess had made coquettish advances to the melancholy son of the house of Claudiæ, before which he had retreated. Livia surely persuaded Augustus that it was so....

The marriage might never have taken place had not destiny, smiling so long upon Augustus, frowning again, ushered death into the Imperial household. Octavia, his sister, his shadow, who had moved and breathed but at his bidding, was gone. A strange destiny was Octavia's—vestal of Imperial ambitions. Let her but set her heart upon an object, lo! fate intervened and it vanished. Death took her first husband, and Cleopatra her second; then all her love had been centered in Marcellus. Octavia and her brother, dreaming of a dynasty of the Cæsars, had built that airy structure, following in imagination their descendants far down the centuries to come. But gods are jealous, and with the breath of death they had blown that cobweb House of Cæsars away.

She had lived on with a canker slowly eating at her heart, destroying her: the sight of her rival, Livia, building so solidly where she had failed.

Cleopatra felt the shock of that death severely. Her stepmother represented the chapter in her life when she and her brothers were growing up to be staunch little Romans. She had not often glanced back into the past during the fourteen years of her reign. Scenes long forgotten came vividly back now: the games they played together, the ideas exchanged touching upon their several ambitions, the hopes of brothers and sisters who did not often meet but who were joined in spirit through letters. Time has not spared her let-

ters, but they must have been like those of Augustus to Livia, or Tiberius; or any great lady of that day: retailing family gossip, anxiety over the children's health; or the acquisition of some new treasure.

Like a lost princess Cleopatra Selene would have hated her stepmother at times, and so misjudged many of Octavia's kindnesses. Realizing it now, she rendered Octavia justice. However soulless she may have been, Octavia had been kind to her charges. A wonderful family life too it was, Cleopatra mused: eleven princes and princesses all of about the same age and all highly intelligent, living their life in common in that palace on the Palatine Hill!

Now it was breaking up. First to go had been Alexander Helios, the beloved brother with whom she had often wandered hand in hand over violet-carpeted terraces, and who might one day be her consort... and little Ptolemy. Who companioned them? Had they found Cleopatra-Isis and Antony-Dionysus? Virgil, Agrippa, Octavia, a Shade seeking Marcellus—all Shades together, wandering in Elysian fields.

CHAPTER XX

THE year 9 B.C. was a brilliant one for Roman society. Heralds were abroad in all the great cities announcing the program of the coming festivities. It was one of those rare occasions when the Imperial Family was to be united in the Capital. Augustus, who passed years traveling about the Empire; the young generals Tiberius and Drusus, so often absent for long periods; Antonia Minor, who in her devotion to her husband accompanied him on his military campaigns; and Julia, who had journeyed these last years in the East—all were there. So it was, that in early spring, after the little bark of Isis had been safely launched and the season officially opened, that the sovereigns of Mauretania sailed back across the great purple sea attended by a noble escort, officers, ministers of the court—all the great suite suitable for great personages accompanied them on their first return to Rome.[142]

There had been grave inducements for Cleopatra Selene to go to Rome: the illness and death of her stepmother Octavia; and following swift upon it, an event in 11 B.C. which revived memories of the woman's war in the House of Cæsar where none was master of his marital destiny. Tiberius, deeply in love with his wife Agrippina Vispania, torn from her arms by an Imperial decree, and Julia snatched from a freedom she found so intoxicating. But Cleopatra Selene was not present for Octavia's funeral, nor when Tiberius and Julia were

brought to the altar, unwilling sacrifices to Augustus' plans. Her grave and prudent stepmother, Octavia, dead, who now dared bring forward objections to this marriage?

In her capital in Mauretania, a phrase now and then in the family correspondence demonstrated familiar characteristics of Cleopatra Selene's brothers and sisters that their wax likenesses hanging on the walls of her apartments seemed to belie. Strangers stared down at her. How had time transformed the darling chubby boy she had known into this stern-featured man... her sister, Antonia Major, into this matron of cold eye and contemptuous lips? What had become of her girlhood companions? Life, disillusionment and the weight of responsibilities had made them into other men and women. So it came to pass that an overwhelming desire to recapture them and to make the acquaintance of all her nieces and nephews possessed the young Queen. Her first entry into Rome had been as a captive before Augustus' Triumphal car. Now she would enter as a full-fledged queen with all the panoply of royalty.

From the port of Ostia the royal visitors from Mauretania made their way to the capital. With excess of imagination one can revive that scene. In the approach to Rome, every one was gathered along the Appian Way. An air of ill-suppressed excitement hovered over the crowds lining the road, and policemen as usual were finding it difficult to hold the unruly populace in check. All necks were craned in one direction, waiting for the sovereigns of Mauretania to hail into view. Were there those in the crowd who recalled, as Cleopatra Selene and Juba did, that their original entry had been to grace the Triumphs of two rulers?

A few of the crowd pressed forward as a little murmur of recognition stirred those in vantage points. It was Julia, accompanied by a train of attendants. Strangers stared boldly at this princess whose follies were known to all. Four black African runners, girded in loin cloths of finest and whitest Egyptian linen, preceded her chair. The women in the crowd

admired her fashionable grace, leaning ever so lightly to the left, her arm barely resting upon a silken down cushion. A gallant, instead of the usual slave, carried that day a small parasol at the end of a long bamboo stick to shade the princess, while the *flabella* fluttered a fan of peacock feathers, dispersing flies and spreading perfumed coolness. They halted. No need to signal on which side she would descend; on both sides a white slave from the Danube placed a step.

Julius Antonius ventured a jest as a courtier clad in a transparent toga of odd color passed with mincing gait. One in the crowd jeered. Much he cared, as long as they gazed after him! "Brother of Queen Cleopatra," some one explained to a stranger; then in a whisper, "son of the great captain, Marc Antony." Crinagoras, Ovid, and Antipatros accompanied this young prince, who favored the society of literary men, and Theogenes, too, who by the stars could fix the hours of fame or of death of most of his eminent company. As a child Cleopatra Selene had herself frequently crossed the great Theogenes in the palace halls. Had he, among his horoscopes, cast that of the wards of Augustus? Had he predicted that Alexander Helios would follow the way of all men of miraculous birth to a tragic end, while the stars of his sister pointed the way for her to ascend another throne?

The highway became more congested: a governor and his escort were leaving for his post in the provinces. The impatient crowd was at last rewarded. A child's voice complained, "She's not a queen; she hasn't any crown!" King Juba, too, must have proved a disappointment, for he wore the toga of a simple citizen of Rome. He never took liberties, and though united by marriage to the family of the Emperor, he had discreetly discarded the emblems of royalty before entering the Capital. Such was the custom of petty kings who came to pay homage to the Emperor when he was traveling through the provinces. Juba would not be the first to disregard this rule: it took a Ptolemy for such a high-handed performance.

The sovereigns traversed the Sacred Way of horrid mem-

ories through the Forum where laws were enacted that decided the fate of nations, where formerly orators harangued, and many a bloody riot had taken place, at the instigation of turbulent plebeians and the proletariat of Rome. How tranquil it was: None now dared murmur his discontent under the reign of the good Augustus.

The hum of voices came to them long before they reached the palace gates. Entering, they were startled by a vast assembly of people before the house of the ruler. But this was the era of peace, and while awaiting the *salutatio*, or signal of the levee of the Emperor, the citizens of Rome had been giving themselves up to the pleasures of conversation. Augustus, in the broad-brimmed hat which he affected in the open, was standing under the portico before the entrance of his palace, while the crowd formed itself into a body, and patricians, foreigners, soldiers and plebes filed past the representative of the Empire, surrounded by his ministers and friends. The bourgeois Emperor greeted well-known citizens with familiarity, engaged some in conversation on topics of especial interest to them, and accepted petitions addressed to him.

Passing through the portals, the sovereigns of Mauretania, were again inmates of the palace of the Cæsars.

It was a moment to stir one's emotions: all the past came sweeping back upon Cleopatra Selene. That first day when she had crossed this same threshold a captive... and now, a Queen! Here was Antonia Minor grown into a beautiful woman; yet despite the years of marriage and motherhood, she still carried herself with the air of a wedded virgin, so like her mother. Not so Antonia Major, handsome and arrogant. She was already endowed with the aura of majesty that belongs to a future mother-in-law and grandmother of emperors.

Reëntering that palace Cleopatra Selene, eldest of the three sisters, naturally fell into the old rôle of leader in the women's apartments, which formerly she arrogated to herself in the schoolroom. A faint echo of whispered conversations[148]

in the secrecy of their chamber reaches us down through the centuries. Family gossip while slaves unpack the toilet boxes and lay out those shimmering and gauzy garments which a queen may wear.

What was the cause of Tiberius' frowning countenance? It truly seemed as if the man was devoid of sociability. Cleopatra was troubled to see the dark humor of the Claudian race in the ascendant in her former playmate.

"Thirty-six hours spent in a continuous drinking bout with his friends is not likely to improve the temper of the 'old fellow.'"

"The old fellow!" It was the nickname they had given him back in their schooldays for his precocious gravity. Poor Tiberius! Cleopatra recalled that time of their youth when he was always being reprimanded for his awkward way of holding himself and speaking. Now in manhood it seemed that everything that Tiberius did was perverted and turned to mockery in that house.

"Tiberius is not a man to proclaim his wrongs loudly but he is disgusted, at the end of his patience with the gossip in the Capital—Julia's misconduct is not concealed from him," Antonia Major shrugged her shoulders, "nor the witticisms of her followers."

"And he is cut to the quick by the insolence of those insufferable children of Agrippa," Antonia Minor added. Her hand rested lovingly on the head of the charming little Germanicus who pressed close to her side. It was evident that the sisters thought Lucius and Caius had inherited none of the lovable qualities of their mother, Julia.

Julia so kind would not deliberately hurt him. Cleopatra Selene must have felt a secret affinity between herself and Tiberius. They had not had a happy childhood. He was aware of the dislike entertained for him by his stepfather Augustus who preferred to him Drusus and later the children of Julia. Both Cleopatra and Tiberius were interlopers in that family. She had escaped, while he had continued in this uncertain and

dubious position. It cast a permanent cloud over his spirit.

"Sempronius Gracchus and that fast set around Julia are bent on separating her from Tiberius... for their own interest." Antonia Minor was the confidante of Tiberius, the only woman he did not mistrust; she was discreet and did not now divulge his plans even to her half-sister. Time would do that.

Intrigue was at work once more in the palace. Cleopatra sighed. Thoughtless Julia and unhappy Tiberius. Thirty-one years old, in spite of victories and services to the state, he was being put into the background while his stepsons were brought forward on the Imperial stage. She leaned forward and studied approvingly her image in the mirror, then smiled at the *ornatrix* who placed on her head the diadem: a crescent moon flanked by two serpents in emeralds and pearls. The Antonias gazed enviously at Cleopatra's hands, carelessly fingering the precious jewels lying on the dressing table, emeralds like those glittering at her throat and ears, on her arms, and even upon the golden sandals she wore.

Cleopatra stood musing while handmaidens arrayed her in a tunic which fell to her feet, leaving the arms bare save for jeweled serpent bracelets. What a pity that a marriage which had gone so smoothly the first year should have come to grief. She recalled the erect figure of Tiberius as he stood waiting at the entrance of the palace to greet her. Melancholy, a disappointed man, but undeniably handsome, bearing himself like a true general. And but for that capricious humor of his family... or if only the child of that union had lived, there might have been one less tragedy of the Cæsars.

A filmy fringed veil placed about her shoulders completed her dress. Singular indeed, Antonia Minor considered her finely pleated tunic. What exaggerated transparency! A true daughter of Cleopatra!

In this year 9, when the Imperial Family was in residence on the Palatine Hill, noticeable gaps could be perceived in

this reunion. The props of the Empire were slowly falling away from Augustus. Agrippa first; and now Octavia had vanished. Cleopatra Selene, even in the fullness of her joy at being united with the only family she had known for so many years of her life, could not but mark these absences.

But love of speculation and an interest in the articulations of human beings soon drew Cleopatra back from the world of shades to a scrutiny of those present, quick with life and basking in the light of the Emperor's benevolence. How time had mellowed the man! Who indeed would now recognize the young Triumvir, whose cruelties still caused Rome to shudder, in this Augustus, overflowing with kindness for all?

Curiosity urged the Queen of Mauretania, so long absent from that circle, to study each face, hoping to catch in a changing expression or unpremeditated gesture the mainspring of their actions. Here were men who had owed fortune and fame to Antony: how quickly they had transferred their affections to their present ruler. Plancus, Dellius, Statilius Taurus... friends and partisans of Cæsar and Antony were now in the confidence of the Emperor, familiars of the Imperial house.

More, had he not singled out for the highest honors sons and heirs of those he had pitilessly put to death? The son of Cicero fawned upon the executioner of his father. Cleopatra's brother Antonius, favorite of the Emperor, owed his prestige and all that he was, to the hand of him who had signed the order for the assassination of his brother Antyllus. Did present favors then obliterate even the blackest crime?

Royalty is trained in dissimulation, and Cleopatra Selene during her sojourn in Rome did not confide to any one her suspicions as to the manner in which her beloved brothers, Alexander Helios and Ptolemy Philadelphus, had gone to their deaths. Time, too, perhaps, had somewhat assuaged her grief for the loss. Moreover, to be aware of a crime which might have been instigated by an Imperial hand was perilous, as

Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was to discover under the reign of Tiberius.

The flower of Rome assembled that evening for dinner. Flowers and rare objects decorated these apartments of the Emperor, where a delightfully informal atmosphere reigned. Augustus was already being treated with a religious ceremonial such as might be paid to a divine being. Of the godliness of this Emperor and his Empress none was allowed to go in ignorance; it was declaimed by the ambitious politicians in the hearing of palace sycophants, to be reported faithfully to the master. Augustus, the venerable... like Jove!

Julia was the cynosure of all eyes, as she entered, followed by a group of laughing young people—laughter, alas, that masked the ambitions of a party which had already begun to form itself around her. Charming and unscrupulous, they would lead her to exploit her power over her father, and thereby bring about her ruin. A votary of pleasure, she herself took no personal interest in politics. She disliked the responsibilities of government as much as her father hated her favorite Ovid. His verses, while delighting, corrupted the reader, Augustus feared. If he continued to condone vice in his friends, he condemned it even more ruthlessly now in his family.

Mæcenas was still a familiar of the table of the Emperor, but rumor had it that their friendship had cooled considerably with the years. Naturally our sovereigns were interested in their greeting. Augustus never had the faculty of inspiring deep affection, but in this instance the reason was not difficult to divine: the lives and wives of his subjects he had come to cherish as his own. All Rome was aware that Terentia, Mæcenas' wife, considered her first allegiance to the Emperor ... surely a strain upon loyalty to be obliged to accompany an Imperial lover on his travels in order to lend an air of propriety to a liaison as Mæcenas had been!

Cleopatra and Juba may have felt a momentary pang in remarking the lagging step of Mæcenas. Time invariably ex-

acts payment for a life of self-indulgence. His dress alone was unchanged: a little Greek cloak drawn up about his ears to hide his baldness, his tunic as ever trailing in the dust. And beltless... when the proverb in Rome was "Keep your belt tight-buckled!" Only libertines or orchids of the day would walk abroad in defiance of this custom. Looking at him, Cleopatra wondered did her friends find her, too, greatly changed? Older now she was than when she had set out for Mauretania, thirty-one years old this year. Yet that evening the members of the household may have found her lovelier, while many at Rome would bring homage to lay at the feet of the last daughter of the Ptolemies, along with those imperishable flowers of the Muses: the verses of the poet Antipatros!

A "sober stone amethyst" he had seen "upon the Queen's hand" served Antipatros as inspiration. Who has forgotten the rôle this ring played in the downfall of Egypt? Who indeed in the ancient world of that day had not heard of the famous amethyst worn by the Queen of Egypt, protecting her from the fumes of wine that befuddled Antony's brain and held him in her power? Antipatros had fallen under its spell.

> *"I am drunkenness the work of a skilled hand, but I am carved on sober stone amethyst. The stone is foreign to the work. But I am the sacred possession of Cleopatra: on the queen's hand even the drunken goddess should be sober."* [144]

Knowing the frugal tastes of the Emperor, his guests did not gather in joyous expectation of a feast of Lucullus, but in lieu of this, raillery and readings from Greek dramatists would be served them. Conversation did not flag in the society of a daughter of Cleopatra the Great. The discourse of her mother had been her chief charm, and Cleopatra Selene was her true daughter. Julia, too, like the Cleopatras, invited literary discussions and was herself held to be a witty conversationalist. But she lacked the intellectual curiosity which made the

Greek rulers of Alexandria true scholars. Rather mindful of Ovid, she regarded learning as but one more adornment with which to ensnare a lover.

As the dinner progressed, tablets passed from hand to hand: Augustus was not averse to taking his part in versifying: epigrams on the foibles of the great, on love; risqué in content, wit was their excuse. All was permitted save politics, which was not permitted for the profane. Only the God Augustus might with impunity speak upon this sacred subject. Restless, incessantly quitting the dining couch and his guests, he always returned to the room when a lull fell upon the company, there to reanimate discourse again. Unquiet, he nibbled at this or that; no appetite, it seemed. But Cleopatra, smiling, knew that he had eaten heartily enough before the guests assembled... an old habit of his! The poisoner would not find easy work in this household, where none could say exactly when the Emperor would eat or of what dish.

Amid this gay company Tiberius sat mute, aloof, his contempt of his wife and her friends plainly visible on his face. For one whose great vice was pride, Tiberius' position was intolerable. Rather than remain a witness to his wife's follies, he preferred to seek solace abroad in work. Yet there they were, victims chained together! One sacrificed by a father for so-called "state reasons" and the other to the inordinate ambitions of his mother. It is doubtful whether at this time Tiberius had any personal ambition or shared his mother Livia's belief that he would one day be Emperor. Yet destiny had marked him out by removing Agrippa from the scene of action, and imminent now was an event which would sweep away still one more obstacle between him and the throne.

Near him sat Antonia Minor, radiant and flushed with the military successes of her husband Drusus, and surrounded by her children. She was ambitous, a marked characteristic of all the daughters of Antony. Their ambitions were of a masculine order. No tenderness marks the relationship of

mother and child. The two Antonias undoubtedly loved their children, but it was with ferocity and rather as instruments to power, favoring as they grew up those who displayed qualities of leadership. The younger Antonia's loyalties would follow her ambitions. She would sacrifice the beloved wife of her son, see all her grandchildren but one put to death, by the revelation to the Emperor Tiberius of the conspiracy of Sejanus. But in so doing she would preserve her influence... and the life of her grandson Caligula, who embodied all the vices of both Cæsars and Claudii.

Many had been thrilled by the legend of the great captain Antony and the unfulfilled project of his Eastern Empire to be shared with the great Cleopatra. But it was Cleopatra Selene who had felt that in her own person she might continue the legend in having her own kingdom on the other shores of the Mediterranean. She it was who had awakened interest in Antony by acquainting his daughters with his mighty deeds. Not the most daring of their tutors would have imparted to them details of his life and campaigns. His day of days had been placed on the "black list" by Augustus and his very name proscribed. Cleopatra it was who first brought this information to the ears of her sisters. Their conversion had been swift and their worship the more fervent since it must necessarily at first have been carried on in secret.

The resuscitation of Antony could not but evoke a glamorous picture of a monarch by divine right ruling over an Eastern empire. Childless, Cleopatra Selene was oppressed by a secret sorrow that the Ptolemy line and that of the great captain Antony would be extinct with her and so devoted herself to spreading her father's cult among her sister's children. One thing is certain, that tales told these children during impressionable years bore fruit... and with the Lagidæ taint. Wherever this was found, it meant death to the Republican spirit. Cleopatra then it was, last daughter of the Ptolemies, who through her nieces and nephews might

be said to have made monarchy by divine right a reality in the Roman world.[145]

The children of Antony represented a solid block in the Imperial city; their power was a formidable one and had increased with the years. Their grandchildren and not the children of Julia or Tiberius would one day rule over the Roman Empire. Augustus now sat among the gods, yet the power of divination was denied him, else he could have told that his grandchildren, now clambering over the dining couch without respect for his divinity, would never wield the scepter. Perhaps it was as well for the Emperor that he could not read far into the Book of Life. This was its brightest chapter; and one of the most amiable pictures Cleopatra Selene had of this man was that with his grandchildren about him, recounting those stories of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf, the foundation of Rome; or teaching them to read legends of her heroes.

Strange that with the great love he bore his daughter Julia, no intuition then warned him of her peril. Though he showed himself to be a remarkable psychologist in so many instances, he seemed to live in ignorance of the hatred the Empress harbored against Julia. It seems incredible that her mask could have been so impenetrable, yet at this time it should have been obvious to Augustus that already within the palace, Livia, Tiberius and Antonia Minor were lined up against his daughter. How should Cleopatra not feel uneasy then for her half-brother Julius Antonius, lover of Julia?

Baffling characters indeed were these princesses. Endowed with beauty and brains, they were passionate and arrogant, and like figures in a Greek tragedy, Nemesis seemed to pursue them, pushing them on to crime and death. Well for the Antonias that they could not see what monsters they had brought into the world.

Cleopatra Selene took this world for what it was, and

accepted with cynical indifference the moral standards of the Imperial Family. Ambition was the driving force here. All about her were striving for something. Well, so too was she. But it seemed to elude her—that dynasty of the Ptolemies.

The childish prattle of the coy little Julia, who like her mother was to die in exile, and her sister Agrippina, for whose very virtues a jealous Tiberius would condemn to a similar fate, playing about the *triclinium* with the other children, reminded her painfully of the empty palace in Mauretania. When, if ever, a new Ptolemy came, would he be like Antony or rather like that little boy of distinctly Oriental type she may have noted among them: Herod-Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, at this time five years old. The warm friendship which existed between his mother Berenice and Antonia Minor would account for his presence here. He was brought up with Drusus, son of Tiberius, some say; but that he was the inseparable companion of Caligula, we know.

How the pattern grows! Herod-Agrippa appears now to weave new threads in the tapestry of the Houses of Ptolemy and Herod. How should Cleopatra know that one day history would suspect this grandson of the old enemy of her mother to be the instigator of the murder of her only son, and last representative of the Ptolemies?

The palace halls resounded to laughter and the witty conversations of patrician and philosopher, statesman and poet. Libertine and vestal conversed on religion, beauty, love and letters. Beauty reigned, and mothers and children, yet unstained by crime, formed there a delightful family group.

*

That dawn was the presage of a splendid day, when a most significant event took place. On this day was dedicated the "Ara Pacis Augustæ," [146] symbolizing this era of peace, and the triumph of a policy upon which Augustus and his faithful ministers had worked so long: the year 9 was a

culmination of Roman military efforts for the control of the Empire.

In the East diplomacy without too great a show of arms had brought into line the most recalcitrant of monarchs, as well as Gaul, to which Augustus and members of his family had devoted much time, developing it so that there was no longer that fear of the Empire moving eastward: Rome was still the center of the universe. The campaigns undertaken by Drusus since the year 12 for the conquest of the Germanic peoples seemed about to be crowned with success.

Fortune had been kind to Augustus, and he in turn would show that he bore goodwill toward all the conquered peoples. The dedication of the "Altar" evoked the turbulent past, while calling attention to the present Augustan Age, and the "Father of his Country," conciliating, forgiving and beneficent, who had healed the wounds caused to Italy by civil wars, and above all restored health and confidence to the state.

The "Altar of Peace" was the result of a plan which Julius Antonius had formulated in 13. The son of the Triumvir, mounting from honor to honor, had been charged by the Senate with the direction of an ovation to welcome Augustus, returning to an impatient populace, after lingering unduly in the Orient and in Gaul. Wishing to make it a memorable occasion, he appealed to Horace for a companion-piece to the secular song which had preceded the departure of the Emperor. But the poet, acquainted with the talents of the half-brother of Cleopatra, pleaded inadequacy: "Thou, Antonius, not I, shouldst sing great Cæsar's praise."[147] Horace had not misjudged the young man, and was the first to acclaim him a new star in the literary firmament.

The dedication was undoubtedly a triumphant moment for Julius Antonius, and one of rejoicing for the daughters of the great Triumvir, who, like Horace, might sing, "O, glorious day, with honor to be mentioned!" One can evoke the three sisters following the young Consul Antonius with

proud eyes, as he took "the lead along the ways." The plaudits and favors of the Romans unleashed their enthusiasm: "Io triumphe! we will shout all of us together, and not only once: 'Io triumphe!' and incense will we offer to kindly gods."

Here Augustus marches, a veritable First Consul for life among consuls, and at his side the princes, Lucius and Caius, and Livia. "The Empress' features lend themselves so admirably to imagery in marble," would be the sculptor's answer to the congratulations of the sovereigns of Mauretania. What a contrast to her charming, frivolous daughter-in-law! There, for all to see, the artist's chisel had immortalized Julia's coquetry and the austerity of Tiberius. In his stern but handsome profile gazing fixedly upon her head turned away from his, one may read the tragic story of their incompatibility.

Haughty Antonia Major and her overbearing husband stand arrogantly forth upon that frieze, and Antonia Minor and Drusus are captured in a moment of gay chatter. With what genius the sculptor has characterized for us their bearing, dress and familiar traits. Who but Octavia could the grave matron be, who, standing near, lays a finger upon her lips as if to recall to them that this is a religious ceremony?

Antonia smiling through time at her young husband! Happy Drusus whom Rome now celebrates on his return from the wars. But a few months hence Tiberius will bring back across a mourning Italy the ashes of her brilliant young general, fallen in action on the borders of the Elbe.

There upon that stone our eyes may follow the marching populace, patricians and dignified senators, and all the Imperial family as they appeared on that day to the eyes of Cleopatra Selene. It is not to be supposed, in however festive a mood Cleopatra and Juba might be, that they could forget their own weary march through the city in holiday attire.

Here was she in Rome gazing at prisoners of war as her mother had once looked on at Cæsar's triumph—exulting in

his power and heedless of the morrow of the victims passing in review before her—nor dreaming then in her pride that one day so must her own children pass before pitiless Roman eyes, symbols of fallen Egypt—a Sun God and a Moon Goddess. Would it not have seemed to Cleopatra Selene as wonderful as her miraculous birth that she had survived the horrid fate of these prisoners to come into royal honors?

Seeing the superb Queen Cleopatra, richly dressed, a diadem upon her brow, the ambitious, climbing son of a freedman might then indulge in day-dreams: with a little luck, a new-found treasure, or a revolution, and his daughter, too, might fall into a monarch's bed... and rule over a kingdom. Anything might happen in Rome.

Julia this season gave the most splendid entertainments. A whirl of gayety was Rome, with its princess leading the round. Her extravagance was the chief topic of conversation in the capital. Life should be a continual festival was the belief of these men and women who worshiped pleasure. In these years the appetite for amusement had increased. The senses of the Romans, it seems, had become so jaded that keener and more violent pleasures were being substituted for the innocent diversions of former days. Games became fiercer; blood in the arena no longer shocked, but thrilled....

The Imperial Family all loved games. And nothing, Cleopatra would have to admit, could be more magnificent than the games Drusus, Triumphor, and Piso exhibited to the arena-loving populace. One of these gave rise to an amusing anecdote.

The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by quiet-spoken, simply dressed, elderly friends of distinguished manners, had just taken their seats in the Imperial box, when there was a stir. The spectators rose to see what could be the source of so much gayety. Julia, dazzling, entered, followed by her "Incroyables" of the day. It was a procession of the most frivolous of Roman society. The games were neglected. This was Rome, smart Rome. The Princess Julia's box became the

chief attraction; and those delicate and exquisite Roman matrons with her, who, it was said, desired nothing more in a public show than to see a whole company of gladiators breathe out its last!

Daring marked Julia's conduct and dress. Her father frowned. He had been averse to meeting women of noble birth at public entertainments in the first days of his reign, but had bowed, not easily let it be said, to the new order. He still held that woman's place was in the home, not in public places and at state banquets. Notwithstanding his personal sentiment, he usually withheld criticism. But this was too daring, and all the women followed her as the leader of fashions.

Out came the little memorandum book. In Julia's box there was a conspiracy of young mocking society ready to protest against this interference with their liberty. Augustus wrote in his most censorious manner, and a stream of notes were exchanged between the two boxes. The young Roman matrons adored intrigue, and spent their lives in such futilities. Charming, sprightly and of playful wit, they chattered and compiled answers. Each reproof of the Emperor was greeted by a witty remark, and probably some ill-concealed laughter. They were bold. Julia was powerful with the Emperor; and they were sure enough of their power over her.

"Why do you make yourself so conspicuous?"

"Why did you make me daughter of an Emperor?"

"Your dress is cut too low!"

"It is the latest cut!"

"Mark the difference in your stepmother Livia and the manners of her friends."

"Give us time and we, too, will grow old!"

Incorrigible daughter! How often would he preach sobriety in dress and manner as well as urge it upon her attendants and friends? It was impossible to be long angry with Julia. Like as not to-morrow she would appear in a tunic whose modesty left nothing to be desired. Again he would

embrace her, assure her how becoming was this one, and the irrepressible Julia might pertly retort; "Yesterday I was dressed for the eyes of my husband, to-day for those of my father!" [148]

"*Jeux d'arène et jeux d'esprit*"—such were the diversions of that great world of two thousand years ago of high and lowly alike. Cleopatra lingered but a little while in Rome, and then sailed back to her kingdom—a regretted, lost queen!

CHAPTER XXI

IT was during this season in Rome, in the year 9 B.C., that Juba put the final touches on his great historical work which he had been maturing for years, and made the arrangements which led to its publication the year after. At this period Juba found a wave of nationalism invading literature, turning it to a revival of the early traditions of Latium. Rome, conquering the nations of the Mediterranean, had adopted in turn their arts and literature. She had embraced, too, customs of the Orient and the point of view of the Greeks. Now ruled by a minority in whose midst there were still threats of dissension, she deemed it advisable to knead them together by restoring the spirit of national pride.

Since the fall of Egypt, Rome had become the capital of the world, but the brilliant era of the Augustan Age only opened when painters and sculptors, poets, philosophers and historians, who formerly frequented Alexandria and Athens, came to Rome and settled there. Those literati, once the chief ornament of the court of Cleopatra the Great, were much sought after as teachers in the schools, because of their training in science and literary Greek, or as pedagogues to enter one of the great houses. Many of these surely remembered Cleopatra Selene as a child.

While this spirit of nationalism pervaded all Romans and was to resuscitate the fabulous history of Rome, yet the men

who were to count in the literature of this era were of Asia Minor and African origin: the historian and geographer Strabo, the historian and rhetor Dionysus of Halicarnassus, Nicolas of Damascus, Diodorus of Sicily, the philosopher Philo of Alexandria, the Jewish historian Joseph of Palestine, and the King of Mauretania.[140] Sophist Philostratus, former teacher of Cleopatra, who he said surpassed him in the study of Platonism, had retired to Sicily to deplore the fate of the Lagidæ. What price now the riches he had acquired "in the service of kings, the favours showered upon him of which he had been so proud?" So laments Crinagoras, writing, one suspects, for the eye of Augustus. Like Timagenes later, Philostratus was *persona non grata* at Rome.

A most important encounter at Rome for Juba must have been with Dionysus of Halicarnassus, a man who held the world in disdain. Dionysus did not frequent Imperial circles; indeed he was hardly known to the official patrons. But among those scholars with whom Juba passed most of his days, he was looked up to with respect.

A knowledge of the science of government is as necessary for the historian as it is for the ruler. Only that historian who has insight into the heart of man and can sense his reactions to real or artificial phenomena will be able to carry us through different phases of history which have brought leaders to victory or defeat. Juba, sustained by Ptolemy pride, had the impulse to go off "walking, as it were, over fires hidden beneath treacherous ashes,"—in other words, the undertaking of historical works which would bring him fame.

The sovereigns of Mauretania had come back impressed with the grandeur of Rome, and with quickened personal ambitions. Building would be reanimated in Cæsarea. Even the Roman state held that splendor of monuments was a sign of power. How much more would a Ptolemy queen and her amenable husband subscribe to the doctrine!

The homage paid to the Emperor by Senate and people before the Altar of Peace at Rome moved Juba shortly to con-

one day. Be he ever so jocular, playing at Emperor *Bonhomme*, instinctively people felt that he was not sincere.

Antonia had taken her stand, and allied herself with Tiberius and his mother against the others. Married to Drusus, she belonged to the Claudian clan....

Where was the truth in all this? Was Julia merely bored by the presence of Tiberius in Rome, where she openly had as lover the son of the Triumvir? Handsome and gifted, Antonius might well inspire Tiberius with jealousy. He had been rapidly advanced along the path of honors. He seemed a favorite of the gods. His eloquence appealed to the people and his talents to scholars. But he possessed a still more dangerous gift, that of pleasing women. He not only supplanted Tiberius with Julia, but Augustus openly evinced a preference for his society. When the time of vengeance came, Livia's first shafts of venom were directed against the brother of Cleopatra Selene.

The Empress was an implacable enemy. "Naught is there that the Claudian might shall not achieve." [152] It eventually destroyed the character of the adored daughter of the Emperor. How could these two, Antonius and Julia, have been so blind while evidence was being collected against them by the "Inquisitatores"? Creatures of the Empress noted the goings and comings of Julia's lovers, real or imaginary, and reported her presence in any unusual place at any unusual hour. Light-hearted princes living from day to day, plucking the fruit when it was ripe, enjoying their little hour, and dying—rarely in their beds. Taking off by violence was the rule rather than the exception.

The diadem did not rest lightly on Cleopatra's head during these years, when hardly a galley from Italy but brought disquieting news of what was taking place in Imperial circles. The spirit of anxiety invading the solitude of Juba's library pursued him on his promenades with Greek scholars through shady gardens filled with fountains, or in the lecture room at Cæsarea.

Cleopatra was possessed like her mother of a dæmon—a driving energy. Juba's portrait about this time shows a man

given much to meditation,[269] but, in order to indulge in it, his only refuge was in flight. Uneasiness crept into his mind as trouble began to brew on the Palatine Hill.

The philological sciences, loved by the Alexandrines at all epochs, occupied almost exclusively the scholars of the Museum under the last Lagidæ, and in that world of oratory and rhetors philology took precedence over all other subjects. Juba had become an impassioned collector of words of primitive languages—idioms of India, Arabia, Asia Minor and Ethopia, for which he found Greek equivalents. These researches had brought him to write many grammatical works, including two volumes on the *Corruption of Language*, which engaged him in a controversy with Didymus of Alexandria, a man of short temper who for gain, it was said, lent himself to polemics against the scholarly king. The writers of antiquity were not inclined to exaggerate the merits of a brother author. Jealousy of his rank as an authority in his domain and the recognition accorded the talents of Juba by all contemporary men of letters may have played a great part.

This was not all that troubled Juba's mind: there was that matter of the manuscript....

Juba displayed as much zeal as his wife's ancestors in supplying a library which forgers helped him to fill. The cult of Pythagoras was responsible for a hoax played on this king. Eager to possess an original manuscript of the philosopher, he had purchased one which was counted among the most precious in his library. To his chagrin he learned that it was spurious. Cleopatra may have tried to console him by telling him that forgers, aware of this passion of the Lagidæ, had published a number of false works under great names and sold them to the imprudent princes. She may also have suggested he could follow another Ptolemy custom: borrow an original and return a copy.

What he wanted now was tranquillity. He was planning in the year 9, during their season in Rome, the publication of an enduring monument for himself—his history.

CHAPTER XXII

IN the "parched land of Juba, nurse of lions" [154] rumor was astir. Courtiers exchanged eloquent glances, and even philosophers appeared now to take an interest in human affairs, turning approving glances on their royal colleague as he passed down the long galleries of the palace. Rumor for once was correct, and the Forum in Rome learned that after years of waiting, the Queen of Mauretania was to present her country with an heir.[155] The Emperor sent off a special courier with congratulations and hopes for a safe delivery, yet in private he may have given voice to perturbations which the event could occasion the state in awakening dormant Ptolemaic ambitions. Augustus realized that his throne, like a seat at the scenic games, was purchased by discipline, devotion and servility. If for a while he viewed the world's show from his lofty seat, when the curtain was rung down for him, the State—unmindful of his heirs—installed a new favorite in that vacant place.

Ptolemy revived old aspirations. Vivacious Berbers of fervid and volatile imagination swore eternal allegiance to their new leader, he who would help them in time to throw off the shackles of Rome.... Good King Juba's subjects loved him but were ever suspicious of his Roman education....

The first cry of her son brought Cleopatra Selene to the summit of mundane happiness. Would he take after her

maternal ancestors?—a Soter? In defiance of royal diplomacy, she gave him the name of Ptolemy.[156]

The city was in gala attire as Alexandria had been for Cleopatra Selene's own birth. Chariots rattling down through the city in the early morning hours raised clouds of dust that settling, whitened the garments of somber Berbers, entering the city after an all-night trek from mountains and desert. Farmers and their families, slaves and freedmen, retired legionaries—Cæsar's veterans from the suburbs—made up the endless procession marching along the highroads.

Everything was coming into bloom—gardens, youth and maidens. The frontons of temples were hung with garlands of roses, dear to Aphrodite-Isis, and altars were lost beneath a mass of flowers and fruit—offerings to the divinities of Greece, Rome, Egypt and Carthage. Garlands too hung on the statues of Venus, adorning the public squares and street corners. To all the sanctuaries of that radiant goddess, beloved of men, maidens brought that day verbena and the first flowers from spring gardens for Her, Giver of all that enchants.[157]

Juba opened the day by heading a procession to the Temple of the Emperor. A richly-clad priest awaited him at the sacrificial altar. What did the augur read as he bent over his victim? What would be the lot of this prince? Was the hour of his birth propitious? The sovereigns, framed by dignitaries of the court and Royal Guards, gave an attentive ear, while the congregation stirred uneasily, eager to join the crowds in the streets or be off to the games.

By this time a visitor to Cæsarea might easily forget that he was not in Greece so much had the manners and art of the Hellenes penetrated the capital of the Ptolemy Queen. Berbers it was said were adopting Latin and Greek names, as in Alexandria Egyptians had become metamorphosed into Greeks.

A Greek traveler walked as in a dream. Athens he thought was many leagues behind him, and yet here he gazed

at public buildings and temples constructed in the Greek manner, the language spoken about him was his own, and he was soon to find that the aristocracy, including the court and its nobles, lived according to the Greek mode. He probably arrived with a little swagger, inclined to scoff at the second rate works of art of an African king. But hardly had he walked a hundred paces than he was confronted with a corner that might have been taken out of Greece.

The capital with its luxurious villas and gardens, the rich dress of its inhabitants, its music, theaters, chariot races and general tone of gayety had captured the imagination of the Nomads. The independent tribes, separated by desert and marsh from Roman territory and the Greek influence of Cæsarea, might still be faithful to their national traditions; but not those who had mingled with cultivated Greeks and Romans in the capital, suave of tongue and manner. These young men of the steppes and the dunes, after a sojourn among their people, returned to that delightful civilization so strangely at variance with their own. Inspired and eager for adventure and travel, some men joined the expeditionary forces to see the world.

Groups of people streamed into the Forum from under the colonnades. Jostling each other goodnaturedly they went on, climbing a few steps and across to the theater—the chief amusement of high and low alike.

Pantomime was the ideal theater for the Berber who understood no Latin and little Greek. A gesture of the actor made his meaning clear.... A few wordless scenes taken from the life about him, homely incidents of a foreign land, and that silent drama was born. Traveling companies offered nothing complicated in plot: little dramas like Pagliacci or the Punchinello, essence of buffoonery, invented for people desirous of condensing the emotions of a lifetime into an hour, comprised the repertory. Fix the attention of the public, keep it in suspense and excite in the spectators the most violent

emotion—this was how that Augustan Age diverted the playgoer, now that the age of the classic drama was past.

A traveling company appeared in Cæsarea during the festivals. The Mauretanian Troops stationed nearby had at all times to be furnished with amusements. With them, slapstick comedy, blows and cuffs won highest favor. A type of character had even been created to receive the kicks and thwacks—"the dolt" or buffoon of the troop, a type which has survived down to our own day.

This theater of Cæsarea,[168] according to usage and for economy in construction, was semi-circular and built on a gentle slope which the architect had cleverly utilized, cutting into the flanks of the hill. Streams of people now poured from the southern end of the Forum under its portico. Swaggering charioteers, muscular, iron-jawed gladiators with somber eyes shadowed by the thought of impending doom, Berbers and veterans dashed headlong up the two great outside staircases to the gallery, racing each other to get the best seats in the top rows.

Foreigners stopped to admire the beautiful green and white veined Chenoua marble columns topped by white Corinthian capitals, and the sanctuary which rose above the theater here as did that one in Rome over the Theatre of Pompey. They hung back to gaze in shop windows under the portico, and were amused by the exclamations of a *hetaira,* dallying before a display of vanity boxes, necklaces and perfumes, whose languishing, hopeful glances elicited no response from her escort. A fashionable youth lisping his order for a group of Egyptian songs in a bookshop suggested to a Greek visitor that here was a chance to buy that History of the Theatre by King Juba which he saw on display.

Fair-haired patricians drew their togas away from contact with their inferiors as all pressed through swinging doors into the large paved court decorated with stucco pillars, after the Alexandrian fashion. Here were other shops and the public foyer of the theater. Traversing one of the long arched

corridors, they came out into the orchestra. The distinguished visitors hesitated a moment, then were ushered to seats reserved in the first three rows for people of quality, and separated from the rest of the theater by a stone balustrade.

One entering that theater for the first time would be inevitably struck by the richly decorated wall of white marble veneer that dominated the stage, its triple row of columns with fluted shafts and Corinthian capitals, and statues of the Muses set in niches. And that colossal bust that held a place of honor here—to the eyes of many the classic features of severe beauty coiffed with the elephant head of bronze and ivory tusks personified Africa. But visitors from Egypt disagreed. To them it was Queen Cleopatra Selene, representing herself to her subjects in the Ptolemy headdress adopted by her mother and other queens of Egypt on their coinage.[160]

All this bore evidence of the wealth and impeccable taste of the Mauretanian monarchs. Apparently nothing was overlooked that could be found in other capitals. The African sun blazed outside, but they were comfortably shaded from its heat by an awning.

Men and women of Cleopatra Selene's day were pronouncedly more Rabelaisian. How they rocked with laughter at the trials of the good man, so in love with his charming wanton of a wife that she could persuade him to believe anything,—even in her virtue. Here was no casting down of eyes at the mere mention of sex. That audience greeted each obscenity of word or act with gales of laughter. The ancients understood how to give themselves up to a holiday mood. While the comedy was on, they reveled in that dream world, imagining themselves to be the creatures disporting amorously and shamelessly upon the stage.

The scene in which the husband returns unexpectedly and the lover is obliged to hide in a chest roused the wildest enthusiasm. There was no prudery at cuckoldry; it was the surest method of provoking laughter in that crude audience, intoxicated by love and wine.

Men were wandering about watching the actors and their dressers going in and out of recesses in the great wall. A few stopped to gossip a moment with the wardrobe mistress, Julia Mimesis, whose name suggests that she had been a great actress in her day. A freedwoman of Juba and with money of her own, her love of the theater brought her back to it in any capacity.

As the curtain was rung down on mimes who delighted Berbers as they have ever delighted other peoples, morals took a holiday.

In carnival time there were no meddling restrictions. Wise rulers have always furnished their toiling subjects with these means of occasional escape from bondage. All that diverted the crowd and provoked laughter in the theater was for the sanity of the state and kept governments stable.

The maid deflowered at festival time might hold up her head without fear of scorn. The blame was not hers, but the poet's whose words in the comedy inflamed her ardor and made her reason reel, as with new wine divine. Already eyes had sought her out as an accomplice to pleasure in that vast throng. A shepherd boy at the theater had pressed her close, breathing vows, and murmuring of a sylvan retreat which might enfold them once the curtain fell.

Ah, that night how many youths and maidens sought the Temple of Venus, a little bower curtained by trailing vines, and where, enshrined, a naked, lovely torso of that goddess smiled a benediction upon all lovers.

Sleep did not come to Cæsarea that night... from every garden and café, music, laughter and pledges of lovers floated on the air.

"Where the strait severs Europe from Africa,"[100] in the capital of an African prince and a Ptolemy princess, guests rolled up to the palace in carriages or in litters, blocking the way. A great attendance was expected that night at the banquet given to celebrate the birth of the heir of Maure-

tania, and merry crowds had early stationed themselves about the gates to watch arrivals and comment upon them.

A distinguished visitor passed along the terraces through lines of stalwart Libyan guards, and was received at the palace door by the Master of Ceremonies. His name announced, he stepped from that velvety African night into a room already filled with notables of the town, and strangers attracted by the glamor of Cæsarea. A copper-skinned Egyptian slave offered him a flower. Lingering a moment in the white marble atrium, where soaring columns of purple porphyry supported a ceiling of crystal mosaic, he gazed at the family portraits of the King and Queen hung on a background of Gætulian purple, the King's own dye so admired in Rome, musing that Hercules himself had done no greater labor than this descendant who raised up Greek Civilization where anarchy had reigned.

Attracted by the music of lute, harp, flute and pipe, he wandered on. Everywhere groups of people were chattering with animation. Ordinarily the stranger feels lonely, shy in such a vast assembly, but a freedman, one of those important personages who held the administration of the kingdom in his hands, spying him out, graciously engaged him in conversation. The courtiers had been trained after the fashion in Alexandria, where nothing was omitted that could make time pass pleasantly for guests.

But philosophy is not for the young. The young man's eyes constantly roved in the direction of a little knot of women dressed in snowy white; their undergarments of finest thread and silk were designed to conceal, but their transparency only added to temptation. O lovely Aspasia, O Sappho—a fortune of pearls at their ears, round their necks and in their hair! The melting beauty of these gems but enhanced the loveliness of their wearers. Like was one to that exquisite statuette of ivory, painted in lifelike tints, which stood beside her on a silver chest delicately inlaid with the scales of Indian tortoise.

Laughter was suddenly stilled within the palace. Fearful of having loitered overlong, the young man hastily made his way back to rooms being rapidly emptied; the banquet had commenced. A slave installed him upon a dining couch inlaid with silver and tortoise-shell, decked with gold embroidered hangings, and adjusted under his left elbow a gorgeous purple pillow, stuffed with the softest wool.

Just in time. Advancing down the banquet hall were the King and Queen of Mauretania—a lovely queen in a cobweb gown, robed, it seemed, in a mist of dawn. With them came the captain of the Royal Guards, an administrator of the kingdom, and his staff, unmistakably sons of native nobility. Smiling at the guests and receiving their obeisance, the royal couple seated themselves on the dais which overlooked the hall. Behind Cleopatra stood the faithful Æschinus Antoninius, who had followed her through all the vicissitudes of fortune, to find freedom at last in Mauretania.

The stranger looked about him amazed at the beauty of this room with columns of Phrygian marble. High vaulted, its star-studded ceiling upheld by great arches of green porphyry revealed the African sky; and round its edge projections, artfully devised, held lamps whose flames fanned by scented air, pouring into the room through apertures in walls and ceiling, caused the silver and crystal stars to glitter unceasingly.

Guests gazed with rapture on silver plate, antique marble, bronzes and works of art; and marveled at the gems and Gætulian purple. About the gallery stood magnificent candelabra cunningly wrought into the shape of trees by a master silversmith, and hung with tiny lamps that winked and gleamed like gems. For a moment the guest could distinguish nothing in the flashing panorama before him, a gallery sparkling with a thousand fires.

Men and women added to the dazzling scene, outvying each other in gorgeous apparel. There were garments of that fashionable color of pigeon-blood red, and many other hues,

and some of no fixed color but shot with every shade of the rainbow. Fashion had designed everything to seduce the eye of man. Under the flimsy garments, the eye might watch the play of every muscle, linger caressingly upon the contour of breasts like twin apples, or follow the delicate curve of slightly undulating hip, firm calf and slender ankle....

Hors d'œuvre there were of various kinds, "excitants" that stimulated the appetite: white and black olives, delicately-dressed sausages, asparagus, radishes, and raw cabbage to provoke the desire for wine. Little black Ethiopians wove in and out carrying artistic towers of bread.

Dish upon dish of strange and marvelous foods followed: shellfish and other creatures of the sea which but a short time before men had seen swimming about in crystal bowls, African snails and oysters, followed by ring-doves, capons and ducks, Numidian and Rhodian hens, pheasants, chickens plunged alive into new Falernian wine that they might be more tender, and in the center a gorgeous peacock with tail spread, whose plumage would be shorn in a moment. Slaves now carried in a huge wild boar looking remarkably alive, surrounded by suckling pigs made of some sweet paste. Others bore a great silver platter which held a gazelle, poised as though in flight amid spicy herbs, pale green rue, Cuman and Pompeian kale, far-smelling mint, mallows, and endives.

Soft music soothed the ears of the diners, while the tragedian Leonteus, reciting, recalled to the company that life is short and tedious. Was it not written in the Book of Wisdom that "in the death of man there is no remedy, neither was any one known to have returned from the grave?" Fling round the roses! Let us have costly wines: newly imported wines from the Thebaid made near Captos, or the sweet Sebenytic, white of color and of fragrant bouquet, made according to Atheneus of a grape remarkable for its sweetness.

Cleopatra Selene, reclining on a golden couch upon silken stuffs and brocades, looked on at the revels that followed: jugglers adept in their art, buffoons, clumsy and laughter

provoking, conjurers; and women wooed the heart of the guests with Egyptian airs, and provoked them with Spanish song and dance, to the accompaniment of their guitars. To those watching her, Cleopatra had never seemed more beautiful; but to the more discerning eye there was an aura of sadness about her, as though she were already remote from human contact.

Two little native princes guarded a pet leopard lying at her feet, quiescent until Leonteus approached to receive the compliments of the Queen whose fondness for the people of the theater she had inherited from her father. The beast suddenly reared his head, staring with baleful green eyes at the dismayed actor who had mistaken him for an empty skin!

A streak of dawn banished the orb of night; stars, too, were beginning to fade from the sky. Slaves, overcome by fatigue, had sunk to sleep in corners of the great hall. The last guests took their departure; a few, it must be admitted, not without aid. Many would seek the baths, where walls sparkled with the fire of precious stones, and refresh themselves in pools cut from the Parian marble into which the waters flowed from silver faucets.[101]

Far from the sound of revels, little Ptolemy slept. Bending over him, did Cleopatra Selene see in this infant prince the child who, as Crinagoras prophesied at her wedding, would "rule again over Egypt and Libya with unshaken domination, turning both into one country?" The first rays of the sun, shining through the skillfully treated amber windows set in frames of precious wood, formed an aureole about the child's head. Did it set her adreaming of the conquest begun by Alexander the Great which, taken up by her father Antony and shattered at Actium, might one day be achieved by her son?

CHAPTER XXIII

THE birth of the heir and the founding of a dynasty crystallized Cleopatra Selene's ambitions. What prompted her to fling the name Ptolemy as a challenger into the arena of Roman censorship? Romans stared. Officials grumbled. It seemed a mistake that Rome should ever have sent a daughter of Cleopatra to Africa. Moreover, it furnished a precedent to all kinglets who might think the time now come to assert themselves. It was always difficult to conquer the antipathy Rome manifested to all who wore a crown, as though the very existence of a monarch threatened her own sovereignty.

Juba II read his patron's mind. He had not the same faith as Cleopatra Selene in his star of destiny. He had seen too many falling stars. His Queen might despise him as a cardboard king, because he was satisfied with his kingdom and refused to allow his thoughts to go beyond the frontiers prescribed by Rome. He had received far more than he had hoped for. But Cleopatra was a Ptolemy; they could never receive enough. Now he suspected she was finding Mauretania hardly large enough for her dreams. How many envied him his title of "Friend of Augustus" and his rank? He was proud of the much coveted honor of Roman citizenship conferred upon him.[102] Was he then content to be known as a Roman representative, a "regis amicus"? Where was his pride? It was evident that he was not a Ptolemy! Cleopatra made him feel

this lack in himself. So much so that she gave the kindly, easy-going scholar-king the "Ptolemy obsession."

If the naming of the son of this ambitious, energetic woman filled Augustus with vague apprehensions, no reprimand came from him, at least in public form. Juba, more scholar than politician, he could trust. Although as time went on Juba, under his wife's influence, began to take his kingship more seriously, yet Augustus knew he had been too well broken in ever to deviate from the Roman policy. Not so his wife, daughter of Cleopatra, one of the ablest politicians of her time. In her Augustus might see many a Cleopatra, who would arm this son of hers against him.

Haunted by dreams of greatness, the Queen saw, where the sands of Africa mingled with those of Egypt, a throne waiting for her son to take. Not even his beloved books could always solace the King, trembling lest the long arm of Rome reach out and wrest from them their kingdom. He admired the fearlessness of his wife, but above all he loved peace and security—and these often enough seemed menaced by Cleopatra Selene. The birth of a son and heir was for Juba the natural conclusion of their union, but for Cleopatra it had a deeper significance: to her it announced the resurrection of the Ptolemy dynasty.

Cleopatra's audacity produced a scene in the royal privy chamber. The name Ptolemy might turn the world against them . . . cause them to be pointed out as examples of ingratitude. The King reminded her of the Emperor's clemency. Clemency indeed! When he had stripped her of the throne of Libya to which her father had raised her?

Before, Actium. . . . Now everything they had they owed to him whom "Providence had raised up to ornament so excellently human life, showering him with virtues that he might be a benefactor of men—a Saviour!"[103] Juba may not have been a first-rate poet, but he had inherited the talent for oratory for which the Berbers were renowned.

She who had been envious of her sister's children now,

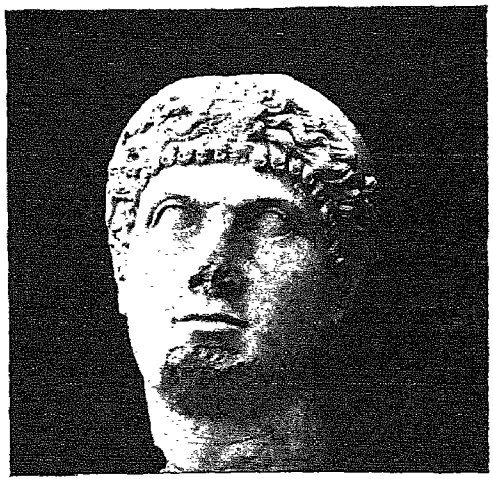
with a new incentive, passed her days with her husband, completing the embellishment of their capital: collecting art treasures, building public works, establishing workshops and founding libraries and museums so that Ptolemy might receive a city worthy of his name. They would hand over to him the richest city in Africa, soon numbering 200,000 souls, where Latin, the language of Rome, was rarely heard except for laws and business of state, and even the Punic aristocracy conversed in Greek.

What hopes this heir represented for the royal couple of Mauretania! There was already something sacred about the young prince: the continuance of the Lagidæ strain in a Mauretanian dynasty founded for him. What might he not do with his power, a descendant of the Ptolemies and of the great Massanissa!

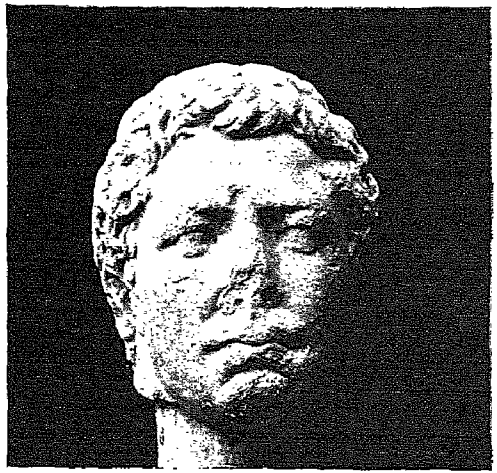
It was with a different eye and proud, too, that they viewed their work, these two. They had given to their subjects riches and culture, and peace of mind in order to enjoy them.[104] How different was this from the kingdom of Judea, and their conception of parenthood from that of the King of the Jews! Juba would raise his son to power, to rule beside him during his lifetime; Herod, jealous of the popularity of his sons, Aristobolus and Alexander, but sought a pretext to put them to death.

Events taking place then in the court of Herod threw into violent contrast that constructive policy in Mauretania. Herod's court was a network of intrigue, and sinister the attitude of ministers and courtiers to the Herodian princes after Herod's visit to Augustus in 12. That they did not share the fate of their mother at that time was only owing to the timely arrival of the King of Cappadocia, called to defend his daughter and her husband, Alexander—a reconciliation of short duration. Death was never far from the children of Mariamne.

Roman authority had on another occasion projected itself into Judean affairs, and checked Herod in his murderous



HEAD OF CLEOPATRA SELENE, TOWARD THE END OF HER REIGN



HEAD OF KING JUBA II, TOWARD THE END OF HIS REIGN

course. He had run the risk of falling into disgrace with Augustus for an expedition sent against the Arabs, for no apparent reason, that high authority declared. All things wait on Rome....

To achieve a dynasty, a few murders were necessary, so Nicolas of Damascus, pleading his patron's case before Augustus, would explain—and obtain his consent to impeach Alexander and Aristobolus. Reading between the lines one sees that this depraved ambassador was even then preparing the Emperor for the news of the foulest deed so far attempted by the royal assassin. Yet like all tragedies foreseen and awaited, this one thrilled the Roman world by its inhumanity.

A mock trial was instituted, and the princes condemned without a hearing. The two boys who had inherited the beauty of their mother were strangled at Sabeste by order of their father. Where were the gods and divine justice? Waiting....

Would fate never crush the enemy of Cleopatra? her daughter pondering over that enmity will ask. In what resided the personal power of Herod which exceeded even that of the Queen of Egypt, who had never succeeded in robbing him of his prestige in Antony's eyes? Alas, that he had not heeded her warning that Herod was a superb but treacherous animal and must be watched! Violent, cruel and unscrupulous, yet he had charmed them one after another: Gabinius, the *âme damnée* of Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Antony, and finally Augustus. Was it not perhaps that each felt an affinity with this man whose methods of conquest so resembled his own? Herod was intelligent enough to realize that he existed by virtue of that same power of Rome. Without it, he was nothing. At the first sign of lagging interest in Rome, he would be rejected by the Jews.

They had hated each other well, Cleopatra and the upstart Arab king. True she had designs upon his state; Palestine was essential in the reconstruction of Egypt and the extension of the Empire. Its possession would have restored Egypt to

its former independence, and guaranteed it against invasion by sea and by land. In 34 with those presents from Antony she had encircled the kingdom of Herod. Some such vision of empire as had Cleopatra and Antony for their children, their daughter and Juba might now be cherishing for their son.

The connection of Nicolas of Damascus with the death of the Herodian princes centered the thoughts of Cleopatra on the similar part he had played in the destiny of her family, of Alexander Helios whom her mother had hoped in 40 to crown King of Jerusalem. Unquestionable power had this Machiavellian Greek over Herod, and that he did not prevent his patron's unfortunate predilection for murder inclined one to the belief that he himself did not altogether disapprove of crimes and vengeance.

Who could restrain a shudder, learning of the last cruelties of this king? Stricken by an incurable disease, he but meditated upon ways and means by which he might make the Jews mourn the day of his death. Agonizing, he instituted a reign of terror. Now he who had betrayed Alexander and Aristobolus was in turn betrayed. Antipater, who truly coveted the throne of his father, was in Rome, but confidence in his star induced him to return—where a prison awaited him. Death haunted Herod. Orders were given, it was said, that the most distinguished of the nation should be confined in the arena at Jericho, and upon his death slain, so that there might be great lamentation on his passing away!

Day and night the palace resounded to his savage howls and blood-curdling cries. Antipater, whose prison was nearby, hearing one day particularly terrifying cries, concluded that his father's last hour had come. He attempted to bribe his jailer to set him free, but Herod, learning of it, gave orders for his execution. Five days later, towards the end of March, 4 B.C., an eclipse of the moon marked the death of the King of Jews. The remark of Augustus, on hearing of his last

outrages, was the laconic condemnation: "It were better to be that man's swine than his son!" [165]

The first shudder of horror past, Rome could review his life more dispassionately. A magnificent villain, a dangerous foe, yet more dangerous as a friend; a mad lover, who, adoring his wife, had put her to death. And a great builder; here was his affinity with Rome. But that which made him the natural ally of Rome caused him to be held in abhorrence by his own subjects.

Let the Romans admire those works that provoked only animosity in the Jews, who groaned at taxes and remained blind to the results obtained: Samaria rebuilt and named Sebaste in honor of the Emperor; temples of Augustus; villages that grew into magnificent cities; Cæsarea . . . for a pagan Emperor. This was not what Israel, vowed to a religious ideal, asked for.

These were the works of an egoist who imagines he will live forever. "Woe to him," says the book of Henoch, "who builds his house by the sweat of his brothers; all the stones of these worldly piles are as so many sins." Herod, King of the Jews . . . but the day of his death would ever be marked up on the Jewish calendar as a day of festival.

But even death was not to disassociate this man wholly from Cleopatra Selene. There was a touch of irony that Juba, like Herod, for the magnificence of his reign, was called "a new Solomon" during his lifetime. But while Herod accumulated riches, built magnificent palaces and dazzled his contemporaries by reconstructing the Temple of God—all was destined to perish save the halo of infamy which surrounded him. Juba did not pin his faith to perishable works: he would survive in the pages of ancient authors even after his own writings had been lost.

The threads of destiny held by Fate, long interwoven, were being ruthlessly cut, one by one. First, the divine Julius, then gallant Antony and the audacious Cleopatra, Marcellus, Alexander Helios, celestial youth, and his mystic prophet,

Virgil; Ptolemy Philadelphus, Agrippa the faithful, the devoted Octavia, Drusus, promising young Imperator, Mæcenas and Horace, "inseparable friends"—all these wandered now with the shades. Herod, too, was at the river Styx. Would he dare intrude upon that divine company?

"In time of stress," Horace warned a friendly reader of that day, "shew thyself bold and valiant! Yet wisely reef thy sails when they are swollen by too fair a breeze!" Cleopatra Selene was too happy. A shadow appeared, small as a man's hand, it might be, but gathering in force. The fortunes of all the children of Antony had been secure until that time when Tiberius had sought a voluntary exile at Rhodes. Did an indefinable fear take possession of Cleopatra, thinking of Julius Antonius, for there was no disguising it from herself that he was directly responsible for that exile. The powerful partisans of Julia rejoiced, claiming Tiberius had left victory behind. Yet that step took on an altogether different significance for this politically minded Queen, aware of the campaign which the ruthless Livia would wage against the enemies of her son.

Augustus made no secret of his displeasure. Tiberius was in disgrace, officials noted, and so, passing into the East, left Rhodes out of their itinerary. This fact Tiberius also noted, and took his revenge when he came into power. The unfortunate King of Cappadocia, literary correspondent and friend of Juba, was one of his first victims. His breach of tact had been to abandon Tiberius, the exile, for the rising star of Caius Cæsar in the East from 1 to 4 A.D.

Drusus dead, and an impenetrable wall between Rome and Rhodes, left Julius Antonius, Julia and her sons the idols of Rome. What strength of purpose the Empress displayed, apparently acquiescing in her husband's will and views, yet not for a moment discontinuing her work, gathering evidence which would bring about the condemnation of her daughter-in-law and the brother of Cleopatra Selene. No sign betrayed her design while attending fêtes in honor of these

two, nor when the young Cæsarean princes were acclaimed. Not even when Tiberius in moody solitude was denied the right to return to Rome to visit her did she show her mother's heart.

Always the solicitous mother-in-law to Julia and suffering the intimacy of Antonius, she gave these mad lovers the impression that they were too secure in their power for even the Empress of Rome to attempt their undoing.

Those in the Empire wise in statecraft might well have asked themselves whether this war of women would not bring about the downfall of the Cæsars. Juba, aging, would live to see mothers espousing the cause of sons, and wives that of their husbands, recoiling before no danger to achieve their ends. The struggle of two houses for the Roman Empire would bring tragedy to all their members and happiness to none. Thereafter the way to that throne would be strewn with dead. Matricide, parricide, infanticide, fratricide—the Imperial annals are an appalling record of crime.

Cleopatra Selene had become acquainted with details of that plot against her brother in the capital. But as one who often had seen "Fortune with shrill whirring of her wings from one man swiftly snatch away the crown; and on another delight to place it,"[166] she was imbued with the philosophy which allowed her to indulge in a daydream that the chance taking-off of Tiberius might easily make Antonius the son-in-law of Augustus. Then would the fortunes of Antony's children mount even higher....

Nemesis with lightning speed and deadliness overtook the son of Antony and the daughter of Augustus. No such scandal had ever stirred Rome. He who had overlooked the transgressions of the daughters of other men, more Cæsar than Cæsar himself, demanded that the daughter of Cæsar be above reproach. The court of Mauretania was transfixed with horror and fear, learning that Augustus had allowed himself to be goaded by Livia into a public denunciation of his daughter.

The closing argument of the Empress had been that

Antonius had compromised his dynasty, the work of years, and that this house which had played at divinity now exposed to the eye of the populace its feet of clay. The disgrace of her brother might easily foreshadow tragedy in the life of Cleopatra. He was accused not only of betraying the Emperor's confidence as the lover of the Princess Julia, but as her partisan to have lent himself to a conspiracy against the Emperor's powers and life. Here was something that could reflect on all the children of Antony, imperiling the Mauretanian dynasty. All might come under the shadow, excepting Antonia the Younger who had long since, with the acumen of the ambitious woman, espoused the cause of the Claudians.

Little time was given Cleopatra to review this situation or to make a plea of clemency for these two or even to cast a first stone. The lovely princess, enemy of none but herself, was dispatched from Rome by night in a covered litter to her exile, accompanied at the last only by her mother Scribonia, the cast-off wife of Augustus. What an end for the idol of Rome! A living death upon a barren rock, deprived of the luxuries and homage which were to her the breath of life. Death alone would not satisfy Livia's hatred. Julia's name was erased from the annals, as Cleopatra Selene's father's had been. Augustus' last decree in regard to this daughter, whom he had loved as his second self, was that she should not be allowed to repose beside him in the royal mausoleum. Julia was to be as one who had never lived.

The supreme shock to Cleopatra was the suicide of Julius Antonius, though some thought he had been put to death by order of Augustus. That her brother was a traitor, she could not accept: Augustus, too, soon after came to realize that he had been imposed upon by his enemies. Her pride in her family was to be justified: the name of Julius Antonius was not erased from the *Fasti*, last disgrace ordinarily inflicted upon noble criminals. The device of that family of Antony might have been "All is well lost for love!"

Augustus never forgave Julia. He was the type of man who, committing an error, obstinately tries to justify it. Yet the many petitions of the Roman people to have her recalled drew from him that confession of his faulty judgment and lack of balance: "Ah, this would never have happened if Mæcenas and Agrippa had lived!"[107] Here was the key to his character and to his reign.

Cleopatra must with some trembling have envisaged the future of the heir of Mauretania. She was a kinswoman of the Emperor true enough, and stood high in the Empress' favor, but would Livia ever be able to disassociate her from Antonius? Nor could she count on the support of Tiberius who had always evinced more than ordinary friendship for her, for he himself was at this moment powerless. She could not know that the astrologer Thrasyllus, residing at Rhodes with his master, was casting the horoscopes of his enemies and rivals—of the Cæsars, Caius and Lucius, possibly of Augustus himself; and following the stars, Tiberius was given an inkling that they were playthings of destiny, and that all these tragedies would have a happy ending for him.

Cleopatra was brought to believe that there was no stability of fortune, and in the last year of the old era she was distraught, thinking that apart from her sisters, she was bereft of high protection at Rome. These apprehensions were dispelled a few months later by Juba's appointment to the staff of Caius Cæsar, son of Agrippa and Julia and adopted son of Augustus, about to be sent on a mission to the East. The selection of Juba to accompany the heir to the throne not only signified that the sovereigns of Mauretania did not come under the ban of the Emperor's displeasure, but it had, as we shall see, a deep political significance. Rome did nothing by chance.

Uprisings in some quarters of the Empire were evidence that Augustus' reign had not convinced all men that this was the promised Golden Age. It was precisely in the Orient where the prestige of Antony had been greatest that the

murmurs were loudest. A hostile movement among the Parthians and revolts in Armenia decided Augustus to send the young Imperator there in the year 1 A.D. with a numerous force and extensive powers to settle affairs.

The presence of Juba, a kinsman, with Caius Cæsar would be a subtle reminder to Eastern peoples that Augustus still shared his power with Antony, their favorite, through his children. One was a ruling queen over a strategic point in the Empire, a most vital part to Rome, Africa. Whereas a granddaughter would be twice a queen, both times in kingdoms where Antony had established the present occupants on the throne. This is the reason that "the Mauretanian Juba, who wrote an account of the expedition, was probably an attendant upon it."[108]

The Emperor, too, may have contemplated at this time some extension of the limits of the Empire on the side of Arabia, a renewal of the project which Gallus had failed to accomplish. A commission received by Juba for a work on Arabia which could serve as a guide for the young commander confirms this. That the history of Arabia was written before and not after the expedition seems now well established, although it is not unlikely that additions were made after personal observations in a revision for publication after his return. The expedition never reached Arabia; but Juba's work had taken in most of the Orient, so that in any event his sojourn there was useful to him.

King Juba of Mauretania set out for the East in the year 1 A.D., while Cleopatra, recognized sovereign of Mauretania, was entrusted to rule alone over these African kingdoms.

CHAPTER XXIV

AUGUSTUS, in the first year of the new era, reviewing his work undoubtedly found it good. The Empire then extended over every coast and island of the Mediterranean, excepting only the independent kingdom of Mauretania,[169] where Cleopatra ruled, alone.[170]

The daughter of a great Greek queen, and like her nurtured on Greek culture, was herself now enthroned in a Greek capital and surrounded by scholars and courtiers whose chief aim it would be to create an "inimitable life" for the last of the Ptolemies. This being so it would indeed be strange if Rome with the passing years had not receded into the background of Cleopatra's consciousness, and that the image of her consort also was somewhat dimmed as time elapsed and he did not return.

Was it mere dalliance at the side of a king's daughter or weightier affairs of state that held Juba in thrall from 1 to 4 A.D.? There is a lack of exact data to clarify the history of events taking place during those years. Gossip must have dogged the footsteps of Juba in the East as the husband of the daughter of the renowned Triumvir. The prestige of Antony was still great in the Orient. More than one reigning monarch there owed his throne and name to him; and Archelaus, King of Cappadocia, literary colleague of Juba, owed his throne to his beautiful mother Glaphyra who,

wiling away an amorous hour or two with Antony, had obtained a kingdom for her son.

Glaphyra, her granddaughter, was beautiful, and though no longer young, still fascinating—and frail. Juba was a Berber, an amateur of beauty, and Mauretania was far away. A marriage according to Eastern law—Eastern kingdoms permitted more than one wife—may, as Josephus the historian records, have taken place. But no more than Octavia had stood in her mother's way did Glaphyra now stand in Cleopatra's way. A liaison or a political "combinazione," at which Rome was so adept, and suggested at this time by the young Caius Cæsar, Governor of the East—the rôle played by Glaphyra in her husband's life cast no shadow on Cleopatra Selene's diademed brow.[171] She was far too preoccupied with what was going on at Rome to notice what was taking place behind the scenes of Cappadocia. Cleopatra, faithful to her blood, was then preparing to show the world in one spectacular gesture how ineffectual had been the much vaunted Roman education of a Ptolemy under the supervision of Augustus.

How eloquent can be the coinage of the realm! Outward expression of a ruler's secret thoughts about himself, or the ambitions of a state for its place in the sun. It had recorded the justifiable considerations of Antony for a hereditary Queen of Egypt, as well as his complacence before an egoistical Fulvia determined to share the honors of the Triumvirate, and reveals Cleopatra Selene in her lifetime exacting from Rome consideration of her rank as she does to-day her place in history....

Coins "are the books that do not lie."[172]

History is carried on in the blood, it is said, as well as in the mind. The Hellenistic dynasties, in which the women played so powerful a part, especially in Egypt, were to be revived when in Greek the name of Cleopatra Selene appeared alone on the coinage of Mauretania. Condescension of the Imperial government, some would assert; Augustus' con-

sideration for a kinswoman, others claimed. But was she not a Julii? The mother of Antony as well as Augustus belonged to this family, and the House of Julius Cæsar was now sacred. Cleopatra boldly usurped the right to issue her own money as a Ptolemy Queen.[178]

What would Rome say? Frowning Proconsuls and Senators apprehensively studied those coins upon which the portrait of the Queen alone was graved: Was another Cleopatra to rise from the ashes of the last Queen of Egypt?

Ruling the last independent kingdom, as her mother had ruled the only country free from Roman domination, Cleopatra Selene could let her hopes run high—not without reason in these years when mutinous rumors were heard in the Eastern provinces of Rome.

Roman power was crumbling. Augustus could no longer conceal from himself nor from others that the Empire was again threatened. Revolts and many aimless whisperings of change of heart in recent years had forced him to adopt a policy of mildness. "His figure lost its grace and his government its brilliance" as opposition continued to grow. But a few short years and he would have to accept the *coup d'état* in Armenia of the dethroned vassal king of Parthia, whose servility to Rome had undermined him with his subjects and allowed King Artaban III of Media to overthrow him. By the Armenian revolution the Parthian had retrieved his royal honor and a throne. But the Roman protectorate over the Parths fell—and this time, forever. Augustus renounced the campaign in Arabia. He was feeling too old and tired ever again to become involved in Eastern affairs. Moreover, a moral effect was all that could be expected from such an expedition. With Romans established permanently in Egypt, commerce was being more and more diverted from the cost of Arabia towards Egyptian ports on the Red Sea. He asked for no more. And on the Rhine, destiny would assert itself by the disaster of Varus....

Now his very House fell when the young Imperator

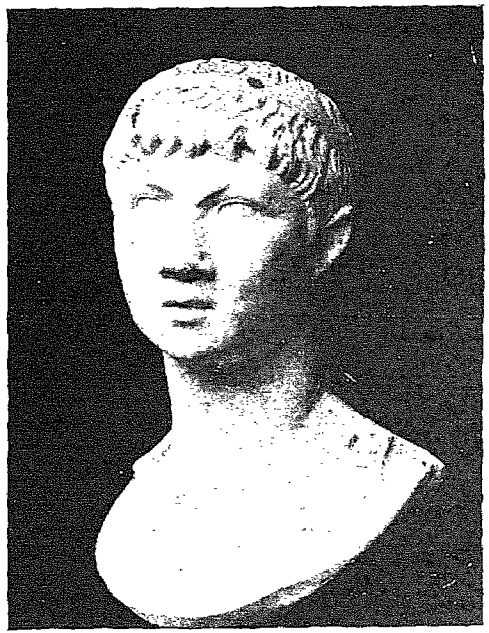
Caius Cæsar,—sent into the restless East on a diplomatic mission, which was to accept Rome's decrees and to look more favorably upon her administration,—succumbed from a wound treacherously received in the course of a campaign in Armenia in 4 A.D. The circumstances of his death remained obscure, as did those of his brother Lucius Caius, dead in 2 A.D. at Massilia (Marseilles), like Alexander Helios, "from some unknown malady." Under Claudius one became cognizant of the important and often criminal rôle played by doctors at the Imperial court. Juba and his faithful physician Musa hastily recalled to Mauretania by news of a serious revolt in Numidia left the poisoner's work easy.[174]

There had been sporadic outbreaks in Africa, but these had been more or less successfully dealt with by L. Sempronius Aratinus in 21 B.C.; by Corneulius Balbus in 19 who had pushed the line back as far as Ghadames and Fezzan; and by L. Passienus Rufus in 3 A.D. There had been no unusual acts of violence in Mauretania. Seasonal raids by plundering Gætulians from the Sahara regions were accepted by the agricultural population—as they accepted the plagues of locusts—with Berber fatalism. But the Queen, brought up on stories of Alexandrine mutinies and the knowledge that her own parents' change of fortunes was due to revolt and desertions, naturally sought to discover hidden causes of unrest. Addressing Berber chieftains in Punic perhaps, as her mother would have done, she questioned them about the restless mountain tribes and the nomads of the desert. The latest revolt, while it was regarded as more serious than the others, seemed not dangerous so long as it was confined to Numidia. Cæsarea harbored no refractory elements and the territory round about was under the protection of the royal troops.

The Regency had been a happy period for Mauretania, and Juba's absence was not greatly marked by his subjects. Cleopatra as Regent was popular—a queen is always popular with her subjects when gold is flowing into her realm. And coins from Gaul, Italy and Spain were ample evidence of the



PTOLEMY AS KING OF MAURETANIA



THE CROWN PRINCE PTOLEMY, SON OF CLEOPATRA SELENE AND JUBA II

extension of trade. In the Fora of those cities with which Juba traded, merchants and moneychangers were curiously remarking a new coin engraved with the horn of plenty and trident, evidence to them that the maritime port of Cæsarea was prosperous and the country's wealth increasing. It was Juba's acknowledgment to the world shortly after his return from the East of the growth of commerce in those years when Cleopatra Selene was sole sovereign of Mauretania.[175]

But it was not easy for the monarchs to thrust away the idea of revolt. What if their subjects joined forces with the Numidians? Revolt spreads like wildfire. And the Romanization of Juba was a thorn in Berber nationalism.

Theologians versed in the psychology of peoples, to whom Cleopatra Selene communicated her fears, may have recalled to her that Cæsarion was brought forward and associated with her mother as ruler, at an even tenderer age than the young Ptolemy. And it was undeniably true that if the young Ptolemy ascended the throne of Mauretania, it would only be by virtue of his mother's rank. This bitter truth had been borne in upon Juba when he had stopped at charmed Athens "to hunt for truths in the groves of Academe."[176] Elated when the citizens had proposed to erect a statue to him in the Ptolemy Gymnasium there, his mood rapidly changed to chagrin. He had been singled out for this honor as the husband of a Ptolemy princess! Cleopatra's daughter, the same passionate will to insure the scepter passing from father to son prevailed in her.

The appropriate time for the gesture of bringing her son forward as a crown prince to his people would be the occasion of the Cæsarean games given in 5-6 A.D.[177] Juba softened that gesture by issuing a coin bearing the capricorn, sign of Augustus, and a globe, rudder and horn of plenty, signifying the scholar-king's belief that no harm could come to them while Augustus was at the helm, guiding the world.[178] Although these two did not realize it, that year of 6 A.D. was to be the most memorable of Juba's life.

Cleopatra astutely chose this time for an assertion of her own power. Family reports that Augustus, never robust in health, had been deeply affected by the death of his last heir, was enough to provoke speculation. What if death was suddenly to take him away too? Would there again be revolution in Rome? A glance at Agrippa's map on the library wall revealed no contours obstructing the plan she then entertained of "turning Egypt and Libya into one country" over which her son Ptolemy and his heirs would "ever again rule with unshaken dominion." Strike off now the coin of Helios and Selene, planets that rule the earth! Cleopatra was measuring her kingdom and not finding it great enough for her designs.

The priesthood of Isis prevailed upon Cleopatra while Regent to introduce the cult of the Ptolemies into Africa.[179] Universal empire the hierarchy had held out to Cleopatra, Cæsar and Antony. What inducement made it worth her while to run contrary to Roman opinion bent on exterminating for good and all the accursed of Isis in the Capital? Was she cherishing the secret hope that the African empire which Juba's father held almost within his grasp on the eve of the Battle of Thapsus might in her son's lifetime become a fact? An offer to support Ptolemy against all enemies once he should come to the throne might easily win over the ambitious Mother-Queen.

The hour was propitious for Isis! There was a growing tendency in the provinces, wily theologians pointed out, toward universalism—that religious formula which the priesthood had given to the Ptolemies and later to Antony. Although the annalists did not record their exact arguments, the world would realize how eloquently the envoys of the goddess pleaded her cause when the dedication medal with a Temple of Isis graved upon it was in circulation.

The Cult of Isis had received many setbacks, but like the onset of Rome, nothing long hindered it. It embodied in itself those same forces of Christ, that diverted from one center focused upon another. After the fall of Egypt, Rome was

satisfied that along with Antony and Cleopatra, the Alexandrine gods had been vanquished, and men vouched that they had heard, "the Great God Pan is dead!" But, persecuted in the years that followed Actium, the religion of Isis had grown in intensity and power. As the secret societies extended their membership, particularly among the women of Rome, Augustus began to take heed. Master of the material destiny of the Empire, he also saw himself becoming its spiritual head. God and Augustus were to be associated in the minds of his subjects. Any other religious union would rob him of some part of their allegiance.

The Emperor's position had been rather delicate. He could not ignore that the followers of Isis included many of his own friends and their servants, and that in Cleopatra Selene he had had in his own household not only an ardent disciple of the ancient religion,—one who had been brought up to fulfill the functions of a high priestess, but one whose very birth had been attended with the magic of that religion's prophecies. It was no secret in Rome that many of the people who surrounded Julia were adepts, and no one know whether or not Cleopatra had not before her departure for the shores of Mauretania, converted Antonia to the cult of her ancestors.

Augustus kept his own counsel, and refrained from punishing those cases of "heresy" that were brought to his attention. In matters of religion as of state, the Emperor followed his cautious way, realizing that persecution would only add fire to the burning ardor of fanatics who wished to hear and see the Isiac priests. Time and patience would take care of any religious fusion as it seemed to be doing in the case of the fissure in the state between Imperialism and republican opposition.

Isis rules Rome, said Ovid. Was it, perhaps, with a view to propitiating the Isiac cult and bringing it secretly under the wing of the Imperial dynasty, that Augustus had taken care to heap honors on his young Egyptian ward? Those Cleopatras left their trail. A reason given out later for Ovid's

exile was that he had surprised the Empress Livia in the performance of one of the Isiac rites.

However, on the surface, in deference to Roman susceptibilities, Augustus discouraged the Isiac cult as much as was compatible with a reign dedicated to "freedom," peace and prosperity. And it was known that he himself frowned upon the Egyptian cult, as was quite natural, considering that Antony and Cleopatra had been invested with divine descent from its gods.

Cleopatra Selene built a temple to the goddess Isis in Cæsarea. Juba did not protest, or if he did, he was forced to accede to the desires of his Queen. His position in the matter was rather delicate. His very name Caius Julius Juba indicated that he ought not really to run counter to the will of his patron, Augustus . . . but Cleopatra followed the dictates of her conscience, and Juba followed the dictates of his mettlesome Queen. What if he was not of the Isiac faith himself, his own allegiance having been for a long while with the Pythagorians? In this, as in so many things, the will of the Queen brooked no interference. And her Temple to Isis was reared almost, it would seem, in defiance of the Emperor's probable disapproval.

Behind the introduction of the Ptolemy cult into Mauretania, moved the mysterious figures of the Egyptian hierarchy. In Cæsarea, Alexandrines were wandering about the city and stopping before doors to ask for charity, as they had done in Rome. In Alexandria, Alexander had built temples for the divinities of all nations, and Cleopatra Selene, following his example, planned temples in her Capital to Tanit, Moon Goddess of Africa, to the gods of Latium, and to the newest religion of all,—Cult of the Emperors. But her devotion to Isis took first place in her thoughts, inspired by the Ptolemaic idea of the amalgamation of religions and races, which she had inherited from her mother, and which the Egyptian priesthood never allowed her to forget.

The foundation stone of the temple was probably laid

before Roman citizens learned that Isis, banished by law from their city, had found an overt shrine in Cæsarea.[180] No expense was to be spared for the temple—a Ptolemy trait! And its importance to the Alexandrine hierarchy was too great not to have them lend all their support to the designs of the young sovereign.

With the introduction of the cult of Isis into her kingdom, Cleopatra Selene seemed on the way to realize those designs she had long been contemplating, in her secret heart. She was building a new Alexandria, across whose stage she would walk like the great Cleopatra of Egypt. In every way she could, she followed the outward manifestations of her mother's inner character.

The sojourn of the children of Cleopatra and Antony in the Imperial household was having far-reaching consequences. The Temple of Isis erected in Mauretania prepared the way for that one soon to rise in the Campus Martius in Rome. Hardly would Tiberius give up the ghost before Cleopatra Selene's nephew Caligula accorded official recognition to her cult.

Cæsarea, heart of a barbaric kingdom, was witness now to the "moving fêtes of Isis," the imposing processions' which everywhere insured "that goddess a brilliant triumph." As this was an unparalleled occasion to dazzle the eyes of all beholders, Egyptian priests, who delighted in religious ritual, invoked this pomp in a memorable ceremony.

Given that mania of Cleopatra Selene to unearth every ancient custom of her country, it was natural for her to add a college of priests in her own honor. Had not Cleopatra III, her ancestress, added five all at once for herself alone? And she was ready like her mother to officiate as High Priestess and perform the rites in her own temple.

Mother of Gods, so the priests on that day might flatteringly name Cleopatra Selene for spreading the goddess' word. The establishment of this temple of Isis announced to faithful followers that the way of that religion was at last open in

Africa under the patronage of the daughter of Cleopatra the Great, on whom the occasion shed an added glory and gave to her reign a still greater importance.

The appropriate fête of the Vessel of Isis was decided upon to celebrate the formal consecration. Ovid had sung of "Parætonium, in the voluptuous fields of Canopus, in Memphis, in Pharos, where palms abound, in the center of the region where the rapid Nile glided along its wide course." It was here that Cleopatra Selene's thoughts turned when she wished to obtain a High Priest of Cæsarea. She would never visit Philæ, nor glide over the waters of the Nile again, but here beside the waters of the Mediterranean, the Ptolemy apartments in Bruchium could be reproduced in miniature, and upon a hill a pyramid might challenge the gaze and quicken the mind, reminding the passerby of those "kings of kings" who had defied death in Egypt by constructing imperishable monuments and a temple of dazzling whiteness for Isis.

From one or another of those temples that cover the shores of the Nile, where her forefathers were named "Ammon," dearest to Osiris, and "favourite of Ptah," came that holy man, clad in a leopard skin and wearing a lock of hair pendant on one side of his head, to officiate at the dedication ceremonies of the Temple of Isis.

The ceremony, long and carefully prepared for, was as brilliant and unforgettable as Cleopatra Selene could make it. As the sun rose, banishing darkness, the streets were replenished with people "going in a religious sort and in great triumph." Forum and porticos poured forth expectant throngs. Men and women appeared in that steel-gray atmosphere like brightly colored figures on a Babylonian carpet, to watch the "saving goddess trimphantly march forward," trading herbs whose sweet-scented odor mingled with the balm and other precious ointments dropped in the ways by white-garbed women; to admire the regal spear-bearer and hunter and that one costumed like a gladiator; to smile at the

figure attired in robe of silk and socks of gold, with long hair fixed upon his head with fine ornament, who walked delicately in his woman's guise. Vergers bore rods before a magistrate attired in purple. With witty malice priests, like those Greek comic poets, had invested one with mantle, staff and slippers —and the beard, "as long as any goat's," signified to the crowds a philosopher! [181]

The press was great in the streets and before the temple. Officers and beadles cried room for the goddess to pass. Pipes and flutes in the most pleasant measures accompanied her, and a fair company of youth in festal array sang both meter and verse with comely grace which some studious poet had made by favor of the Muses. Friends of the Queen, courtiers, and men and women of all stations and of every age, the initiates clad in garments of whitest linen, followed her. Blowers of trumpets dedicated unto mighty Serapis gave forth a ditty proper to the temple and the god; and now at last did Berbers in Mauretania—like Ovid at Rome—hear that shrill music of the sistra and for the first time see the strange animal gods of Egypt. The priests, leaders of the sacred rites, bore along the relics of all the most puissant gods: a golden lantern shining forth with a clear light; a palm tree with leaves cunningly wrought of gold; a round vessel of gold in form of a breast whence milk flowed. But the most revered of all was he who carried closed in a golden coffer the secrets of their glorious religion. . . . No longer secret to Cleopatra Selene. . . . To those who mount a throne, such mysteries are made known.

The procession approached the seacoast. In reverent silence the priest launched the bark of Isis.

Music filled the temple, for Isis and Serapis found music acceptable, nay, even required it of their votaries. The chant rose in the clear air, fearlessly, triumphantly, as the procession climbed the steps of the white marble temple.

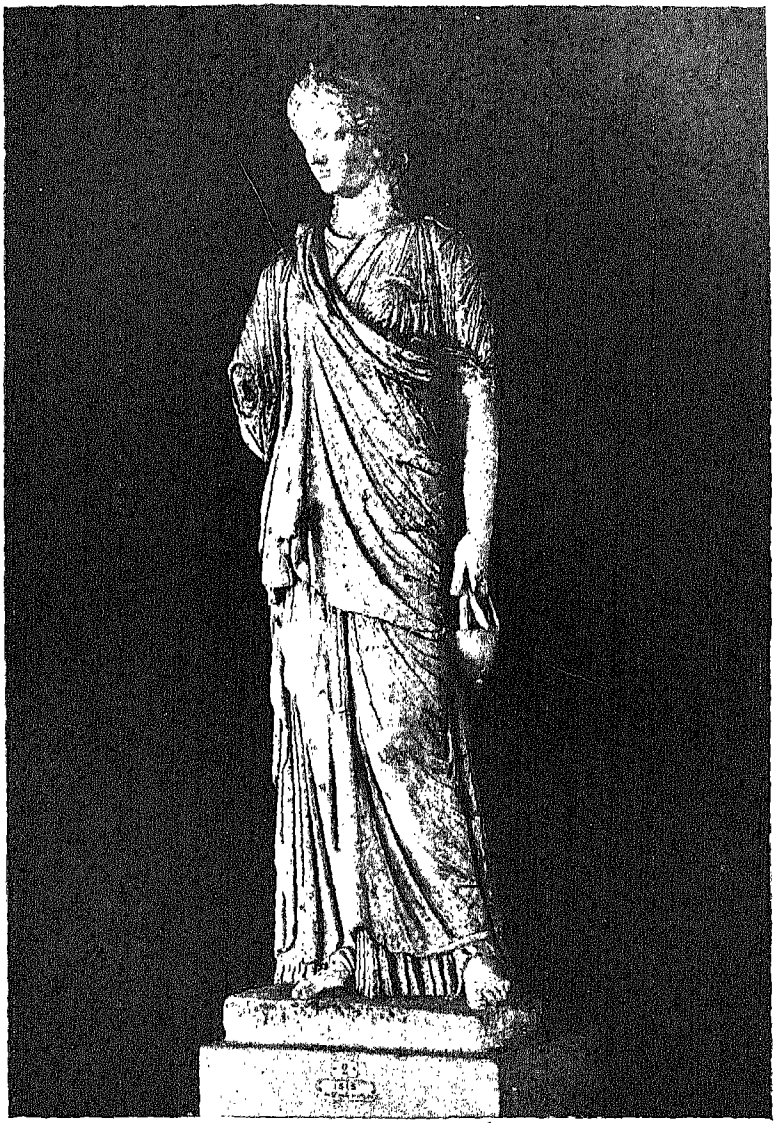
The seven ages of men were there: children and maidens, bearing trays of figs, dates, grapes and golden fruits, covered with cool dark leaves to preserve their dewy moisture. Frugal,

homely matrons pressed onward, eager to bring their gifts most useful and grateful to man. A cripple and his shriveled old wife, bowed from over-long bending above the cruel earth, brought reverently herbs and roots to place upon the altar. How painfully she climbed the long flight and with what solicitude he, the infirm, passed his arm about her shoulder.

Silence fell upon the worshipers. Slowly and on foot, between double rows of Libyan guards, the Queen advanced. Romans in that assembly thought of the meeting of Tarsus when the Queen of Egypt, Aphrodite-Isis, had come to revel with Antony Dionysus, as they saw the daughter of those mad lovers now in the traditional dress of Isis.

Like the goddess,* "First she had a great abundance of hair, flowing and curling, dispersed and scattered about her divine neck; on the crown of her head she bare many garlands interlaced with flowers, and in the middle of her forehead was a plain circlet in fashion of a mirror, or rather resembling the moon by the light that it gave forth; and this was borne up on either side by serpents that seemed to rise from the furrows of the earth, and above it were blades of corn set out. Her vestment was of finest linen yielding divers colors, somewhere white and shining, somewhere yellow, like the crocus flower, somewhere rosy red, somewhere flaming; and (which troubled my sight and spirit sore) her cloak was utterly dark and obscure covered with shining black, and wrapped round her from under her left arm to her right shoulder in manner of a shield, part of it fell down, pleated in most subtle fashion, to the skirts of her garment so that the welts appeared comely. Here and there upon the edge thereof and throughout its surface the stars glimpsed, and in the middle of them was placed the moon in mid-month, which shone like a flame of fire; and round about the whole length of the border of that goodly robe was a crown or

* From Apuleius: "The Golden Ass." Translation by W. Adlington. Loeb Library, 1915.



Photograph by H. Eichacker, Algiers

ISIS

From a statue in the Museum at Cherchel

garland wreathing unbroken, made with all flowers and all fruits. Things quite diverse did she bear: for in her right hand she had a timbrel of brass, a flat piece of metal curved in manner of a girdle, wherein passed not many rods through the periphery of it; and when with her arm she moved these triple chords, they gave forth a shrill and clear sound. In her left hand she bare a cup of gold like unto a boat, upon the handle whereof, in the upper part which is seen best, an asp lifted up his head with a wide-swelling throat. Her odoriferous feet were covered with shoes interlaced and wrought with victorious palm."

Romans also recalled that day when the Sun God and Moon Goddess walked in chains beside the statue of the New Isis in the streets of Rome. "*Io, Triumpe!* Hail, God of Triumph"... on that day Isis was mute, and none pleaded for the little captive. But the devout had known that Isis was biding her time.

In mute adoration they watched the Queen pass. The priestesses, following at reverential distance with the golden dogs, symbols of her family, and the hemispheres over which Cleopatra the Great, Cæsar and Antony had sworn to rule—the hawk, who was the sun, as the ibis was the moon—they disappeared under the portals. Which priestess is she who to-day at Cherchel fixes attention with her stony gaze?

Queen Cleopatra approaching the altar, drew aside the veil reposing on the sacred ark that the emblems of life and stability might be glimpsed by the pious multitude. None would ever succeed in rending all these veils hiding the mysterious Isis.

In ecstasy the mass surged forward to lay at the feet of the goddess of a Hundred Names that which he most prized: rich vestments, jeweled girdles, bracelets offered by mothers and maidens with their prayers; rows of necklaces glittered on the neck of the goddess.

Children, clinging to the knees of their mothers, whimpered softly, half-suffocated in the heat that rose in waves;

incense, fruit, flowers mingled with that strong odor exuded in moments of passion and religious fury....

Youths and maidens offered their chaplets to the deities. Pale patricians, draped in rich silks which indicated their caste, moved with a stately grace through throngs of sun-burned farmers' wives who eyed them, envying the dazzling whiteness of their skin. But any coquette in the Empire could now purchase that substance from the banks of the Nile that whitened the darkest complexion.

A beautiful Thaïs moved with grace toward that goddess most indulgent to lovers, followed by the avid gaze of men. With an inward take of breath they saw her, a Tanagra that has stepped from the sculptor's world into life. She bent and placed an alabaster vase filled with precious ointment at the foot of the altar. She remained, watching. In the young men's eyes was desire, and in the glances of the old standing there... regret.

The temple emptied and worshipers left for the "pleasures and popular delectations" of the town. The Berbers that day saw the "meek and tame bear in matron's habit carried on a stool, and an ape with a bonnet of woven stuff on his head and covered with saffron lawn," clowning the Phrygian shepherd Ganymede. Who turning about a public square in North Africa has not some time come upon similar tricked-out beasts? Alone that ass with "wings glued to his back" at which Apuleius laughed well has vanished.

The emotions of the last hours had revived Cleopatra Selene's past, and she was loath to quit that holy place. Images passed before her vision, companions of her childhood days in Alexandria. Petoubast... she stood before the black basalt statue of the young High Priest. The presence of this statue of the last of a great family of priests and friends of her fathers in Cæsarea was one of the strongest links with her past.[182]

His father Pshereni-Ptah had given "instructions for the consecration of the Horus at the time of the birth of the sun-

god in the Golden House," and presided over her own divine birth. Was it his son Petoubast that at the coronation ceremonies in Alexandria placed upon the head of Cleopatra Selene the crown of Libya?

There is a hint of tragedy here. By strong coincidence the fourteen-year old Petoubast, High Priest of Memphis, passed into the halls of death on the very day Augustus made his triumphal entry into Alexandria in 30 B.C. Areius, observing that Cæsarion was one Cæsar too many, may have seen also in the youthful prophet a leader of the opposition who might one day attempt to restore the fallen Ptolemy dynasty. Conquerors came and went, but the priests enjoyed everlasting *reign over the peasants or fellahin of Egypt.*

By what devious ways had destiny brought her to a throne! Let Petoubast and all the gods smile approvingly upon her this day who, pure of faith, had established the cult of Isis in Mauretania.

As shadows deepened, the Queen set forth in her chariot; Petoubast would keep vigil in her temple. Soon the bare walls would be covered with beautiful stele, friezes and columns. Even death had a beautiful shrine in this city. How many stones would bear the engraved crescents tipped with a star—reminiscent of Selene and Helios—offered by grateful worshipers! Youth and age departed to the Shades. . . .

The foundation of the Alexandrine faith in Cæsarea showed the prestige of Cleopatra Selene in Rome where Roman authority had declared war against it. It introduced, too, a new note into the relations of Caius Julius Juba with Augustus.

CHAPTER XXV

HAVING followed Cleopatra Selene through the perilous steps of a life overshadowed with tragedy, one approaches her declining years with a kind of poignant trepidation. Poetic justice demands that hopes so courageously fostered, ambitions so tenaciously maintained, should culminate in triumph. For years the Cleopatras, first mother, then daughter, had been ridden by a grandiose obsession. With Augustus' victory, their cause had seemed forever doomed. But time, tact, charm—even genius—had won back some of the lost prestige. Was there still a chance? Cleopatra Selene was daring to believe so as she supervised the education of her little son. And one thinks of this period of her life as the wonderful glow at sunset before darkness sets in. Everything she had desired and schemed for had come to her at last: a rich kingdom; a consort who was not only a master of the arts of peace and war but one of the leading historians of this era; and a son who would carry on the Ptolemy line. The heir was a strange mingling of Ptolemy, Roman and Moorish blood. Adolescent portraits and those of later years reveal him as a handsome prince, reverting more and more with the years to the Berber type.[188]

Upon an eminence overlooking the sea, terraces carpeted in flowers and fragrant groves offered a cool and shady refuge for Selene and the court against an African sun: cloisters

of verdure for the peripatetics of grave philosophers. In bosquets and bowers of roses the Queen and her ladies sat, while beside them romped Ptolemy and the court pages, children of the Punic nobility and young hostages, black-eyed, dark-skinned sons of Gætulian kings, who would help him lead an "inimitable life" of his own when he arrived at manhood.

Wearied of games they came to repose at the feet of the Queen, the panting, short-legged Alexandrine dog—rather like a modern Basset—whose long ears tempted plump, princely hands, lying quiet now beside the slim, aristocratic hound that followed its royal mistress like a shadow.

In the court library scholars had compiled legends and folklore of Mauretania. And as the African day spent its heat, storytellers would enthrall the company with tales of supernatural worlds, of the Atlas and its mysterious life and the exploits of Hercules and the heroes of ancient Libya. For the little boy on whom she pinned all her hopes, Cleopatra would revive memories of her childhood, the games another Ptolemy had played in the palace at Alexandria, of the triumph there when she had been given the sovereignty of Cyrenaica, the story of Iotope, fiancée of Alexander Helios—dreaming perhaps of a future day when she would welcome to Mauretania a high-born daughter-in-law.

There was nothing pertaining to her ancestors and childhood that the Queen of Mauretania had not gleaned from the old volumes that filled the shelves of her library and in conversations with the learned men of her court. Tales with which nurses and attendants had helped to fill her own imaginative youth she now retold to her son, while Aeschinus and his brother Faustus, doting, recounted the fabulous stories of his grandfather Marc Antony.

When heroic tales began to pall on the child, the Queen, whose mother instincts had been awakened at a precocious age when she had had two helpless brothers to comfort, would

charm him with some age-old lullaby accompanied by the sweet music of the harp.

In the Iseum[184] there were scientists to inculcate in the youth a love of natural history, if he had not already been born with a predilection for this study. And here was a collection of fossils and other curiosities like the crocodile which delight all youth, whether prince or commoner. The Iseum and the temples of Isis, which had been built in virgin soil to propagate the religion of her family, sheltered priests and scholars unwilling that she should forget the ardor of her mother who had revived the fires of a waning cult of the Muses of her day. A queen who had spent her treasure upon scholars, who had vast designs—only to lose the scepter. Her death, men said, had marked the decline of the majesty of kings. The Queen of Mauretania was a Ptolemy, and the Iseum, more modest than the museum of Alexandria, would be the point of departure of all art and letters in North Africa.[185]

What a thrilling day was that when the boy was initiated by Juba into the arts of venery, setting out for the chase with his pet lion beside him, like a Pharaoh of old. For Cleopatra Selene it evoked the picture of Alexander Helios riding out from that Syrian hunting lodge with their father Antony.

The heir might have been seen any day in the streets of his capital, accompanied by one of the huge white Canaria dogs which had been brought home as a curiosity from the Canary Islands.[186] Worshiping, the populace followed with their eyes their future ruler, a real Berber, not a semi-Roman like his father.

Seeing thus the young Ptolemy, did Cleopatra in one of those prophetic flashes know that she would never see him arrayed in the toga of manhood, nor be there when he achieved the full promise of youth and ascended the throne?

The sensibilities of this Queen had been developed by the vicissitudes of fortune, by her culture and possibly by a natural leaning toward mysticism. Did she have a presentiment that she was entering upon the twilight of her life, as

she went with Juba to visit that completed monument which countryfolk had already named the "Tomb of the Queen?" [187]

The indomitable energy exercised by Cleopatra Selene to create a setting which could remind her and others of Alexandria causes one to overlook the fact that she, too, may have been small and delicately built like her mother. In her adventurous life great demands had been made upon that frail physique; and she had known great changes physically and mentally. Born into a warring world, she had undergone captivity, the shock of her father's suicide and the tragedy of her mother's death within a few days.

For the most robust, Africa with its violent changes in climate is most taxing to strength and temper. Spring rains and inundations that swept houses, cattle and sometimes men away; summer drought when at times the vast, high-ceilinged rooms of the palace could not offer shelter from that burning braizier, the African sun; nor perfumed waters of bubbling fountains afford relief when the fiery *sirocco* blew straight from the Sahara. And there is something frightening in that season when skies are lurid and life itself seems to be in suspense. Man's breath comes short, his throat becomes parched, his tongue cleaves to his palate. He is like the corn in the field—prostrate. And in the eyes of the animals he reads a mute appeal for relief. Not even thoroughbreds in royal stables stamp and paw the air, impatient to be out and away over the green. The beasts of burden turn their backs fatalistically to the burning wind until it has passed, leaving a trail of death among all living things.

When did she die? [188] Let us try to lift the veil which obscures the past and come to the day of death. In 5 A.D. this twice-crowned queen, approaching the twilight of life, had but a little while before ushered into the world a gage—as Ptolemy Philadelphus had been of the reunion of her parents at Antioch—of her reunion with Juba in 4 A.D. The birth and life of her daughter Drusilla, owing to the sudden death of her mother, are somewhat obscured. This child, cause of so

much woe, was in all likelihood relegated to the women's apartment, where perhaps Julia Faustilla, daughter of the brother of Aeschinus, was charged with her care. There was nothing to record of the infant princess. Not until she reached the prime of life would she reënter history.[180]

Each, as we see, had a share in the naming of these children. The first recalls the glory of the Ptolemies of Egypt, and the second, more to Juba's taste, was in honor of the Emperor's wife, Livia. This name was given with Cleopatra's consent, or perhaps even at her suggestion. Those who are near death see far beyond the living. The Queen of Mauretania had no illusions about the ultimate aims of Rome. Emperor or Senate would covet the vast land they had developed. Not Octavia, nor Augusta, nor even Antonia in memory of her father did she choose for this daughter. The uncanny flair for politics warned her that the coming power in the Empire was the house of Claudii. Cleopatra courted the favor of Tiberius and his mother. From the foundation of the Mauretanian kingdom, the thought of how long it might endure had troubled Cleopatra, which was not strange considering that of all the great and noble cities that had grown up about the shores of the Mediterranean, only ruins remained. All had been vanquished by Rome. Secure the friendship of Tiberius, friend of her youth; hold it steady against all contrary winds! The caprices of an emperor must not do her son out of a kingdom.[100]

The poet Crinagoras, whose epigram on the occasion of her marriage shows that his ambitions for her were not unworthy of her princely rank, now tells us that "the moon herself, rising at early eve, dimmed her light, veiling her mourning in night because she saw her namesake, pretty Selene, going down dead to murky Hades. On her she had bestowed the beauty of her light, and with her death she mingled her own darkness." [101]

Ushered into the world by prophecy, her death was accompanied by an eclipse of the moon! There are people on

whom the very elements make war and who are accompanied by celestial phenomena from cradle to grave. Like the comet of Cæsar, the star that brought the Wise Men out of the East in 41 B.C., her passing was marked all too aptly by the moon's eclipse.

About March 3, 6 A.D., a queen lay dying—a lovely woman on whom the moon had "bestowed the beauty of her light," fêted and flattered after having chafed under the chains of captivity, patient through adversity, cautious in success.

Africa, mysterious continent, where Mauretanians believed in magic! Worshipers of Sun and Moon, one can understand their apprehension on hearing that their Queen was passing. It was like some dark portent in the sky. An eerie scene before the palace gates: Whispers of enchantment, evil conjunctions, sorceresses, divinely inspired, like the Druidesses of old, weaving back and forth in a kind of frenzy invoking magic, trying to avert that evil which they felt was cast over the Daughter of the Moon. Cymbals crashed through the African night to frighten Death away. Men ran forth with blazing torches to revive the waning fire of the moon—in vain. A desolate wailing broke from the anxious multitude: the shining orb of night had disappeared behind its veil....

So passed the last daughter of the Lagidæ.

And so passed the last chance to fulfill Virgil's mystic prophecy which had ushered in her birth and that of Alexander Helios. The loyal C. Asinius Pollio, to whom Virgil had addressed the Fourth Eclogue in that time when Antony dreamed of the lordship of the world, took his departure from this life with Cleopatra Selene in the year 5 A.D.[192]

It remains for us to follow Cleopatra Selene to the grave, and to watch the working of destiny in the life of her son Ptolemy, last of the Soters and the last child in whom the blood of Antony and Cleopatra flowed.

To whom would Juba confide the final rites of the dead Queen? Was it Julia Mimesis, the *ornatrix,* who dressed her

hair, and the faithful Aeschinus and Faustus and his daughter Faustilla who arrayed her with tender and loving hands, as Charmion and Iras had done for her mother?[103]

> "O, I shall find some artist wondrous wise
> Shall mould for me thy shape, thine hair, thine eyes,
> And lay it in thy bed..."[104]

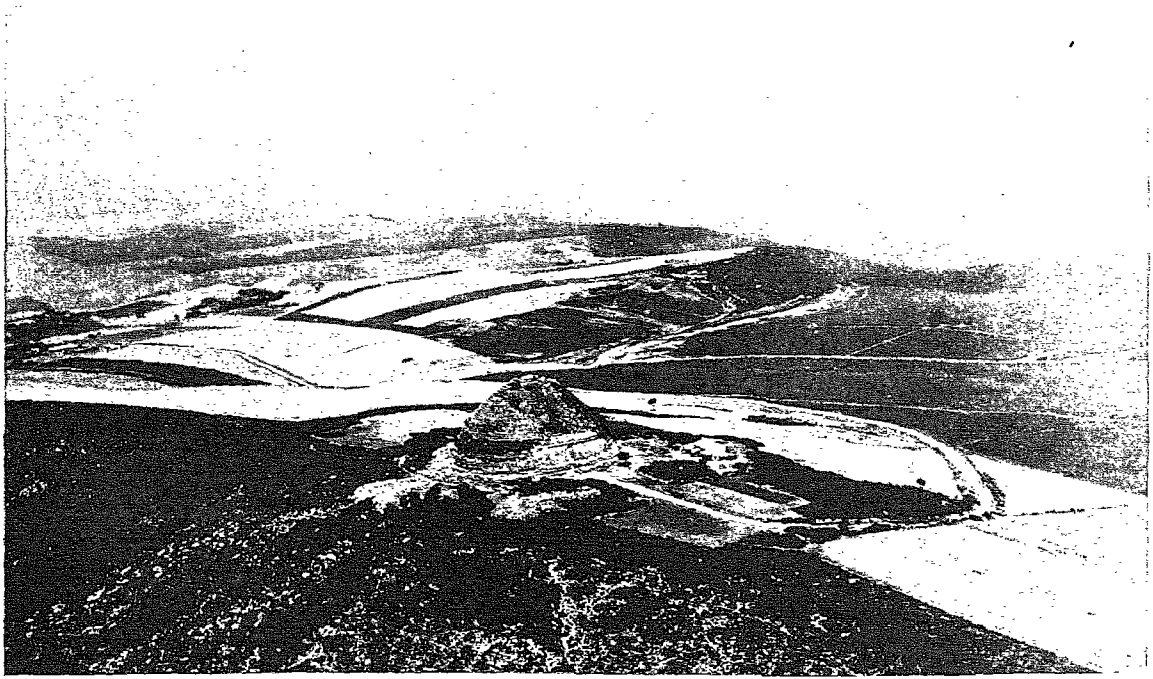
To what artist would Juba confide that commission of a life-sized effigy before the dead Queen was escorted to her last resting place in that tomb beside the sea?

The priests, leading the way, mounted the steps of the sepulcher. Down the galleries they bore Cleopatra Selene to her chamber that faced the East. They who worshiped Isis were not overcome with grief: they knew that through the door of death one passes to a more radiant life.

"The Moon herself revolves in love of the Sun and desiring ever to wed with him," Plutarch says. Might those Berbers not whisper that her soul had left the tomb? For the Sun and Moon are condemned, while the heavens endure, "to seek each other through the skies."

How many legends would the imaginative Arabs recount of this tomb which, like the Pharos of Egypt, was claimed to contain marvelous treasures, worthy of a dream of the great Massanissa and of the majesty of the Ptolemies? When palace rooms knew her no more, to this tomb came the faithful with their offerings. And on moonlit nights, abandoned women bewailing their lost lovers, or sterile wives who knew the fecundative virtues of the moonbeams, came to beseech the good offices of the goddess-queen.

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THE ROYAL TOMB NEAR CHERCHEL WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY IS SUPPOSED TO BE BURIED

Epilogue

Cleopatra Selene had been under no illusions as to Rome's interest in a pacified Mauretania. This part of Africa was so vital to the Empire that one Emperor after another would be preoccupied with its destiny. Each would bribe the legions there with allotments of land, and to stimulate commerce would transfer men and merchandise from Italy into Africa in order that it might flow back in a richer stream. The Senate considered the sovereignty here but a temporary measure, but the Ptolemies, like Augustus, were loath to relinquish power once it was within their grasp. In placing the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra upon the throne, Rome had tempted Providence.

Haunted by thoughts of the future, it is indeed likely that Cleopatra Selene had toward the end urged Juba to associate their son with the sovereignty. Following her death appeared the graved head of the child crown prince, a confirmation that he had adopted the policy advocated by the late Queen.[105] Dead, her influence would continue in this kingdom. These Cleopatras never disappeared entirely from history.

With her it seemed to Juba that his glory, too, had departed. For all that he was an extraordinary person, a gifted historian, and had added new lands to the map of the world, he ranked as but a petty prince in the world of that day. His

marriage with the daughter of the Houses of Julii and Lagidæ had lent him for a time the prestige of a great king. In the last years of his reign, we shall find him seeking to perpetuate this fame through the coinage. All the emblems of Egypt and the Ptolemies, so dear to his wife, return again and again, as if by their aid he would evoke her living presence in his kingdom.

Cleopatra Selene was never supplanted in Mauretania. He himself from the beginning recognized her as the true ruler, for it is only from her death in 6 A.D. that he begins to date the years of the reign.[196] Five years later a coin with a youthful head, bearing the legend *Ptolemæus Regis Jubæ filius,* proclaimed to the world that a Ptolemy was still on the throne of Mauretania.[197] As a descendant of Hercules, with club and lionskin, Juba himself now claims worship from his subjects. Not during Cleopatra Selene's lifetime had he stressed that mythological genealogy![198]

"We have come to fortune's summit"[199] in this dynasty. Juba enters upon a period of anxious years. War's alarms stifled the gay laughter of the Cæsarean games in 6 A.D.[200] Was it "amid the waves of life, amid the tempests of the town"[201] that the insurrection begun in Numidia was fomented in Mauretania? The southern Berbers, isolated geographically, had preserved their love of liberty, and now used Juba's loyalty to Rome as a lever with which to raise the nation in a wide-spread revolt. They must have invoked the gallant figure of his father Juba I, that good hater of Rome. Despite the fact that the dissident tribes recognized Juba II as a gentle and just monarch, they combined with the Musulames who occupied a region situated in Tunis and Algeria, south of the Medjerda, to defy the King. Drive out the Romans, was their cry, and in a surprise attack the vindictive Berbers ravaged the countryside, killing a great number of Romans who offered resistance.

Why did this revolt not break out before Cleopatra's death? There is no evidence that from 1 to 4 during the

uprising in Numidia, she called for the assistance of Roman arms. Portraits show her as a woman of intrepid spirit, a trait appealing to Berber chivalry. When she slacked the reins of government, the fiery Berber spirit ran away beyond recall. Little is known of Juba in the last years of his reign, but the space devoted by historians to this war shows how important to Rome was anything taking place in Mauretania.

Juba was too well acquainted with his people not to regard the revolt with the deepest concern. His dispatches must have had a most disquieting effect upon the Consilium in Rome. Here was a real crisis, a revolt that touched not only the heart but the stomach of Rome. None was so delightful as the Roman when he had dined well, but none so unruly under the menace of famine. The Capital, combating a scarcity because of the Numidian uprising, viewed with alarm a further curtailment of its rations.

Juba ably defended his territory, but he was hampered by lack of military roads and by guerrilla warfare. Couriers sped back and forth from the Senate to headquarters at Cæsarea with the message: Whatever the loss in manpower, the revolt must be crushed. The rising reached such magnitude that, finding his troops inadequate to quell the rebels, the high command was entrusted to the Governor of Numidia, Cossus Cornelius Lentulus. It was no criticism of the ability of the King, but an admission that the situation was critical.

The months dragged on; crops were destroyed and commerce paralyzed. The aim of sovereign and ever-loyal citizens was to hold the native population in check—now blowing hot, now cold as news of annihilation or victory came in. Did they read between the lines of the towncrier's announcement that the armies were retreating for defensive purposes? Was that exultation genuine when it was proclaimed that the legions had planted the eagle on a hotly contested point of vantage? Their secret sympathies were with the rebels. All now seemed hostile in this land of Mauretania.

In 6 A.D. the circle was drawing closer. Tribesmen

began to desert to still more inaccessible strongholds in the mountains, and after them climbed the legionaries, gaining step by step, day after day, holding the mountain fastnesses against the enemy in unfortified places. What an incomparable body of men were these shock troops that held the lines winter and summer against the enemy for Imperial Rome!

"It is probable that the legion has now reached the climax of its gallant military history." In some such terms was couched the report of Lentulus read before the Roman Senate. It had required the united forces of Mauretania and Rome to conquer the Berbers whom Cleopatra Selene had subjugated during the Regency by the charm of her personality and the prestige of her name. . . .

Fire and sword had passed over the land, devastating it; but war is followed by its usual period of exhilaration; sovereign, citizens and legionaries set to work with a will to repair the ravages. The frontiers no longer threatened by restless hordes, the legionaries were employed in building roads out into the most solitary places. Wide and straight, unswerving of purpose as the Romans themselves, these roads ran from the most civilized lands in the world to the most barbaric. The great military highways of the Romans were the railroads of antiquity, and to-day men of the Foreign Legion commanded by French officers are working to extend them.

Before the end of his reign Augustus installed a permanent camp of legionaries at Ammædara (Haïdra, northeast of Tebessa), in order to defend Africa right in the heart of the Musulame country, uniting it by a route crossing southern Tunis at an angle to Gabes. For the protection of Mauretania along the Mediterranean coast, the Emperor established a line of military colonies—Igilgili, Saldæ, Rusazu, Rusuccuru, Rusguniæ, Cartenna, Zilis—not only to protect it from plundering pirates, but also to watch the massive mountains of the interior. Besides the military roads, a series of *castellæ* and *burgi* swarmed like an advance guard to the borders of the south.

A coin to commemorate the victory was soon in circulation;[202] but the insignia of triumph—a scepter of ivory and crown of gold—sent by the Senate after the war of 6, were the most often repeated on Juba's coinage.[203] A temple to the Emperor seemed to Juba the only fitting return he could make for these honors conferred upon him.[204]

A monument to King Juba and Queen Cleopatra set up by grateful subjects after the victory over the Gætuli alludes to the happy return of the sovereign and to the peace which followed. The third line of the inscription designates the Queen of Egypt, mother of Selene. Though both Cleopatras were dead at this time, the Mauretanians apparently felt that the Ptolemy name was still synonymous with fortune and victory.[205]

Mauretania enjoyed but a brief respite from war. In 17 A.D. the Moors, commanded by Mazippa, revolted under the influence of the Musulames. The latter had been stirred up by the Numidian Tacfarinas. In this chieftain Romans found their match. A true Berber, besides being intelligent enough to imitate Roman tactics, he possessed all the best qualities of his race—above all that invincible obstinacy that was the great force of Massinissa and Jugurtha. For seven years Tacfarinas held Tiberius' legions in check.

Juba, heavy with years, was doomed to inaction. It was one of the supreme tests of his loyalty to Rome that he should now be called upon to send his only son at the head of Mauretanian troops against his own people. This first uprising was successfully terminated. Sporadic outbursts continued, however, and flushed with the success of another victory in 21-22,[206] the seventy year old monarch decided that this was the time to accustom his son to the exercise of supreme authority. Ptolemy enters history now as joint ruler with his father of the two Mauretanias.[207]

Alas, the claim of victory was premature: neither Mauretania nor Rome had reached the end of that revolt of Tacfarinas and his allies. It broke out now in such good earnest

that the Proconsul Dolabella was forced to turn to Ptolemy for more active coöperation. It was probably not displeasing to this young King to appear in the warrior's buckler before the son or grandson of that Dolabella who had befriended Cleopatra of Egypt and demonstrate that he was a worthy descendant of his grandmother, and as valiant as his grandfather Antony. One cannot discover exactly what part his troops took in this campaign, but certain evidence shows that they ably supported the Roman Legions.

Juba did not live to see the triumph of their combined arms in 24 A.D. It was upon King Ptolemy that a deputation of Senators finally waited, and, in renewal of an ancient custom, awarded to him for his services in the Third War of Tacfarinas the ornaments of triumph—refused Dolabella. The claim that Ptolemy had come out of his habitual state of apathy to lend a hand in the war seems to be refuted by this fact. Tiberius, if not a lovable man, was a severely discriminating and watchful administrator, and incapable of political eccentricity. No penchant for a fledgling king, devoid of martial spirit and so entirely given over to pleasure as to leave the government of his kingdom, so important in the eyes of Rome, in the hands of freedmen, would have influenced Tiberius to deprive a true conqueror of his due.

An astonishing example, however, of his favoritism to Cleopatra Selene's son may be found in the gold coin struck off in the first year of Ptolemy's reign, 21 A.D.[208] The Emperor alone had the right to mint and issue gold throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. Ptolemy might have reason one day to regret that signal mark of the Emperor's favor and confidence from his mother's old friend....

Dramas at Rome culminating in the death of Tiberius overshadowed for a time the reign of the new King of Mauretania. The accession of Caligula, the young, handsome, and pious—so it was assumed—son of Germanicus and Agrippina, third Emperor of the Romans, filled the Roman world

with joy and brought Ptolemy on the stage of history once more.

"What had become of that illustrious family of the Ptolemies?" Philo the philosopher asks. Its last rays, lighting up that particularly brilliant center of Græco-Roman art where graceful Selene once reigned with Juba II, formed now a halo about the head of young Ptolemy. The son of Cleopatra Selene, the "Juventa incuriosus" of Tacitus, was reigning over Mauretania in 37 A.D., and if one is to measure importance by possessions, Ptolemy was a great king. He had inherited Mauretania, all the treasures which Juba and Cleopatra had brought together in their capital, an extensive and valuable library, sumptuous furnishings—among them the famous and rare Thuya wood table coveted by all connoisseurs of that day. And an incomparable art collection. This would serve not only to acquaint the men of his own time with the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, but all succeeding generations would be indebted to it for their knowledge.[209]

Ptolemy, who had been a favorite of Tiberius, was now also in the good graces of the new ruler. The two cousins from the beginning carried on a lively correspondence which elated Ptolemy's ministers. What privileges might they not expect to extort from Rome now that the great grandson of Antony was Emperor of the world! That correspondence, interrupted by the illness which overtook Caligula before the year was out and to which a few historians have attributed all the evil that befell the Empire, was however resumed shortly after. We find that Caligula treated his cousin with the greatest familiarity, even associating him in those practical jokes of which he was so fond. On one occasion it seemed a knight disturbed a spectacle by a noisy demonstration. Caligula sent a centurion to him with the order that he embark immediately at Ostia for Mauretania to deliver a sealed letter to King Ptolemy. One wonders what entertainment Ptolemy offered him after reading the words: "Do neither good nor evil to him whom I sent you!"[210]

If Ptolemy found no change in Caligula, it was not so with Rome. There the dream of a *Principat* in the best days of Augustus was finished. So too the belief that the virtues of the son would surpass those of his father Germanicus, who had charmed both Romans and foreigners alike and whose death threw Rome into paroxysms of grief. Sorrowfully they recalled Tiberius' statement that he was "nourishing a serpent for the Roman people," [211] as they saw Caligula taking the first tentative steps toward an absolute monarchy. Yet all was not pure folly in this *cerveau malade*. He was the heir to that Hellenistic or Ptolemaic monarchical formula of Cæsar and which his great grandfather Antony had for an instant realized in the Orient. It was a tradition that his grandmother Antonia, under the influence of her half-sister Cleopatra Selene, had faithfully transmitted to him. More than once the cousins must have touched upon this matter in their letters: it was, after all, the legacy of both.

Caligula might assume the diadem and all the insignia of royalty and, like Antony, disport himself in the costume of Bacchus-Dionysus, but he could never hope to succeed in introducing to Rome a theocratical monarchy of the Orient where the sovereign is at once master and god. He did, however, inaugurate monarchical ceremonies and the Oriental practice of prostrate, adoration, an observance at the court of Alexandria and consequently of Mauretania. Had Cleopatra Selene ever recounted to her son that story of King Artaxerxes of Armenia, so roughly handled during the triumph at Alexandria for refusing to prostrate himself before her mother—the new Isis?

The Hellenistic formulæ and vices would not bear transplanting. The high-strung Caligula, a victim of insomnia and hallucinations, was to give on more than one occasion during his lifetime a monstrous interpretation of monarchy by divine right.

Caligula's passionate worship of his great-grandfather Antony inspired him with a genuine desire to meet and know

Ptolemy, this kinsman, with whom he had so much in common. It is likely that the gathering of kings from Syria and neighboring countries in Rome in 40 A.D. gave him the impulse to send for him: and this voyage was made in company with the Proconsul of North Africa, M. Junius Silanus, the father-in-law of Caligula. Did Drusilla, now a beautiful mature woman, accompany her brother to the capital? It would seem so.[212]

Caligula gave expression to unfeigned delight at their meeting, and Rome too apparently evinced the greatest interest in the presence of Ptolemy. The son of Cleopatra Selene and Juba cut something of a figure in his day. Although one is unable to cite details of his reign, yet the many honors that accrued to him attest to an importance in that ancient world. He had been singled out like his father for honors by Carthago Nova; as a public appreciation of his benefactions, his statue was placed beside that of his father in the Gymnasium at Athens; and the federal assembly of Lycia also raised a statue to him.[213]

There was about this grandson of Antony an allure which prompted men to take him to their hearts. One, however, did not—Herod-Agrippa. That pattern of the houses of Herod, Ptolemy and Cæsar, begun so long ago in the East, was drawing to its sinister close. The grandson of Herod and the grandson of Cleopatra,—those ambitious rivals who had seen into each other's hearts with deadly hatred so many years before—were now face to face. Was Ptolemy alert to the danger? Certainly Herod, a true Oriental, would not have forgotten the feud.

Ptolemy was undoubtedly an amusing companion as Caligula wished "to keep his dear cousin near him." [214] Herod-Agrippa too was near him, deep in his counsels; and the partiality shown by Caligula for his cousin roused all the malevolence of his nature. Like his grandfather he would be the unique friend of each conqueror of the world. It is more than likely, too, that Ptolemy displayed arrogance toward

this king without a throne. He had good reason to hate the family, and he lacked the tact of his parents. Moreover as the grandson of Antony and cousin of the Emperor, he believed himself beyond the reach of all enmity.

So he might have been but for the besetting sin of the Emperor—gold; this passion in Caligula had become a veritable frenzy. In the matter of extorting money from his subjects only Herod the Great excelled him, and Herod's grandson could give him hints as to further ways and means. Although Caligula had worked out an ingenious set of fiscal laws in 38, inspired by an Hellenistic formula, there was still a shortage of money in the treasury, due to his own extravagance. To recoup his fortunes he did not hesitate to despoil his senators and other wealthy subjects.

The possessions of the King of Mauretania, even during the reign of Tiberius, had excited the cupidity of more than one Imperial favorite. Hints dropped opportunely into the ear of the neurotic Caligula regarding Ptolemy's lavish entertainments at Rome and the magnificence of his court at Cæsarea, must sooner or later have their effect.

The influence of Herod-Agrippa dates from the days when young Caius Cæsar was fighting successfully for his life in Tiberius' villa at Capri, with dissimulation as his sole weapon. This Oriental left the darkest memories at Rome; to his counsels have been attributed the most enormous crimes committed by Caligula.

Ptolemy was proud of his long line. Was it at a banquet of kings who had gathered at Rome to render Caligula homage that he brought up the question of kingly descent? A discussion cut short by the Emperor, who cried out in Greek, "There is only one master, there is but one King!" [215] True —but Ptolemy was one generation nearer to Antony than Caligula, with the added prestige of being a grandson of the great Queen of Egypt!

This episode, coupled with the report of Fibius Massus, Imperial Legate of Syria, that there was grave danger to the

state in the half-independent royalties of the East, may have affected Ptolemy's standing in the eyes of Caligula. "The kings coming to Rome were personages, and exercised there a most detestable influence." Massus deplored "the corruption and debasement of the people, which came largely from the spectacle of these miserable creatures that one saw trailing their purple in the theater, the palace of the Cæsars and the prisons." If this was so, argued the sick mind of Caligula, then that older kingdom of the two Mauretanias was even a greater menace! Perhaps his Legate was right when he advised that this almost feudal system, established in the East since the death of Tiberius, was a check to the Imperial policy.

In the loyalty and coöperation of the rulers of Mauretania, he could find no point of attack. In fact, this loyalty to the Roman state had somewhat estranged the Berbers from their King. Did he fear that Ptolemy or one of his descendants, under the influence of a great wave of nationalism, might be tempted to uphold the cause of his people? In such a clash of arms, who was there to say that Rome would not be swept out of Africa forever? Previous clashes with the Berbers had manifested how arduous was the task of reducing rebellious tribesmen to submission, even when the Mauretanian King and his troops supported Roman arms. Then, too, the Proconsul of Numidia caused him to be apprehensive. An appointee of the Senate, he possessed greater powers than any other proconsul or even monarch throughout the Empire. North Africa, in fact, the whole of Africa, through divided authority, provided danger.

Admitting that Caligula's early education in the house of the Cæsars had diverted his emotional life into perverted channels, there is no reason to believe that his political faculties were impaired. His desire to control North Africa was prompted by a startling motive. With the religious urge which made him accord royal favor to the Alexandrine cult and forbid the annual celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Actium, emerged one of a political character which

was nothing less than "shifting the center of the Roman Empire from Italy to the East." Possessing North Africa, he would fulfill the "wish-epigram" pronounced by Crinagoras at the marriage of Cleopatra Selene, of uniting Egypt and Libya into one vast kingdom. Holding the granary of the world, Caligula, Emperor, could feed or starve his subjects at will! The thread of Alexander the Great's life was snapped at the moment he had planned to break the Phœnician Empire, the beginning of that world power policy.

To such vast schemes reshaping themselves in Caligula's mind, the grandson of Antony, legitimate heir to the throne of the Ptolemies and also of Massanissa and Juba I who attempted an African Empire, Ptolemy was a distinct political hindrance. Caligula alone could embody all the aspirations of Alexander, Cæsar, Antony—alone could be the one to achieve a plan that would change the destinies of the world. Ptolemy was a perfect courtier and a loyal ally, but what he must do now to please the Emperor was to "get from between him and the sun!"

After such reasoning with men of mature judgment—and it may be without divulging certain projects of his own—it was concluded that a wise course would be to bring North Africa at the earliest convenience under the domination: "Under my domination,"—thus Caligula, speaking as the state. A policy unquestionably anticipated by Cleopatra Selene, who for that reason had early decreed a portrayal of her son on the coinage as a native type: a dethroned Berber prince would appeal to Berber loyalties.

Events moved forward with the measured tempo and inevitableness of an old Greek tragedy. The Emperor exhibited games in honor of his cousin, whose final offense was to be an ostentatious display of his much coveted wealth. Caligula was a fop who prided himself on being the best-dressed man in Rome. The entrance of Ptolemy in a magnificent purple cloak followed by a sumptuous suite and the acclamations of the admiring crowd, precipitated the final act.

In that instant affection turned to hatred. He had two pretexts with which to strike down this kinsman and loyal ally of Rome: the gold coin struck by the King of Mauretania by favor of Caligula's hated uncle Tiberius, and this latest misdemeanor of flaunting a purple cloak under Imperial eyes.[216]

Ptolemy was arrested, imprisoned and tortured. This need not be at variance with the theory that he was sent into exile. Indeed it is consistent with the sadistic character of Caligula and his delight in theatricals. Here was a splendid occasion for tragi-comedy: a release and spectacular reconciliation, an affectionate farewell, the over-confident Ptolemy setting out for Mauretania with his numerous suite and walking straight into ambush. . . .[217]

So perished Ptolemy, last of the Lagidæ and Heraclidæ dynasties.[218]

Caligula annexed the Mauretanias on January 1, 40 A.D. The immense wealth accumulated by that dynasty passing into his hands, Herod-Agrippa congratulated the Emperor on the best practical joke he had yet perpetrated. But before he could play any more jokes at the expense of the universe, Caligula-Phaeton fell under the dagger of an assassin.

Rome at the time was satisfied that it had taken over a going concern, but the Governor sent out was met by an army under the leadership of Aedmon, freedman of Ptolemy.[218] The Mauretanians, at the news of Ptolemy's death, had risen as one man. Thanks to the mysterious valleys and mountains of the Atlas unknown to Rome, the native army held the Romans in abeyance the first year. Insurrections followed one after another.

Determined to put an end to the revolt, the Emperor Claudius sent out to Africa his most distinguished general, C. Suetonius Paulinus, who made an audacious expedition across the Atlas chain, inspiring terror in the population. Hosidius Geta went further, pursuing the insurgents into the desert. Favored by the elements—an unhoped for rainfall—

supplementing the army's well-nigh exhausted water supply, the Romans were enabled to follow up their successes and force the Getule tribes to lay down their arms.

It was the final submission of Mauretania. Divided into two vast districts—one corresponded to Morocco and the other, vaster, corresponded to the departments of Oran, Algiers and part of Constantine—the two Mauretanias were forever reduced to subject provinces known as Mauretania Cæsariensis and Mauretania Tingitana.

The Imperial Procurator took up residence in the palace that Cleopatra and Juba had built. A squadron of cavalry accompanied this most important of functionaries who, if not of the Senatorial class, was chosen from the knights. The royal city became a garrison, a military port and a center also of military and commercial activity. The power of the Ptolemies had fallen forever.

A generation later a Governor, attempting to seize power in North Africa and make himself master, assumed the "insignia of royalty and the name of Juba as the surest means of rallying the people about him." [219]

"*Delenda Carthago*" . . . *Delenda Cæsarea!* What ferocity of purpose and unrelenting animosity could this Rome of old display! But that, too, would pass; and one after another its monuments perish. Seven times that glittering marble city that marked the passage of Greece and Rome in Africa would be ravaged and destroyed by ants and earthquake, by the sirocco and the dragon that killed Solomon, and by Sidi Komin—so runs the Kabyle tradition.

Cæsarea, "*la ville déshéritée,*" would sleep under tilled fields and streets littered with débris into the nineteenth century.

Alone of all the wonders of the dynasty of the Ptolemies and Heraclides, the Tomb of the Queen would stand above the ground, a majestic silhouette outlined against the blue African sky.[220]

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

RELIGION AND RITUAL OF THE DIONYSIAC AND ISIAC CULTS

I

WE have here to do with the age which gave birth to Christianity. Among the various cults dominant in Cleopatra's day were the Dionysiac and Isiac. One cannot overestimate the importance and power of the Isiac brotherhood. It threatened at one time to become the principal religion of the world, while it aimed at a more intimate control of the state through its closely knit organization. Cleopatra was an instrument through which this aim might be achieved. And Cleopatra reciprocally made use of the cult and her titular rôle in it to further her own ambition for world power.

At the time Augustus began remodeling the Roman Republic, the greatest organization in the world had been for some time and still was the pontificate of the Alexandrine cult, the priesthood of Isis, and the Isiac societies. Like moles, they did their work in the dark, spreading their ramifications through every stratum of society. The discipline among them was iron; there were no disruptive conflicts for authority nor civil wars within the brotherhood, such as seemed at one time likely to split the secular world asunder. At the death of Julius Cæsar, with the prospects bright for the succession of Cæsarion, as the son of Ra, to the dictatorship, the Egyptian cult had seemed about to reach the summit of secular power towards which it was striving and through it impose a unity of religion upon the entire world. What were the origins of this powerful organization? A brief word will explain its development, growth and precepts.

The founding of Alexandria in 332 B.C. gave a new impetus to the study of Egyptian theology. Various works were compiled

by Greek authors on the gods of Egypt, but it was Manethon, an Egyptian priest, called Maneton by the Greeks, who founded the mixed religion which united the Serapis-Osiris-Isis Alexandrine hierarchy of gods. He published in Greek that knowledge and wisdom which the Greek philosophers had sought with such pains in the temples of Egypt. The sacred Book of Maneton admirably served the purpose of the new dynasty of Ptolemy Soter. It helped to unite the two races, Greeks and Egyptians, proving to them that in religion as in all else they could understand each other.

But more than the patronage of Ptolemy Soter, the basic strength of the new cult lay in the simple appeal of its assertion that all gods were one God under many names. It was an appeal that spread from east to west, and, aided by the intricate and elaborate ritual[1] with which the religion was cloaked, the creed became one of the great faiths of the Mediterranean world.

As Alexandria grew in power, the Isiac cult spread until it was knocking at the gates of Rome. Though the foreign religion was being spoken of as the enemy of Rome, Sulla in 80 B.C. made no move to discourage the founding of a college of Pastophori, worshipers of Osiris, inside Rome.

The cult spread rapidly inside the Capital, and the Alexandrine triad, Osiris, Isis and Serapis, was enthroned opposite Jupiter. The Senate, stirred to action, caused the statues of the Isiac cult to be thrown down wherever they were found inside the city. The battle between the devotees of the new cult and the defenders of the old Latium gods continued throughout the following years. Sporadic attempts to stamp out the religion were of no lasting value. It took its devotees from among all classes. While the Republic was disintegrating and all classes were losing faith in the state religion, it extended its sway until it became involved in the political issues of the time.

Some of its tenets—pity for the lowly and the unfortunate, the desire to succor suffering humanity—were new dogmas in Rome. In a way the struggle between Rome and Alexandria had been foreshadowed by the earlier battle of the gods—between the Apollonian, concrete materialism of the Roman religion, and the Dionysian mysticism of the Alexandrine. It was particularly during the trying times that preceded the *Pax Romana*, when earthly life was in a state of upheaval, that the Isiac doctrine of an immortal soul made its most striking appeal.

[1] See Apuleius, *The Golden Ass;* Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris;* and Lafaye, *Histoire du Culte des Divinités d'alexandrie.*

In 58 B.C. the Consul Gabinius gave orders not only to break the statues that had been restored since the last proscription, but to destroy throughout the city all the altars that had been raised in contempt of Roman laws. Four years later it was again necessary for the Senate to order that all edifices, even those privately owned or consecrated, be abolished, so persistent were the adherents to the faith. And again, four years later, the Consul L. Emilius Paulus resolved to bring matters to an end. Finding no workmen willing to strike the first blow, he went himself to the Temple of Isis, removed his robes of office, seized an ax and fixed it in the middle of the door. Two years later Isis and Serapis were once more receiving homage in the Capital. . . .

It was on entering his office of Aedileship that Julius Cæsar first became acquainted with the strength of the secret societies. When he became Dictator and suppressed the so-called democratic clubs, saying there was no place in a well-ordered state for an occult government, he refrained from attacking the Isiac fraternities. In Egypt, he had had the opportunity of discussing with the High Pontiff of Isis, the coöperation of the Isiac societies, should he ever embark on his world-wide campaign, so even reckoning without Cleopatra's influence, his sanction and protection of the Isiac cult was understandable.

Even after the Ides of March, the religion had the protection of the dead Cæsar. The Triumvirs, probably knowing something of the plans or desires of the late Dictator, decreed in 43 B.C. temples to Serapis and Isis . . . only five years after the Senate had ordered the demolishing of all temples.

As the rift between Marc Antony and Octavian widened, the latter began plans to revive the "old days" and with them the orthodox gods. Furthermore, the religion of the hated and dangerous Cleopatra became anathema to him. Nevertheless, Octavian did not wish to lose the powerful support of the Alexandrine organization, yet he could not seem to go counter to the Senate and Republican opposition to any but the old Roman religion,—the religion which he himself, before Actium, had been so anxious to reëstablish. He resolved on a shrewd compromise and was extremely cautious against taking any measures against Isis. His toleration of the introduction of the Isiac cult in Mauretania demonstrates that he hoped, without arousing hostility on either side, to incorporate both the old gods and the new under his one rule.

The Isiac religion brought about a subtle change in the mythology of the poets, disclosing grave and profound doctrines that

touched with a new mysticism even the world of Virgil. Juvenal wrote that Isis alone inspired fear. Ovid implored his mistress to seek the protection of the goddess. Propertius railed at his Cynthia for her blind obedience to Isiac precepts, and Tibullus showed in his works traces of the mystic devotion of his mistresses to the cult.

It will be apparent that in the Isiac doctrines of pity for the lowly, immortality of the soul, and after life where virtue is rewarded, as well as its basic precept that all gods were manifestations of one god, etc., that the Isiac cult was not a pagan one but a direct forerunner of Christianity. Isis was called the Virgin by the Egyptians, and statues of Isis holding her infant son Horus were as prevalent then as the Madonna and Child are now.

A world torn with war and discord was ripe for the appearance of a Messiah which these prophecies announced.

II

Alexander the Great gave the impetus to the religion of Dionysus, God of Pacifism, which was to usher in the beginning of a new era. His original idea was to efface in a universal empire the difference between peoples and to melt into a unity of one common civilization the traditions which had been divergent for centuries.[2]

This idea of reconciliation, concord and fusion began after the fall of Persia. At a banquet at Opis, when Alexander prayed for the union of hearts between Macedonians and Persians, he himself showed the way in a marriage with the Persian princess Roxana—the first suggestion of the brotherhood of man.[3]

The Ptolemies continued that policy, and organized a new cult in Egypt which was an essential part of the structure of the state, using one to further the other. In time the unity of cults became a maxim of the Alexandrine school.[4] The persistence of the Dionysiac religion in Egypt is attested to by the surname of Epiphanes, characteristic of the god, which the fifth of the Ptolemies takes, and by the frequency of the proper name of Dionysus in the epigraphic documents and papyri of the time, as well as an abundance in the minor arts of subjects and decorative motifs borrowed from the Dionysiac cycle.[5]

[2] Pierre Roussel, *La Grèce et l'Orient*, p. 375.

[3] W. W. Tarn, "Alexander Helios and the Golden Age," *The Journal of Roman Studies*, vol. XXII, 1932, part 2.

[4] Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris*, p. 192.

[5] André Boulanger, *Le Génie Grec dans la Religion*, pp. 413-414.

The Dionysiac, like the Isiac cult, was also spread by propaganda. It is of significance to note in further emphasis of the political plan which included the spreading of the cult, that Cæsar, just before the Ides of March, was divinized at Ephesus, where later Antony himself was first hailed as a god. One scholar suggests that the plans of Cæsar included the promotion of the Dionysiac cult in Rome.

To the end of the dynasty the cult of the Ptolemies continues to be closely associated with that of Dionysus, and it is this tradition which inspired the religious policy [6] of Antony and Cleopatra, who identified themselves with the divine Dionysus and Isis. Cleopatra the Great, as a descendant of Alexander,[7] incorporated Alexander's ideas into her policies. Although many since the great general had taken up his idea of empire, no one before Cleopatra would take it up with the far-reaching idea which Alexander attached to it: under one absolute authority, of divine right, the entire world must be unified.

[6] H. Jeanmaire, *La Politique Religieus d'Antoine et de Cléopâtre*, Revue Archéologique, 1924, pp. 257ff.

[7] See the genealogical table of the Ptolemies, *Cambridge Ancient History*, IX, pl. I.

APPENDIX B

THE MUSEUM OF CHERCHEL

THE open-air museum, in the form of a Roman Villa, at Cherchel, furnishes the most ideal background for the archeological finds which the excavations in and around Cherchel have yielded under able and inspired French scholars ever since Gsell had drawn attention to the importance of the site of ancient Cæsarea. Prof. Albertini, the eminent historian of the College de France in Paris, who at the same time is the Director of Antiquities in Algeria, and likewise Jean Glenat, the Curator of the Cherchel Museum, are chiefly responsible for this collection of classic masterpieces and for their housing in such an ideal place. Here in this museum, under a sky whose light is like the magic light of Greece, the visitor may study the ever changing play of sunlight on Greek and Roman marbles. Some of these sculptures are of extraordinary beauty, even if they are only copies of great vanished originals. It is sad to realize that there exist in the world only a few sculptures which, with any degree of certainty, we can claim as originals by the hand of one of the great masters of classic Greece. But since most of these marbles in the museum are probably done either from an original or from an early replica made by a competent artist, they give us a better conception of what the vanished masterpiece was like than do other copies in better known collections.

That some of the sculptures assembled in the Cherchel Museum had belonged to the art-treasures collected by Juba, who was recognized as a connoisseur of admirable taste and profound scholarship, and by his wife Cleopatra Selene, whose leaning towards the mysteries and grace of Alexandria may be responsible for some of the

works here, has been definitely established. Some examples may have been selected by Juba himself during his travels in Greece and Asia Minor. A number of the marble copies in the museum were undoubtedly made in the workshops in Cæsarea. That the excavations now being conducted by French archeologists in and about Cherchel will bring to light other important finds cannot be doubted. So far only a beginning has been made.

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APPENDIX C

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE

In this book I have accepted the opinion of those scholars who are convinced that the prophecy of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue refers to the offspring of Cleopatra of Egypt and Marc Antony. Here is not the place to explain in detail the reasons and sources for my belief that this theory is the only one which, in a satisfactory and logical manner, will explain all the many veiled allusions and obscure implications in this much discussed poem. After a careful critical study of all the arguments pro and con which have appeared in books, pamphlets and magazines in various languages during the past fifty years, I cannot come to any other conclusion. I hope to have the opportunity to discuss fully this complicated and fascinating subject at some other time. For any one wishing to investigate the various problems involved, I give here the titles of the principal works consulted:

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Harding, Caleb Richmond, *A Study and Criticism of Eduard Norden's Interpretation of Vergil's Fourth Eclogue*, Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association, 1932, Davidson College.

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APPENDIX D

DESCRIPTION OF COINS AND GEMS ON *FRONTISPIECE*

ALL THESE PIECES ARE IN THE CABINET DES MEDAILLES BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS

1. Bronze coin of Cleopatra VII, 51-29 B.C., mint, Alexandria. Bust of Cleopatra diademed and draped to right / Eagle standing on thunderbolt to left.

The last ruler of the famous House of the Ptolemies; the Greek Kings in the land of the Pharaohs, Cleopatra was the first queen in the Greek world to have her portrait on coins issued in her own sovereign right. The reverse bears her name and title, *Basilisses Kleopatra,* or Queen Cleopatra, and the eagle of Zeus chosen as a royal blazon by the first Ptolemy.

2. Silver denarius, M. Antonius, struck after his conquest of Armenia in 34 B.C., and after the triumphal procession in Alexandria and ensuing proclamation of Cleopatra's title "Queen of Kings"; perhaps in Athens, 32 B.C. Bare head of Antony to right, behind which is a small upright Armenian tiara. ANTONI. ARMENIA. DEVICTA. / Bust of Cleopatra, diademed and draped to right, wearing earring and strings of pearls; beneath, is the stem of a prow. CLEOPATRÆ. REGINÆ. REGVM. FILIORVM. REGVM.

Note the small tiara, headdress of the conquered Oriental King near Antony's head, and the prow of a fighting galley beneath Cleopatra's bust recalling the naval assistance she gave Antony. Around Antony's head runs the triumphant legend "(coin) of Antonius, Armenia conquered," while around that of Cleopatra is the high-sounding inscription "(coin) of Cleopatra the Queen of Kings, the sons of Kings."

3. Intaglio of Lapis-Lazuli. Draped bust of Juba I to right, with curled hair and pointed beard; across shoulder, a scepter hung with a fillet.

Juba I, King of Numidia, father of Juba II was evidently a gentleman of the old school since he wore a beard like his ancestor, Massinissa. The stone was cut intaglio and comes out in relief in the cast.

4. Intaglio of Head of Juba II to right, diademed and beardless.

Intaglio with the beardless head of Juba II wearing the royal diadem first worn by the successors of the great Alexander, among whom was Ptolemy I, when he divided up the civilized world into separate kingdoms.

5. Bronze coin, Cæsarea in Mauretania, 3 A.D. Bust of Juba II wearing the Roman laurel wreath and clad in the lion's skin, club of Hercules at the left. Rex IVBA, all within a wreath-border. / Bust of Tyche, the City-Goddess draped and wearing a tall mural crown turreted. CÆSAREA R (= ANNO) XXVIII "in the year of the reign 28."

Medallion or special issue to commemorate the Cæsarean Games in honor of Cæsar Augustus, Juba's patron. A turreted crown on the head of the City-Goddess representing the fortified city-wall.

6. Silver denarius, Juba II. Diademed head to right. Rex IVBA I Bust of Cleopatra Selene, diademed and draped to left. BACIΛ-ICCA KΛEOΠATPA.I.

Coin of Juba II which closely resembles the intaglio, no. 4.

7. Silver denarius, Juba II, 16 A.D. Head of Juba II to right coiffed in the lion's scalp, paws tied at neck; club, behind. REX IVBA I Horn of plenty with fruits ornamented with a fillet and crossed with a trident. C-T, above, A-M, below = ETOYC MA "of the year 41." I.

On this coin Juba II is represented as Hercules like Alexander the Great wearing the lion's scalp over his head and with club at his shoulder.

8. Silver denarius, Juba II, 12-20 A.D. Diademed head to right. REX IVBA. / Bust of Ptolemy, diademed and draped to left. REX PTOLEMAIVS REGIS IVBÆ F (ilius) "Prince Ptolemy, son of King Juba."

Coin of Juba II and Ptolemy his son who was honored by the title, REX and a portrait on the reverse, as Prince Royal, not as co-regent, for the joint-rule of father and son was during the years 21-23 A.D. The title REX here occurs on coins for the first time in history!

9. Bronze coin, Ptolemy, SOLE REIGN, 35 A.D. Bust diademed and draped of Ptolemy, slightly bearded to right. REX PTOLEMÆVS. REGIS IVBÆ .F (ilius) I R (egni) A (nno) XV in an oak wreath; the year XV is calculated from 21 A.D., date of Ptolemy's accession with his father. I.

Coin of Ptolemy's SOLE REIGN struck in 35 A.D. five years before his death. Since Ptolemy Philadelphus, the third of Cleopatra's children by Mark Antony, disappears completely from history, this REX PTOLEMAIUS, King in Mauretania, was the last known descendant of the "Kings Ptolemy" who had begun to rule the rich land of Egypt three hundred years previously. I.

10. Bronze coin, Joint reign Juba II and Ptolemy, 22 A.D. Diademed and draped bust of Juba II with aged features to left. REX IVBA REGIS IVBÆ F (ilius). I Eagle on thunderbolt. R (EX) PTOL . . . XVII, incomplete = R A XXXXVII or 22 A.D.

11. Bronze coin. Bust to right, diademed and draped. REX IVBA. / Draped bust of Cleopatra Selene to left wearing broad diadem. BACIΛICCA KΛEOΠATPA.

The king's legend is regularly in Latin—REX IVBA, while the queen proudly retains her native Greek—BASILISSA KLEOPATRA.

12. Silver denarius, Cleopatra Selene, Regency during Juba's visit to Syria 1-4 A.D. Bust to left, diademed and draped. BACIΛICCA KΛEOΠATPA. / Cow standing to right, head surmounted with the symbol of Isis, star and crescent.

Coin issued with full coin right in her own name, in Greek as usual. The star and crescent (for Alexander Helios and Selene?). On this and the preceding coin, the queen wears the royal diadem just as her mother, the Great Cleopatra, had done on her own Egyptian coinage and on the coins struck in her honor by Antony.

13. Bronze coin, Cleopatra Selene, Regency, 1-4 A.D. Bust to left, diademed and draped. BACIΛICCA KΛEOΠATPA. / Crocodile standing to right. KΛEOΠATPA BACIΛICCA in two lines horizontally above and below the type.

Coin of Cleopatra Selene with the sacred crocodile of Egypt as reverse design and having the legend, BASILISSA KLEOPATRA, on both sides of the coin, a most unusual if not unique repetition, indicative of great pride in her lineage.

COIN PLATE II

1. Denarius, Marc Antony, 42 B.C. Head of Antony facing right, bare, with beard; behind lituus. / Head of Helios, or Sol, facing right, radiate; around, M. ANTONIUS III. VIR.R.P.C. This coin was probably struck in Greece soon after the battles of Philippi, as the Helios is plainly a reference to the Eastern provinces and especially Asia, which then came under the personal rule of Antony.

2. Denarius, Marc Antony Imperator, 42 B.C. Head of Antony facing right, with beard; around, reading downwards and inwards: M. ANTONI IMP / Façade of distyle temple, within which is the medallion bearing the radiate head of Helios, facing and draped; at sides, and below, III VIR R.P.C. Antony, about the time of his campaign in Greece against Brutus and Cassius, placed the radiate head of the divinity Helios, emblem of the East, on coins struck by him in those districts. It has been suggested that this might relate to Antony's assumption at a later date of the attributes of Osiris, Cleopatra having taken those of Isis.

3. Denarius, Marc Antony, 39-31 B.C. Antony in the dress of an augur standing right, holding lituus in his right hand, around, M. ANTONIUS. M.F.M.NAUGUR IMP. TER. / Head of Helios, facing right, radiate; around, COS. DESIG. INTER.ET. TERT. III. VIR.R.P.C. This might relate to the expedition Antony led against the Parthians in 36 B.C. If, however, he was acclaimed Imperator at the termination of each campaign of Ventidius against the Parthians in B.C. 39 and 38, it is more than probable that it records these victories. It may also include the successes which Antony claimed in the war against Antiochus of Commagene, in which he supplanted Ventidius. This would place the coins at the end of 38 B.C., when Antony returned to Athens, where they may have been struck. The title "Augur," to which office he was elected in 50 B.C. he appears to have held in high esteem, as it is frequently met with in connection with his name on his coins. However, as this is the only instance throughout his extensive coinage in the East when Antony is represented with his figure in full length, we may assume that the coin commemorates an unusual and important event in his life. Or a decision taken during the sojourn he is said to have made in Egypt in 38 B.C., to which the historian Josephus refers. The head of Helios on the reverse is symbolical of the East, and of Antony's dynastic ambitions, and is associated with him to the end.

GNOSTIC GEM

(Talisman)
Coll. Bibliothèque Nationale

2244. Gnostic Gem in the shape of a flattened cone, pale agate. On the convex side, ALEXANDER and CLEOPATRA, and between these names, the sign of the Twins (Gemini), the Sun, the crescent Moon, three stars.

Illustrious names of antiquity are often found used on talismans.

That of Alexander the Great was an especial favorite.

COIN PLATE III

1. Silver denarius of Juba II, 5-20 A.D., Ptolemy as Prince Royal. Diademed and beardless head of Juba to right. REX IVBA. / Diademed and draped head of Ptolemy as a boy, to left. XER PTOLEMAEVS. REGIS. IVBAE. E. T. Newell Coll.

2. Silver denarius of Juba II and Cleopatra. I Head of Juba II, to right. REX IVBA I / Diademed and draped bust of Cleopatra Selene to right; hair loose, not in a chignon. BACΛIICCA KΛEOΠATPA. E. T. Newell COLL.

3. Silver denarius of Juba II and Cleopatra. I Head of Juba II to right. REX IUBA. I Diademed and draped bust of Cleopatra Selene to left; hair in five rolls on forehead and a chignon at the back. BAΣI KΛEOΠATPA. The style of the Queen's head and the inscription BAΣ I are analogous to that of the coins of her SOLE REIGN, and hence this coin belongs close to the Regency, 1-4 A.D. E. T. Newell Coll.

4. Silver drachm of Ptolemy XIII Aulates. Egypt. 80-51 B.C. Diademed bust to right wearing ægis; a real portrait, not a repetition of the Ptolemy I type.

5. Silver drachm of Cleopatra VII, 51-29 B.C. Struck at Alexandria, Egypt in 47-46 B.C. Head of Cleopatra at the age of 22 years, wearing diadem; hair in a chignon, partially obliterated. Unique coin. British Museum.

(*SEE MAP AT END OF BOOK*)

PLAN OF THE RUINS OF IOL-CESAREA
(*Actual Discoveries*)

1. Roman road.
2. Roman rampart.
3. Forum.
4. Western Thermæ, or baths. Thirty or more statues found here among them: "Venus of Cherchel, Hercules, Bacchus (Colossal replica of Praxiteles), Hermes, Aphrodite, Satyr, Ganymede, Satyr with Panther; Ephebi.

4a. Eastern Thermæ. A mosaic of the Judgment of Paris. Traces of houses, streets, paths, latrines and canals.

4b. Traces of villa, where was found a statue of Æsculapeius.

4c. Traces of villa.

5. Theater. Found here: Two Muses; head of African Bacchus Ammon; fragments of statues; enormous capitals of the three orders of architecture; base and shafts of columns; pilasters; cornices; a marble mask, etc.
6. Circus.
7. Amphitheater
8. Commerical Harbour and jetty.
9. Naval Harbour.
10. Pagan and Christian necropolis: Funeral stelæ, lamps, jewels found here.
11. Apollo of Cherchel found here, probable replica of bronze Apollo by Phidias.
12. Statue of Augustus in armor.
13. Statuette of Apollo and a beautiful mosaic depicting rural labors.

14. Vestiges of a palace: Four huge decorative masks, two colossal statues, replicas of those of Erectheion at Athens, and a superb Canephora found here.
15. Site of a temple: Two draped statues, one Isis. Also head of Harpocrates.
16. A statue of Ceres.
17. Site of temple to Augustus.
18. Roman swimming pool.
19. Square, and perhaps School of the Gladiators.
20. Reservoir of water for fountains.
21. Roman cisterns.
22. Heroic torso of Mars or a deified Emperor found here.
23. Roman villa, atrium and fountain.
24. Scattered landmarks.
25. Basilica.
26. Pan and Satyr group found here.
27. Satyr with Flute.
28., 29, 30 idem.
31. Diana the Huntress (onyx)
32. Athena, replica of a bronze by Alcamenes.
33. Adolescent boy, replica of a bronze from Argos.
34. Sphinx, in high-relief.
35. Fragment of a Sphinx, columns, capitals; and oil-press.
36. Draped Aphrodite, or Coré, a replica of Phidias.
37. Bronze Venus of the Sandal. Mosaics, cisterns.
38. Head of Juba (fragment of statue found in the sea).
38a., 38b., 38c are other heads of Juba II.
39. Head of Cleopatra Selene, also found in the sea.
40. Head of Agrippina, mother of Nero, found in the sea.
41. Bust of Augustus, fragment of a colossal statue.
42. Head of Livia, fragments of a statue.
43. Bust of a woman coiffed like Faustine. Columns, capitals.
44. Head of Venus.
45. Head of Niobe.
46. Heroic head of youthful Hercules.
47. Ivory statuette.
48. Colossal mask of a woman.
49. Superb bust of Bacchus, fragments of a statue.

LEGEND

50. Apollo with a Swan, fragment.
51. Child with a Goose.

52. Handsome draped figure.
53. Mosaics.
54. Satyr and Pan
55. Egyptian High Priest Petoubast, fragment of statue.
56. Thotmosis, III, fragment of Egyptian statue.
57. Bust of Ptolemy, son of Juba II, as a child. Beautiful head.
58. Torso of a Youth.
59. Statuette of Pan or Satyr.
60. Proconsular Quarters.

MOSAICS

A. Judgement of Paris.
B. Slave; private baths of a villa.
C. Education of Achilles Island of Scyros.
D. Combat of Centaurs with wild Beasts.
E. Stag and Lion Hunt.
F. The Three Graces.
G. Rural Labors and Triumph of Amphitrite.
H. The Vintage.
I. The Nine Muses.
J. Vintage, and Pressing of the Grapes. Mythological Scene.
K. Door sill.
L. Antelope Hunt, and great number of decorative mosaics.

At other points unnumbered are vestiges of edifices and villas where fragments have been found of nude and draped statues, busts, shafts and bases of columns, dedicated to Jupiter, Victory, etc., capitals, and a great number of funeral inscriptions to emperors, procurators, and others.

Coins: gold, silver and many bronze.

In bronze: candelabras, tripods, lamps, mirrors, weight, torches, buckles, styli (pens for writing on wax tablets), clasps, ear-rings, rings, and ex-voto: legs of children, etc.

In terra cotta: dishes, vessels from Tuscany and Gaul; red, vermilion, black and gray, decorated with grotesque figures; Pagan and Christian lamps; amphoræ for wheat, wine, oil; water pipes of lead and terra cotta; bricks from arches, roofs, urns, vases and phials of iridescent glass.

Libyan and Punic idols and ex-voto: winged sphinx, uræus, etc.

(1) Consult the guidbook of Cherchel (*Syndicat d'Initiative de Cherchel*), edited by M. Jean Glenat: The Museum, Antiques Monuments and others.

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NOTES

1. *See* appendix B.
2. Plutarch's Lives, *Ant.* XXVI.
3. *See* appendix A, pp. 322-3.
4. "See! the star of Cæsar" Virgil (*Eclogue* IX, 47), star which appeared after Cæsar's death (Suet. I, LXXXVIII). A tradition already existed from Chalcidius' commentary of the *Timeus*, "relative to a star which would announce to men for their salvation the coming of a true divinity." André Godard, *Le Messianisme*, p. 278. In 40 B.C. Pacoros, son of the Parthian king, and his forces were in Jerusalem. To the Jews impregnated with Messianic ideas, they represented Magi come from the Orient in search of the Messiah. Bouché-Leclercq, *Histoire des Lagides*, vol. II, p. 240 from J. Darmesteter, "Les Parthes à Jérusalem" (*Journal Asiatique, juill.-août*, 1894). Thus later the Wise Men of Bethlehem could talk without astonishment of this sign.
5. *See* appendix B.
6. The Orientals knew that what to Rome looked at first like a masquerade was an attempt of Cleopatra to bring Antony to that program of Cæsar, which H. Jeanmaire in *Le Messianisme de Virgile*, p. 148 explains is "a Roman called to the lordship of the world and associated to the royalty of the king of Egypt."
7. Rudolf Kittel in *Die Hellenistische Mysterienreligion und das alte Testament*, quoting Macrobius (*Sat.* I, 18), says we must look for the origin in this ceremony of the sun, Helios, or Eternity, Aion born of the virgin in the tradition of Syria, Arabia and Alexandria. It took place during the solstice, the night of the 25th of December. In Egypt, Isis gives birth to the infant Horus. In Eleusis, the Hierophant cries at the end of the mysteries, "The Mistress has given birth to a holy child. . . . Power to the strong. . . . It is the Virgin who was with child, who conceived and gave birth to a son."
8. Plut., *Ant.*, 36; Dio Cassius, XLIX, 32, 4. The date is established with certainty by a letter of Antony addressed to Augustus in which he says Cleopatra has been his wife for nine years (Suetonius, II, 69). As the letter is dated 32 B.C., the liaison or marriage of Antony and Cleopatra must have taken place toward 41 B.C., and the birth toward the end of 40 and beginning of 39 B.C.

Those in accord with this date are Gsell, *Histoire Ancienne de l'Afrique du Nord*, vol. VIII, p. 217; Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 253; Gardthausen, *Augustus und Seine Zeit*, vol. II, pp. 170-1; Caleb Richmond Harding, "A Study and Criticism of Eduard Norden's Interpretation of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue" (*Proceedings for 1932, American Philological Association*); *Pauly-Wissowa*, vol. II, p. 784; Jeanmaire, *op. cit.*, app. I, p. 177. W. W. Tarn, "Alexander Helios and

the Golden Age," *The Journal of Roman Studies*, XXII, 1932, part 2. Others believe it to be 36 B.C. or 35 B.C., i.e., Mommsen, *Gesammelte Schriften*, vol. VIII, p. 272; and Carcopino, *Virgile et le Mystère de la IV Eclogue*, pp. 164 ff.

9. Eduard Norden (*Die Geburt des Kindes*) states that the second Sibylline book, written by the Sibyl of Babylon, speaks of a king, sent by God, who will come from "the sun" (the Helios motif). From this comes the invocation, "Be Happy, Virgin, and proud that the gods have given thee the joy of eternity!"

10. On the eve of his assassination Cæsar was planning to consummate Alexander the Great's *idée maîtresse:* World Domination! The first step called for the conquest of Parthia. "There were only two ways of getting Egypt... either by marrying the last queen, or else by forcing his way through and taking up his inheritance. In both cases, moreover, it was necessary for him, at any cost, to rule there as King." Jérôme Carcopino, *La Royauté de César*, p. 149.

Cæsar had adopted the Lagidæ policy. According to Wilcken (*Alexander der Grosse und die Hellenistische Wirtschaff*), in Schmollers Jhb., 1921, this was an offensive imperialism, Macedonian or Hellenic in character, with empire as its goal, and Egypt the means: "*Weltmacht Politik*" policy. Kornemann, (*Die Letzten Ziele der Politik Alexanders das Grossen*, LVII, p. 229) in Klio, Bd. 16, pp. 209-233 attributes to the Ptolemies the ambition to extend their power to the farthest limits of the inhabited world. Like Alexander, they dreamed of universal empire. Rostovtzeff (*A History of the Ancient World*, vol. I., pp. 356-7) sees the Lagidæ policy as a defensive and economic imperialism the aim of which was the security and prosperity of Egypt.

11. It would seem that the twins were named Cleopatra-Selene and Alexander-Helios at birth. Herodotus (II, 59): "Isis is the divinity whom the Greeks called Demeter, Osiris is their Dionysus. There was a son of Isis named Horus, who is no other than Apollo (Helios), and a daughter, Bubastis, or Artemis (Selene)." The mother being Cleopatra-Isis and the father Antony-Dionysus-Osiris, the children of these gods could only be a Selene or a Helios.

Cleopatra-Selene was the third queen named Selene, but it was the first time the name "Helios" appears. According to Franz Boll (*Die Sonne im Glauben und in der Weltanschauung der Alter Völker*), these names signify "Cosmoscratores" (or the two powerful planets, Sun and Moon); and one may consider the choice of these names as the avowal of the Roman Triumvir that he destined the terrestrial world for his children by the Queen of Egypt.

12. I believe the marriage took place in the summer of 41 B.C. Supporting this we have "Socrates the Rhodian, in the third book of his *History of the Civil War*, describing the entertainment given by Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt, who married Antony, the Roman general, in Cilicia...." Athenaeus, *The Deipnosophists*, bk. IV, c. 29. Rostovtzeff (*A History of the Ancient World*, vol. II, p. 154) apparently accepts this date when he states that Antony "meeting Cleopatra, the Egyptian Queen, at Tarsus, prepared to tap the wealth of Egypt by peaceful means rather than by violence: he became the husband of the queen."

Jérôme Carcopino (*op. cit.*, p. 149) states, that Cæsar on the eve of his death planned to demand an authorization from the Senate for polygamy in order that he might marry the Queen of Egypt without repudiating his wife. Antony dispensed even with this form. Polygamy, Plutarch suggests in the comparison of Demetrius and Antony (bk. IV), was a Roman prejudice, "not prohibited but made customary for the kings of Macedonia" by Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great. Moreover, Bevan, in *The Ptolemaic Dynasty*, p. 369, cites Sir F. Petrie, who holds that from the point of view of the native Egyptians, it was quite correct for their queen to marry the man who at any time was *de facto* ruler of Egypt. Antony, after Philippi, was Emperor of the East; and as Dionysus-Osiris he was king of Egypt.

13. In 43 B.C. the Triumvirs, Antony and Octavian, decreed temples to Serapis and Isis five years after the Senate had ordered those standing demolished (Dio Cass., XLVII, 15). That their act was a sort of political bait, showing the

popularity in Rome of this religion, is suggested by Lafaye in his *Histoire du Culte des Divinités d'Alexandrie*, p. 48.

14. *See* appendix A, p. 322.

15. Alexander the Great's death ended the conquest of the West, which was to begin with Carthage. His heirs turned their eyes Eastward, their policy being Hellenization and consolidation of the Empire and kingdoms (Cambridge *Ancient History*, vol. IX).

16. At Ephesus Cæsar had been divinized before the Ides of March. Dittenberger, Sylloge Inscriptionum Graecarum, ed. 3, Lipsiae. Vol. II, 191 *f.*; Jeanmaire, *op. cit.*, p. 148. Although Tarn (*op. cit.*, p. 157) believes that Antony did not assume the rôle of Dionysus until 39 B.C. when in Athens with Octavia, Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 232) writes that "when Antony arrived at Ephesus, they received him as the God Dionysus *in person*." Octavian-Augustus from the beginning ridicules this identification of Antony with Dionysus-Osiris, reproaching his rival for adopting barbarous manners and customs; while Cicero criticized him for his *acta nefaria*, or the acts of Cæsar, which little by little became those of Antony. Charles Nisard, *Lettres de Cicéron*, Letter 707. But it was not a question of play nor of vanity with Antony, nor had it been with Cæsar. They were both following a fundamental idea, that of the deified man, dating from the time of Alexander the Great.

17. *See* appendix A, p. 323.

18. In the spring of 40 B.C., Antony had closed his ears to the requests and recriminations of his wife, brothers, colleagues, legates and veterans. (Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, p. 240.) But that autumn, the "soldiers were at this moment stronger than the people, and disposed of their chiefs at their will; they now compelled Octavian and Antonius to treat" (Merivale, History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. III, pp. 229-30). This is the first evidence we have of the power of the veterans who later were strong enough to make and unmake emperors. Statesmen and citizens added pressure to force this pact, C. Asinius Pollio acting for Antony and Maecenas for Octavian. The Pact of Brundisium was fatal to Antony's ambitions, and allowed Octavian to build his imperial power.

19. Dio Cass., XLVIII, 39; Zonar., X, 23; Seneca, *Suas.*, I, 7.

20. Octavian now sought to create the impression that Antony was following Cæsar's intention to establish a pure monarchy, that he was a traitor to Roman ideas, and to represent himself as the champion of their hearths and gods. Rostovtzeff, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 156; *Social and Economic Hist. of Roman Empire*, pp. 28-29.

21. Jeanmaire, in *Le Messianisme de Virgile* (p. 183), basing his opinion on Josephus (*Ant. Jud.*, XIV, 27), believes that at the end of the year 38 B.C., Antony might have made a short visit in Egypt where he undoubtedly saw Cleopatra. Tarn (*op. cit.*, p. 145) thinks the "Egypt" is only a slip for "Athens" in this passage. After Phillipi, 42-41-B.C., about the time of his meeting with Cleopatra, a coin of Antony was struck bearing the head of Sol (Helios) radiate, symbol of the East. It is significant that after 38 B.C., when his plans are maturing to return to Cleopatra and embark on the Parthian campaign, this coin again appears, indicating the Imperator Antony's belief that his fortunes lie in the East. See Appendix D.

22. Now Antony's hands were untied and the time for agreements had passed; indeed he had no further need for them. From now on he stands forth as the lord and master of the East. Rostovtzeff (*A History of the Ancient World*, vol. II, p. 155) puts it; "In 36 B.C. he broke definitely with Octavian and declared Cleopatra to be his wife." Also in this year Antony substituted the head of Cleopatra for that of Octavia on his coinage, signifying a formal recognition. See note 12.

23. Plut., *Ant.*, LIV; Dio Cass., XLIX, 32, 41. Scholars differ as to the number of the children and the date of their birth. Titus-Livy, *Epit.*, CXXXII, says that Antony had of Cleopatra *duos filios*, the elder being one of the twins.

Stahr, *Cleopatra*, p. 160, persists in making Philadelphus the elder and twin of Cleopatra Selene. See Gardthausen, *op. cit.*, vol. II, 1, pp. 170-1. Although most historians agree on 36 B.C. as the date of Ptolemy's birth, Jeanmaire (*op. cit.*, pp. 183-4) believes that in this year when Cleopatra went about a great deal and followed Antony a great distance on his march to the Euphrates, it was impossible for her to give birth to a child. He leans toward the year 38-37 B.C., basing his opinion on the Josephus note that Antony passed through Egypt in the year 38 B.C. (See note 21.)

24. Plut., *Ant.*, LXXII; Dio Cass., LI, 6. See Gardthausen, *op. cit.*, vol. I, 412, II, 222 f., 21.

25. Dio Cass., XLIX, 40, 2.

26. There were numerous Royal children, or boy pages. Nobility sent their children to court to be brought up with the king's children, and, as the child-heir grew up, they became his counselors and "Sole Friends." They helped the king celebrate the divine offices as well. It was the way the monarchs created entourages, and gradually destroyed the prejudices of the feudal lords. The custom of royal-rearing for children of the nobility was not to be revived until the age of chivalry. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. III, p. 118.

27. The transfer of these Roman provinces to Cleopatra's children was the first step toward Actium. Now we fully see the significance of the names, Sun and Moon. (See note 11.) Florus (bk. II, Ch. XXI, eleven) admits Antony "aimed at sovereignty—though not for himself."

Rostovtzeff (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 156) explains, "Antony was coming forward as the direct representative of the Hellenistic kings, and proving to Rome that the plan of shifting the center of the Roman Empire from Italy to the East was no novelty to him." To hold the East of Alexander the Great, he must be a monarch. "It was the only kind of a régime that the Orient understood and would obey," says Carcopino in *Sylla ou la monarchie manquée*. (See appendix A, p. 323.) See also H. Jeanmaire "La Politique Religieuse d'Antoine et de Cléopâtra," in *Rev. Archéol.*, pp. 257 *ff.*

On the triumph see Plut., *Ant.* LIV; Paterculus *Roman History*, II, LXXXII; Dio Cass., XLIX, 40; on the coronation see Plut., *Ant.* LIV; Dio Cass., XLIX, 41; Josephus, *Ant. Jud.*, XV, 3, 8; Merivale, *op. cit.*, vol. III, pp. 286-7; *Pauly-Wissowa*, II, p. 784.

28. For the coin issued on the occasion of the triumph, see E. Babelon, *Monnaies de la République Romaine*, vol. I, p. 195, no. 95. See Appendix D, 2. It is possible that the design may have been worked out by C. Avianius Evander (Horace, *Satires*, bk. I, 3, 91), of Greek origin, sculptor and engraver, brought from Athens to Alexandria by Antony, then taken to Rome, where he was sold as a slave and later freed. Grenier, *Le Génie Romain*, p. 298.

29. Horace, *Odes*, bk. I, Ode 37.

30. Walckenaer, *Vie d'Horace*, vol. I, p. 359; Catull., *Carm.*, X; Juvenal, VI, pp. 79-80; Propert., *Eleg.* III, 9, 45. The Greeks of Alexandria brought this custom to Rome. It was used by courtesans.

31. Plut. *Ant.* LVI.

32. In thus vindicating the conduct of Antony at the Battle of Actium, I have the support of some of the best modern naval historians, in contradiction to the general contemporary belief, fostered by Augustan writers seeking to palliate their patron's crime and blacken his adversary. Discounting the ancient versions, Rostovtzeff (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 157) asks, "or are these malicious fictions circulated by Octavian in order to blacken his rival?" Julien de la Gravière is positive in his position. *La Marine des Ptolémées et la Marine des Romains*, pp. 70-81: "without hesitation I affirm—that Antony did not run away and that his conduct on this great occasion was but the result of a long premeditated plan." Maurice Larrouy (*Antoine et Cléopâtre, La Bataille d'Actium*), inquiring into the real reason for the flight of Antony and Cleopatra, is equally convinced that cowardice is not the answer. In pointing out the absurdity of such a theory he notes that Antony was a great military man, a very good organizer, pupil and

successor to the successful general Cæsar, that Cleopatra was an ambitious, intelligent queen, both well aware that a mere ignominious flight would be contrary to their salvation, peace and marital happiness. M. Larrouy's answer is in one word: the Sea. Antony failed to realize that his only hope of victory lay in naval power. The Battle of Actium had been already lost in the famous negotiations of Misenum when Antony, in return for a legionary force, turned over to Octavian a hundred galleys and twenty brigantines. He found his utterly inadequate fleet bottled up at Actium, his only hope of turning defeat into ultimate victory lying in a carefully planned, strategic retreat, a return to his legions and the building up of his sea power before again trying the issue. Even the partisan writers of the day admit the hopeless inferiority of Antony's equipment and that "the victory of the Cæsarean party was a certainy before the battle." Paterculus, *Hist. of Rome.* bk. II, LXXXIII; Plut. *Ant.* LXIII.

33. Cleopatra undoubtedly connived with the Alexandrines to secure the throne for Cæsar's son before Rome interfered. Cleopatra and Cæsarion were the last heirs to the Ptolemy throne. Cæsarion once crowned, Rome would find it difficult to challenge his rights.

34. Pelusium, key to Egypt, was a Jewish stronghold, living in closest relations with Judea. Antipater, father of Herod, had persuaded his co-religionists to open their gates for Cæsar; so Herod now, worshiping the rising sun of Octavian, does his share to break down the resistance of remaining followers of Cleopatra and Antony.

35. Plut., *Ant.* LIV; Rostovtzeff, *op. cit.*, vol. II, pp. 155-156; Merivale, *op. cit.*, vol. III, pp. 286-287.

36. Plut., *Ant.* LXXXI; Suet., II, XVII.

37. Plut., *Ant.* LXXXI; *Pauly-Wissowa*, II, p. 784.

38. Plut., *Ant.* LXXXI, LXXXII; Suet. II, XVII.

39. *See* note 37.

40. Plut., *Ant.* LXXXI.

41. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, pp. 358-359; Dio Cass., LI, 21, 8; Prop. II, I, 31; Gardthausen, *op. cit.*, vol. I, pp. 471-481; Euseb. Chron. ed. Schone II, 140; Dio Cass., LI, 28, 8; Zonar. X, 31. The crown jewels that adorned the waxen effigy of Cleopatra the Great were afterwards placed in the temple at Rome, which her statue in gold ornamented. Dio Cass., LI, 22.

42. Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 154; Appian, II, 101; Suidas, *Lexicon*, see *Juba.*

43. *La Grande Encyclopédie*, p. 510; Suet., I, XXXVIII; Dio Cass., LI, 21.

44. "*Respiciens post te, hominem memento te. Hominem se esse teiam triumphans . . . ad monetur. . . .*" *Tertull. Apolog.*

45. Free rendition based on the text of Titus Livy, *Hist. of Rome*, XXXVIII, 49.

46. Horace, *Odes*, bk. III, Ode XIV.

47. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 360.

48. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol II, p. 360; Plut., *Ant.* LXXXVII; Eugène Cavaignac (*La Paix Romaine*, p. 369). The palace of Augustus is meant here, for when Antony ejected Octavia from his house, he "drove her to take refuge with her brother." Merivale, *op. cit.*, vol. III, p. 309.

49. Plut., *Ant.* LXXII; Dio Cass., LI, 8, 4; see Gardthausen, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 412, II, 222 *f.*, 21; Suet., II, XLVIII; Grenier, *op. cit.*, p. 342.

50. Plutarch (*Ant.* LIV) and Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 292) both emphasize the fact that Antony "was hated for his distribution of provinces to his children in Alexandria."

51. Suetonius (II, XVII) says Augustus "spared the rest of the offspring of Antony and Cleopatra, and afterwards maintained and reared them according to their several positions, as carefully as if they were his own kin."

52. Suetonius (V, I) states that Drusus "was born of Livia within three months after her marriage to Augustus (for she was with child at the time), and there was a suspicion that he was begotten by his stepfather in adulterous

intercourse." And he even quotes a verse current at the time: "In three months' time come children to the great." Albertini, S. Empire Romain, p. 40. Carcopino (*Revue Historique*, 1929) is of the opinion that Drusus was born before the marriage.

53. Dio Cass., LVI, 43.

54. Dio Cass., LVIII, 2.

55. Grenier (*op. cit.*, p. 341), describing the education of Julia at the palace under her stepmother, says it was severe enough to make her forever weary of virtue.... "Seated in the house, she spun wool with no other society than Livia, Octavia, sister of Augustus, and their children" (Cleopatra Selene and her half-sisters, the two Antonias). Cagnat (*A Travers le Monde Romain*) says, "This system of education tended to convince the Romans of the divinity of the blood of the Julii. It was a ceremony of sanctuary with something of the etiquette of the court of Spain under Phillip II."

56. Florus, bk. 2, XXI.

57. Suet., II, XLVIII: "He also united the kings with whom he was in alliance by mutual ties, and was very ready to propose or favor intermarriage or friendships among them. He never failed to treat them with all consideration as integral parts of the empire."

58. Suet., II, LXIV.

59. Plut., *Ant.* LXXXVII. "Antony, son of Fulvia, raised so high that, while Agrippa held the first place in Cæsar's estimation and the sons of Livia the second, Antony was thought to be and really was third."

60. Cavaignac, *op. cit.*, vol. V, p. 369.

61. *Institut. Oral.*, III, VIII, 16.

62. Jeanmaire, "La Politique Religieuse d'Antoine et de Cléopâtre" (*Revue Archéologique*, 1924, p. 247), says that the origin of the tragedies that occurred in the house of the Claudii, in which Roman mentality and tradition were incarnate, was due to that indefinable something which entered with the daughter of Antony. As daughter of Cleopatra the Great, whom Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 180), decribes as a "venomous flower blossoming on an unhealthy stem," she had what he calls "the Lagidæ taint." Not visible in herself, it flourished in her nephews and nieces and brought about the downfall of that house.

63. Virgil's *Æneid*, bk. VI, 69-70.

64. Suet., II, LXIV.

65. R. Cagnat, *op. cit.*

66. Virgil's *Æneid*, bk. VI, 70.

67. Martial, bk. I, CV.

68. Rostovtzeff, *Social and Economic Hist. of the Roman Empire*, ch. II; Martial, *Epigrams*, bk. 12, L; Pliny, *Letters*, bk. II, XVII.

69. Suet., II, LXXX.

70. A copy of this statue of Augustus was found at Cherchel (Cæsarea), in Algeria.

71. Dio Cassius (LI, 15, 6) states that Juba made a campaign with Augustus. I believe Juba did not go to Actium. Masquerey (*Correspondance Africaine*, 1884, p. 476), too, is of the opinion that the logical place for him was among his own people. Juba also took part in the Spanish campaign with Augustus in 27 B.C.

72. Dio Cass., LI, 15, 6.

73. Berbrugger in the *Revue Africaine* (1861, X, p. 231): "Juba" may be a title of commandment as well as a proper name, *i.e.*, "Iubeo" of the Romans, or "Cæsar" meaning emperor.

74. Macrob., *Saturn.* ii, 5.

75. Plut., *Ant.* LXXVIII.

76. After Actium, Augustus restored to Juba a part of his father's kingdom "for services rendered him on his campaigns." Dio Cass., LI, 15, 6. Later, he "exchanged this smaller kingdom for a greater," namely the Mauretanias (Dio

Cass., LIII, 26, 2), when he married Cleopatra Selene. That these two facts are brought together by Dio Cassius supports my interpretation that Mauretania was the dowry of Antony's daughter, a restoration of Libya, his coronation gift to her in 33 B.C.

77. Ovid.

78. Sappho, Himerius: *Orations*, i, 20.

79. Suet., II, II.

80. These refer to wax portraits of ancestors who had held curule office. They signified noble descent.

81. Aeschinus Antonianus (CIL 9344), a slave, was part of the dowry given Cleopatra Selene by her father. He was eventually freed in Mauretania by Juba. Gauckler, *Musée de Cherchel*, p. 39.

82. Mommsen (*Römische geschichte*, vol. 5, p. 628), taking exception to Dio Cassius, holds that Cleopatra Selene was born in 35 B.C., and therefore could not have been married in 30 B.C. Nor does he agree that Juba was reëstablished in Numidia at this time, as he does not count the years of his reign before 25 B.C. Gardthausen (*op. cit.*, II, pp. 387-8) answers that she was born before 35 B.C., toward the end of 40 B.C., and that therefore Dio did not anticipate much in referring to the marriage of Cleopatra Selene in connection with her mother's death. He claims that Juba could have gone to Numidia before the battle of Actium to defend it against Antony, without the title of king, however, which was only granted in 25 B.C. This refers to Dio Cassius' (XLIX, 16) statement that Juba made a campaign with Octavian. Strabo (bk. VI, p. 288; VII, p. 828) agrees with Dio Cassius, who dates the marriage in 30 B.C. and Juba's reëstablishment in Numidia. Strabo does not admit an exchange of kingdoms in 25 B.C., however, but an enlargement. Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 218) maintains that the Dio Cassius' passage (LI, 15, 6) has been incorrectly interpreted, claiming that one must adopt a more recent date. He refers to a Mauretanian coin (20-19 B.C.), struck in the sixth year of the reign, showing on one side Juba and on the other Queen Cleopatra. It is the only one before the thirtieth year of the reign that bears a date, and must, so he says, have been made in order to celebrate an event of great importance in the lives of the two represented: their marriage.

83. The poem given in The Greek Anthology (Loeb Class. Library, vol. III, p. 123) is by Crinagoras, a Greek born in Mytilene in 65 B.C. He was considered by Strabo one of the intellectuals of the Augustan Age. He was a client-poet of the Imperial household, a favorite of Augustus and Octavia and, according to some authorities, the tutor of the Ptolemy princess.

The epigram is subject for controversy. Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 362, Note I) believes "it is an error to attribute it to Crinagoras; it is older and probably concerns Ptolemy III, Evergetes, King of Egypt, and Berenice, Queen of Cyrenaica (middle of the third century B.C.)." Yet on the other hand he cannot see why Crinagoras "should revive memories of this glorious epoch of Egypt now conquered, if it were not for the occasion of this marriage" of Cleopatra and Juba. Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 221, says, "Nothing authorizes us to contest Crinagoras' right to the verses which may have been made in honor of the queen of Mauretania."

The biography of Crinagoras given in *Wissowa* (p. 1859), states that the epigram 28 celebrates the marriage of Octavia's stepdaughter, Cleopatra Selene, with Juba, and cites many authors who are of the same opinion.

It may be that the poem was not written by Crinagoras. In that case its revival by him for Cleopatra's wedding makes it all the more important. Crinagoras has not overlooked the point that Cleopatra, as well as Berenice, was Queen of Cyrenaica, although she never reigned there (see note 27 on the coronation). This poem has traditional significance, and to the people of the time might have seemed like the fulfillment of a prophecy. That Augustus did not object to this poem might imply that it fitted in with his ambitions for her. There is no evidence that he had in mind, as Crinagoras suggests, "turning Egypt (which he held as a personal possession) and Libya into one country." But the secretive

Augustus may have fondled this idea of having a great African kingdom under the sway of a member of his own house.

There are many points on which we can only form hypotheses. Prof. Albertini "hesitates a little to accept the reality of the project—or the dream—to unite in one kingdom Egypt and North Africa: Egypt and Cyrenaica on one side, Tripoli-Tunis-Algeria-Morocco, on the other, appear to me like two worlds distinctly "apart."

84. "Talasio" is an obsolete word which recalled to the wife her new duties as spinner in her husband's house.

85. Cleopatra Selene and her brothers had been accustomed, after the coronation in Alexandria, to appear in public only surrounded by an Asiatic, Macedonian or perhaps Libyan guard. Dury, *Histoire des Romains*, vol. V, p. 581. Now for the first time since then, she was to have her own guards again.

86. Paul Monceaux, *Les Africains, Etude sur la Littérature Latine d'Afrique*, p. 59.

87. Virgil, *Aeneid*, bk. IV, 417-418.

88. These passages are from the chronicles of King Juba's ancestor, Heimpsal; Sallust, *The War with Jugurtha*, XVII, 2, XVIII, 1-9.

89. Boissier, *L'Afrique Romaine*, pp. 18-19.

90. Strabo, XVII, 3, 12; Pomponius Mela, bk. I, 6; Pliny the Elder, V, 20; Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 224.

91. Albertini (*L'Empire Romain*, pp. 49-50) speaks of the colonies of veterans installed there to help civilize the Berbers and collaborate with him in inspiring respect in those restless tribes of the high plateaux. Rostovtzeff (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 35) says that while the majority were not common peasants, tenants and artisans, but landowners, traders and business men, yet the poorer *coloni* readily listened to the suggestions of their masters that they should emigrate to the happy lands of Africa, and there rent better and larger plots of land from the rich landowners of the provinces.

92. Cleopatra Selene had not a drop of Egyptian blood. She was a Greek queen. In a note at the bottom of page 360 of *A History of Egypt under the Ptolemaic Dynasty*, Bevan says "That Cleopatra VI had any native Egyptian blood is exceedingly improbable. The Seleucid blood in her veins was Macedonian, with a slight Persian admixture, not Syrian. On the suppositions, all doubtful, (1) that the mother of Ptolemy Auletes was a pure Greek, (2) that his wife Tryphæna was his whole sister, (3) that Cleopatra was the daughter of Tryphæna, the proportion of elements in Cleopatra's blood would be—Greek, 32; Macedonian, 27; Persian, 5."

Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, pp. 364-364; Dieudonné, Revue Numismatique, 1908, pp. 350-368 (coins 73 and 74); Charcier, *Description des Monnaies de la Maurétanie*, p. 97; Macurdy, *Hellenistic Queens*, p. 225. See note 149.

93. Carcopino (*La Royauté de César*, p. 149) is convinced that Cæsar wished to marry Cleopatra, giving among other reasons "the memory of her loyalty in the most critical moments of the Alexandrine War. . . ."

94. Quintilian (VI, 3, 90): "*Quid? Tu me Hippocentaurum putas?*"

95. Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 181) says that Cleopatra the Great "was not content with the title of queen; she wanted to reign." Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 218-219) speaks of her daughter Cleopatra Selene as no woman of the harem, but a real sovereign from the house of Augustus, and "queen because she had been invested with royal authority and not only because she was the wife of a king."

96. Dio Cassius (LIII, 33) throws out the hint, probably common at the time, that Livia was not entirely without guilt in this unexpected death. But writing as he did under a capricious Emperor, he hastens to add that that year and the beginning of the next were unhealthy, causing a number of deaths, and cited many funereal signs.

97. Dio Cass., LIV, 6.

98. Effie Ruth Provence points out in "Vergil's Dramatic Treatment of

Omens, Oracles and Visions" (*Proceedings for 1932, Amer. Philol. Assn.*) that "The people of that day, living in a religiously transitional period, yet possessed deep religious insight." The keynote of the *Aeneid*—devotion to duty as expressed in state and religion—is indeed that of the age.

99. A statue of Neptune, in the Cherchel Museum, dates from the time of Juba II, and may possibly be this very one. Berbrugger (*Revue Afric.*, 1867, X, p. 231), calls it "a copy of one of the most remarkable works of Hellenic art."

100. Louis Bertrand, *Africa*, p. 197.

101. Pomponius Mela, I, 6; Louis Bertrand, *Les Villes d'Or*, p. 64; *L'Afrique de Marmol, trad.* Perrot d'Albancourt, 1667, t. II, p. 394; Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 246.

102. Grenier, *op. cit.*, p. 293; Martial Douël, *L'Algérie Romaine*, p. 144; Berbrugger, *Revue Africaine*, t. V, 1861.

103, 104 and 105. *See* app. C.

106. Gsell, *Les Monuments Antiques de l'Algérie*, pp. 248-249.

107. It is possible that she may have brought architects from Alexandria. Grenier, *op. cit.*, pp. 311-312; Monceaux, *Les Africains*, p. 59.

108. *See* note 187.

109. *See* app. A, pp. 319-321.

110. Dio Cass., LI, 15, 6; LIII, 26; Strabo, XVII, 3. See Merivale, *Hist. of the Romans*, vol. II, p. 111.

111. Dio Cass., XLIII, 15-17.

112. "According to the text of the *Eclogue*, the infant prodigy must die," is the interpretation of Friedrich Marx, *Virgils Vierte Eclogue.*

113. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 361: Sophron. in Mai, *Spicileg.*, III, p. 548; Lumbroso, *Egitto*, p. 115, 2.

114. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 361.

115. This coin has given rise to much discussion among scholars, and is offered by R. de la Blanchère (*De Rege Juba*, p. 94) as proof that the brothers "went with their sisters into Libya and remained always with Juba." Merivale, *Romans under the Empire*, vol. IV, p. 11) quoting Dio Cass. (LI, 15, 6; LIII, 26) and Strabo (XVII, 3, p. 828) thinks they were transferred to the protection of their sister. Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 361) questions that. Since the Ptolemies were always in the public eye, it is certain that some scholar would have noted their sojourn in Northern Africa. No inscription extant bears their name. Müller (*Numis. de l'Ancienne Afrique*, p. 120) calls attention to the significance Eckhel (*Doctrina*, IV, p. 159) attaches to the coins 43 and 95 bearing the Sun and Moon. He suggests that these symbols may be an allusion to Cleopatra Selene and her brother.

116. *See* note 62.

117. Burton, *Art of Melancholy*, p. 527.

118. Berbrugger, *Revue Afric.* t. V, 1861; Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 364; Gsell, *Hist. Anc. de l'Afr. du Nord*, vol. VIII, p. 241; *Pauly-Wissowa*, II, p. 784; Douël, *op. cit.*, pp. 129-137; Cavaignac, *op. cit.*, p. 368.

119. No queen had yet appeared on the money of the State except Tryphaena, Queen of Pontus, and Gepaepyris, Queen of the Bosphorus. These queens never appeared alone, and also followed Cleopatra Selene, who had set the precedent (R. de la Blanchère, *op. cit.*, p. 94). Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 116, suggests that the money was struck not merely to render her homage as the heads and names of ruling Egyptian queens on the monies of the Ptolemies, as well as empresses and imperial princesses on Roman money. But her coins were struck in virtue of sovereign authority of a monetary right accorded specially to this queen. *See* app. D, 1.

120. André Piganiol, *La Conquête Romaine*, pp. 452-453.

121. From the coinage it has been deduced that the territory of Juba and Cleopatra was in reality two states independent of each other, the Numidian part being ruled over by the King, while Cleopatra reigned alone over Mauretania. *See* note 170. Mommsen in *Ephem. Epigr.*, vol. X, I, 277 (*Ges. Schr.* VIII, 272 F)

and Kahrstedt (*Klio*, vol. X, 301) are both of this opinion. (See also Jacoby, vol. IX, p. 2386.) Masquerey (*Corres. Africaine*, 1884, p. 476) tells us that R. de la Blanchère believes that she and Juba together were called king and queen by the Roman people and invested with equal rights. Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 219-220) does not believe there was a territorial division between the two, yet the fact that the Romans later divided it into two provinces might indicate a precedent. Dio Cass., LIX, 25, 1.

122. Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 241-2; Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 364; Müller, *op. cit.*, pp. 120-122

123. In changing the name to Cæsarea, he gave his brother historians something over which to quibble—some calling it Julia Cæsarea, another replying that the passage in Ptolemy the geographer refers to an island with a city of the same name. No Mauretanian coin has yet been discovered bearing the name of Julia Cæsarea, or any other but Cæsarea. Strabo, XVII, ch. III, 12. Pom. Mela, I, 30. Pliny the Elder, V, 20. Ampelius, 38. Eutrop., VII, 10.

124. Juba was known for several works on art, music, the dance, and a history of the theater in at least seven volumes. M. l'Abbé Sévin, "Recherches sur la Vie et sur les Ouvrages de Juba le Jeune, Roi de Mauretanie" (*Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. et Belles Lettres*), pp. 417 *ff.*

125. The episode here refers to the bad rendition of the rôle of Hypsipyle which *Leonteus had given in Æschylus' Septem contra a Thebas. Athenæus, The Deipnosophists or Banquet of the Learned*, bk. VII, c. 29.

126. Masquerey, *Corres. Afric.*, 1884, p. 476 *ff.*

127. Gsell, Marçais, Yver, *Histoire d'Algérie*, p. 21; Cavaignac, *op. cit.*, p. 368; Boissier, *op. cit.*, p. 33.

128. Horace, *Carm.*, I, 1, 10.

129. It is generally conceded that the chapters on elephants in Pliny are taken from Juba's works. He is also the source, through the intermediary of Alexandros of Myndos, of the elephant stories in Plutarch and Aelian. Many of the ancient authors owe their knowledge of the fauna and flora of Africa and Asia to the scholar-king. *Pauly-Wissowa*, vol. IX, p. 2384 *ff.* See note 149.

130. At the bottom of the sea near Mahdia off the eastern coast of Africa lies the wreck of a vessel loaded with bronzes and marbles: statues, furnitures, statuettes, architectural fragments, columns and bas-reliefs, supposed to be of the second half of the first century B.C.

131. Julien, *op. cit.*, p. 159; Gauckler, *op. cit.*, p. 29. Chapot, *Le Monde Romain*, p. 457.

132. Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 111, no. 108, p. 124; A. Heiss, *Descr. Générale des Monnaies Antiques de l'Espagne*, p. 269, nos. 5, 6, 7; *Pauly-Wissowa*, vol. IX, p. 2384 *ff.* Gades elected Juba *duumvir* (Avien. *Ora Marit.*, 275 *ff.*); Aldrete, *Varias Antiguedades de España y Africa*, bk. XIV, ch. XX, p. 577. As *duumvir quinquennalis*, he was the patron of new Carthage (CIL II 3417, Dessau, *Inscr. Lat. Sel.*, I, 1892). Morgan, *A Complete History of Algiers*, p. 37; Shaw, *Voyages en Barbarie*, vol. II, p. 156 of the *Extracts*, prints an inscription honoring Juba, found in a château at Carthagena in Spain.

133. Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 232-233.

134. J. Carcopino, "Volubilis Regia Iubae," *Hesperis*, t. 17, 1933, fas. I, pp. 1-24.

135. *Ibid.*, note 134.

136. Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 234; vol. IV, p. 51. The fame of this industry was marked by Pliny, VI, 201; Horace, *Epist.*, II, 2; Ovid, *Fastes*, II, 319; Silius Italicus, XVI, 569.

137. Horace, *Epode 16*.

138. Humboldt, Personal narr. of travels to the equinoctial regions of the new continent, during the years 1799-1804, vol. II, pp. 56-7.

139. The name *Purpurariae* seems to indicate that the Phœnicians obtained their famous purple from these same islands that Juba discovered. The Carthaginians after them probably followed the same policy of secrecy as the Phœnicians

as to their location. Probably for the same reason Juba, according to Pliny, reported that he found no inhabitants. Bory de St. Vincent, *Essai sur les Iles Fortunées*, ch. VI. All of them had in fact found something too precious to divulge; not only murex, which provided purple dye for the wealthy, but orcin, a substance obtained from a lichen (*Rocella Tinctoria*), which grows in abundance on the rocky seacoast of the Madeira and Canary Islands, and which produces a beautiful purple color, employed to dye wool, silk and other materials. Chaumeton, Poiret and Chamberet, *Flore Medicale*, pp. 23-4. See Jean de Bethencourt, *Histoire de la Première Découverte et Conquête des Canaries en* 1402.

140. Gsell, *op. cit.*, p. 233-234; Pliny the Elder, VI, 201; Cary and Warmington, *Explorers of Antiquity*, pp. 78-80; *Archives Marocaines*, vol. XXX, p. 37: "to Juba is attributed the discovery of the island of Madeira."

141. Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 267.

142. A poem by Antipatros of Thessalonika who came to Rome in 9 B.C. (M. Boivin le Cadet, "Remarques Hist. et Crit. sur l'Anthol. Manuscrite," (*Mémoires de l'Acad. Royale des Inscript. et Belles Lettres*, t. 2, p. 279 *sqq.*) is a clew to Cleopatra Selene's movements at this time. The poet praises a certain Cleopatra on whose hand he had seen an amethyst ring on which was engraved a figure of drunkenness. The name Cleopatra, with the additional word "anasses" shows that he refers to a woman of noble rank. In his time there actually existed a princess Cleopatra "who shows close relation with the Roman families, namely Cleopatra Selene." (C. Cichorius, 1922, "On the Poems of Antipatros of Thessalonika," Romische Studien, pp. 325-332.) "That the royal couple later resided a short time in Rome, possibly to visit Cleopatra Selene's sisters, is entirely conceivable, and undoubtedly Antipatros would then have known her and celebrated her." (*Ibid.*) She was the only Cleopatra, so far as we know, who existed at this time. Crinagoras (see note 83), singing her praises in two epigrams on the occasion of her wedding and death, also uses a similar word "anaktis," only used in addressing royalty.

143. Suet., *Tib.*, XIII, LXVIII; Tac., *Ann.*, i, 51; Stahr, *Tiberius*, p. 51.

144. Anthol. Palat., IX, 752.

145. Cleopatra Selene is a living reminder of the religious and political policy for which her parents died and which she would transfer to her sisters and nephews. *See* appendix A and note 10.

146. *Res. Gest.*, II, 38-41; Ovid, *Fast.*, I, 709; Showerman, *Rome and the Romans*, p. 66; Homo, *Le Haute-Empire*, p. 167; Grenier, *op. cit.*, pp. 419-431.

147. Horace, *Odes*, bk. IV, Ode II.

148. Macrob., *Saturn.*, ii, 5.

149. Juba was an initiator of the Greek arts and letters into Roman society. Around him and his Greek scholars flocked the young students of Mauretania. The academies founded by Juba were still flourishing when Arabs overran Africa.

"Juba," says Pliny the Elder (*Nat. Hist.*, vol. 16) "was even more famous for his learned works than for his reign." Albertini (*op. cit.*, p. 144) names him as one of the men at this time who counted in literature. The history of art, poetry in all its forms, grammar ... nothing, it appears, escaped his curiosity. For his researches, he not only had the advantage of Greek, Latin and Punic manuscripts but employed his royal fortune to discover direct information on the source of the Nile and the Canary Archipelago. This was in the tradition of the Ptolemies.

Although we know the titles of at least 52 books, probably there were more. His works (fragments of which alone remain) not only won the praises of his contemporaries but were freely drawn upon by them and the writers of later generations. A compiler he is called by some. He followed the fashion of his day and might better be called an encyclopædist.

He is the sole source of Appian between 205-201 A.D. Plutarch quotes Juba in *Lives* and *Similitudes*, and probably made use of him where he does not indicate the source. If the Cleopatra of Plutarch is a person more simple, more living

than that of Dio Cassius, the credit, according to Vollgraff, is to King Juba. In the bibliographical lists which precede Pliny's *Natural History*, Juba is mentioned copiously and is cited 38 times in the work itself. Others known to have drawn on Juba for knowledge of the geography, fauna, flora and precious stones of Africa and Asia are Aelian, Galien in the 2nd century A.D., Athenæus, Elien at the time of Septimus and Severus, Josephus and Strabo. *See* note 129.

Among his works was a *History of Rome*, apparently in two books, which reached the period of the civil wars. This history and the *Similitudes*, a comparative study of customs and institutions, were used by Plutarch, (C.A.H., vol. IX, p. 884). *Libya* deals with West Africa and the interior—also Egypt. *Volumen de Euphorbea* is a treatise on a plant possessing medicinal properties. It was found by the king's doctor Euphorbus, for whom Juba named it. *Arabia* was dedicated to Gaius Cæsar, adopted son of Augustus. It was principally a geographical treatise, but like the *Libya*, it contained many other things. "Pliny is the only one who has conserved parts of this for us." Sévin *On the Assyrians* was an extract from the *Historia Assyriorum*, published by Berossus at the beginning of the third century. "It is to him that the public owes what remains to us of the antiquities of Assyria." Sévin *On the Corruption of the Language* was cited by Photius. Juba had a real passion for philology. *History of the Theatre or Things of the Theatre. See* note 124.

General Bibliography: *Pauly-Wissowa*, vol. IX, p. 2384 *ff.*; Gsell, *Hist. Anc. de l'Afrique du Nord*, vol. VIII, ch. 3, pp. 251-276; Masqueray, *Corres. Afric.*, 1884, p. 476; M. de l'Abbe Sévin, *op. cit.*; *Carolus Müllerus, Fragmenta Historicorum Graecorum, Scriptorum Graecorum, bibliotheca. Volumen* XXXI.

150. Muller, *op. cit.*, p. 106, no. 56, *Bull. Archéol. du Comité*, 1903, p. CLX, no. 11; *Rev. Numism.*, 1908, p. 352, no. 10; Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 224.

151. Horace, *Odes*, bk. 2, Ode 17.

152. Horace, *Odes*, bk. IV, Ode 4.

153. Heads of King Juba: Cherchel Museum, Coinage: *Cabinet des Médailles et des Antiquités, Bibl. Nat.*

154. Horace, *Odes*, bk. I, Ode 22.

155. This birth may have taken place before the year 1. From 1 to 4 A.D. Juba was absent in the East with Gaius Cæsar. His birth could not have been very much earlier since Tacitus (Ann., IV, 23) referred to him as "iuventa incurioso" —a young, careless youth.

156. It is a coincidence that while the treasures of Mauretania were laid at the feet of Ptolemy, son of the child of prophecy. Wise Men journeyed from the East to Bethlehem, bearing gifts for the Babe in a manger, Son of the humble Mary, who would inherit the earth.

157. Many torsos of Venus have been found. The Venus of Cherchel compares favorably with that of the Medicis.

158. "One cannot doubt," says Gsell (*Prom. Archéol.*, pp. 68-71), "that the capital of Mauretania possessed a place for scenic spectacles from the time of Juba, who called Greek actors and wrote a history of the theater. . . . It was very probably the edifice we have just described." He points out that the Latin signature, P. Antius Amphio, found on one of the capitals, and thought to be that of the architect, does not oblige one to believe it was built only under Roman domination.

Under the direction of M. Glenat, the theater has been brought to light. There is also a circus, not much smaller than the famous *Circus Maximus* of Rome, and an amphitheater. Only Carthage at its height boasted three such edifices. Gsell, *op. cit.*, pp. 62, 81-82; Léon Homo, *Rome Antique*, p. 326.

159. Gsell, *Hist. Anc. de l'Afrique du Nord*, vol. VIII, p. 220; Gauckler, *op. cit.*, pp. 54 and 116, pl. VIII, fig. 4; Gsell, *Promenades Archéol.*, p. 57, no. III.

160. Horace, *Odes*, bk. III, Ode 3, 46-47.

161. The banquet described by Athenæus is just such a one as the daughter of Cleopatra the Great would have given. *The Deipnosophists*, bk. IV, c. 29.

162. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 363; Gsell, *Hist. Anc. de l'Afr. du Nord*, vol. VIII, pp. 207 and 239.

163. Inscription to Augustus found in Asia Minor: W. Dittenberger, *Orientis Graeci Inscript. Select.*, 458, II, 32-40. See also H. Jeanmaire, *Le Messianisme de Virgile*, p. 116, for inscription of Halicarnassus.

164. The fifty-year reign of the Lagidæ-Heraclidæ dynasty was an extraordinary period in the Romanizing of Mauretania (two-thirds of present Algeria and all of Morocco). It not only was marked by the opening up of civilized life and the rise of several beautiful cities, but procured for Roman Africa a political and administrative stability of more than half a century. Boissière, *L'Algérie Romaine*, vol. I, p. 303; Cavaignac, *op. cit.*, p. 369; Homo, *Le Haute-Empire*, pp. 113-4; Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 230-233. *See* note 91.

165. Macrobius, *Saturn.*, ii, 4: "*Procum quam filium.*" But Augustus undoubtedly used the Greek.

166. Horace, *Odes*, bk. I, Ode 34.

167. Merivale, *op. cit.*, vol. IV, p. 267.

168. Merivale, *op. cit.*, vol. IV, p. 269; Plin., *N. H.*, VI, 27; XII, 14.

169 and 170. Sole sovereign,—Regency period, she ruled alone. *See* note 119. Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 218-220) says she seems to have been officially associated with Juba. Mommsen, *Gesamm. Schriften*, vol. VIII, p. 272. Her coins show her wearing the diadem, insignia of royalty. Also, she is usually designated as queen, or her name is accompanied by her portrait, which is refused other queens. She not only figures on Juba's coins, but has her own on which Juba is not mentioned. (Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 116; Charrier, *op. cit.*, p. 122; Dieudonné, *Revue Numis.*, 1880, pp. 350-368.)

171. No details of this marriage are known. In support of the marriage, see Josephus, *Ant. Jud.*, XVII, 13, 4; *Bell. Jud.*, II, 7, 4. Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. XVII, p. 221) supposed Cleopatra Selene to be dead at this time as Juba married Glaphyra, and a Roman citizen could have but one wife. But polygamy was permitted the Moors, as well as the Macedonian kings. *See* note 12. No inscription shows that Glaphyra ever set foot in Mauretania; another proof that this had been a temporary alliance rather than a marriage. This four-year absence of Juba recalls the abandonment of her mother by Antony.

172. Dr. Gustave Le Bon, *Bases Scientifiques d'une Philosophie de l'Histoire*, p. 116.

173. *See* notes 119 and 121.

174. Physicians in antiquity sometimes assumed rôles of importance, and usually accompanied their patrons. Augustus had with him on the Cantabrian campaign Antonius Musa, brother to Juba's physician, Euphorbus, who cured him of some serious illness by a new treatment of cold baths after hot fomentations. A statue was erected to him beside that of Aesculapius; but he fell from favor when he failed to save Marcellus, heir of the Empire. (Dio Cass., LIII, 30.)

175. Müller, *op. cit.*, no. 29, p. 119; Charrier, *op. cit.*, p. 113 *ff.*

176. Horace, *Epist.*, II, ii, p. 427; Pausanius, I, 17, 2.

177. These games were often given in the provinces (Suet., II, LIX), and are sometimes indicated on the money of Asiatic cities by similar names in a wreath. Dieudonné (*op. cit.*), writes that the coin bearing the legend . . . *NTI AN XXX C IS should probably read JUBA REGNANTI ANNO XXX CÆSAREA*, and indicates that in the year 30 (5 A.D.), of the reign, the Cæsarean games were celebrated with unaccustomed pomp and lasted two years. Müller, *op. cit.*, nos. 51-52, p. 122.

178. Charrier, *op. cit.*, p. 125; Müller, *op. cit.*, nos. 58-62.

179. Charrier, *op. cit.*, p. 113; Albertini, *op. cit.*, p. 162.

180. Bevan (*op. cit.*, pp. 392-393) says that when the power of the house of Ptolemy began to shrink, "it was still easy to multiply its pomps and displays."

Cleopatra III had three priesthoods added in her name instead of the usual one. She, too, had had a complacent husband who had named her regent.

For description of the temple, see Cagnat, *A Travers le Monde Romain*, p. 219.

181. The descriptions of the ceremony and the dress of the goddess have been taken from *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, bk. XI, pp. 543-567.

182. The statue is now in the Cherchel Museum.

183. Several diademed heads showing Ptolemy in his youth and as a king are in the Cherchel Museum. There are also three at the Louvre.

184. Pliny the Elder, V, 51, "Cæsarea in Iseo," mentions an Iseum temple where the king gave honorable shelter to a crocodile which had been brought from the south of Mauretania. The name is from that of the goddess Isis, showing that even the museum was under her protection.

185. Albertini, *op. cit.*, p. 147; Gsell, Marçais, Yver, *op. cit.*, p. 21; Monceaux, *op. cit.*, p. 82.

186. The Canary Islands are supposed to derive their name from the quantity of these dogs found there. Jean de Bethencourt (*op. cit.*), considered the dogs a species of sea-wolf or seal.

187. The *monumentum commune Regiae gentis* of Pomponius Mela, (bk. I, ch. 6) received the Punic appellation of *K'bour-er-Roumia*, meaning royal tomb, until the Arabs, misled by the pseudo-cross on the door, changed it in their idiom to *Coborrumia*, a word meaning both "Sepulchre of the Roman" and "Sepulchre of the Christian Woman." *L'Afrique de Marmol* (bk. V, ch. 34). It was thought for some time that the tomb was built by the Romans in honor of a queen of Mauretania, and that the pseudo-cross on the door signified that she was a Christian. But a bust of Juba II discovered there seems to have put an end to the controversy. Caise (*The Tomb of Juba*) believes that the tomb has not given up all its secrets, and that a passage skillfully concealed behind a block of stone will lead to the caves where the monarchs of Mauretania have slept for twenty centuries. Shaw, *Voyages en Barbarie*, vol. I, ch. III, pp. 57-58; Boissier, *L'Afrique Romaine*, p. 29; Gsell, *Les Monum. Antiques de l'Algérie*, vol. I, p. 73; Boissière, *L'Algérie Romaine*, vol. II, pp. 652-3; Huelaux, *Le Tombeau de la Chrétienne*.

188. Cleopatra Selene could not have died in 5 B.C., as Mommsen thinks (*Gesamm. Schriften*, VIII, p. 273), for her son Ptolemy in 24 A.D. succeeded his father Juba, and could not in that case have been less than 29 or 30 years of age, even if his birth occurred in the same year as his mother's death. But Tacitus (*Ann.* IV, 23) says that at this time Ptolemy was a careless youth, "iuventa incurioso," which it is evident could not apply to a man of thirty.

That the epigram of Crinagoras (*see* note 91) concerns the death of Cleopatra Selene is more probable. Crinagoras was a familiar of the house of Octavia. Perhaps it was to him that the education of the children was confided, and among them were Selene and her brother. The name of Selene was not a common one, especially at Rome, and it is not likely that he would have written such pompous verses to deplore the death of an unknown.

The argument of Cichorius (*Romund Mytilene*, 1888, Leipzig) is that the epigram in question could not refer to Cleopatra Selene because the name he gives is Selene alone. This reason does not hold because we have bronze money with the name of Juba and Selene on which the name Cleopatra is not given (Müller, *op. cit.*, Supplément, no. 102, pl. III). His other point, taken up also by *Pauly-Wissowa*, that Cleopatra was still living in 10 A.D., thus not dying during the eclipse of 6 A.D. nor that of 5 B.C., cannot be supported. This opinion is based only on two facts that in my opinion have nothing to do with the death of the queen: namely, the changed type of head on Juba's money at the time (the 35th year of his reign) when he is represented with the lion skin and not with the royal bandeau, and the fact that this type is never associated either with the head or name of Cleopatra. But first it must be noted that this type which appeared in 10 A.D. is used only a few years, and not on all coins, and may refer

to events in Juba's life that enabled him to glorify himself and take on the attributes of Hercules, his presumed ancestor, or possibly to actual deification of Juba. Juba in 10 A.D. was already aged and, as he struck money bearing the head of Ptolemy and the legend "*Ptolemeus Regis Iubae Filius*," in 9 A.D., it is to be presumed that he did this in order to associate Ptolemy with his reign. Thus there is no proof that Cleopatra was alive in 10 A.D.

On the other hand, we have a coin of the year 6 A.D. (Dieudonné, *op. cit.*, no. 79) mistaken for Cleopatra by Müller (*op. cit.*, p. 108, no. 88). On the reverse one sees a head, undoubtedly that of the child Ptolemy. Why did Juba do this? For the reason, I think, that immediately after the death of the queen, he wished to assure his son the heritage of his royalty. Juba alone, in spite of his great personal qualities, was only a petty prince of slight importance, a son of a king conquered by Rome. Though he had entered into the heritage of his father, it was thanks to Augustus' political policy that Juba married Selene, descendant of the Ptolemies.

The coinage of Juba and Cleopatra attest how much he tried to emphasize the Ptolemaic lineage of his wife, *i.e.*, the name of his son, the emblems of Egypt which appeared on his deniers. Once the queen was dead, he feared that his position would be threatened by Rome, and he hastened to affirm the rights of his son. Dieudonné, *op. cit.*, nos. 79 and 80, coins of the years 6 and 11 A.D.

Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 366) believes Cleopatra Selene died three or four years before the Christian era, basing his opinion on Mommsen's reference to the dedication to Glaphyra (*Eph. Epigr.*, I, 1873, pp. 376-378). Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 221-222) leaves the question of her death-date open, referring to M. Ancey's opinions (*Rev. Archéol.*, 1910, I, pp. 140-1) that the eclipse of 5 B.C. is the one indicated but declaring himself incompetent to judge the merits of the argument.

According to Oppolzer's *Canon der Finsternisse* and the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, there were eclipses in 3 A.D. and 6 A.D. I believe Cleopatra Selene died in 6 A.D. (31st year of Juba's reign), shortly after the birth of her second child Drusilla. An inscription on a monument to the *King and Queen* of Mauretania, set up by grateful subjects, bears out my interpretation. The end of the inscription makes allusion to the happy return of the sovereign (4 A.D.)—*see* note 155—and the peace which followed. The third line designates Cleopatra of Egypt, mother of Selene. This eliminates 3 A.D. as the date of her death. The next eclipse in 6 A.D. must be the one referred to in Crinagoras' epigram.

Charrier, *op. cit.*, p. 95:

Genio Iubæ	REGIS
et Cleopatræ	REGINÆ
.....	NÆMAGNÆ
Templ.	VM VICTORIÆ
Regressu	S. FELIX
Restituti	O. PACI

189. Suet., IV, XXVI; Dio Cass., LIX, 25; Tac., *Hist.*, V, 9.

190. La Calprenède, a 17th-century writer and the Alexander Dumas of his day, developed a theme implying that more than an ordinary friendship existed between Cleopatra Selene and Tiberius in the days they spent together on the Palatine Hill. If true, one can more easily explain his later protection of her son.

191. *The Greek Anthology*, Loeb Class. Library, vol. II, p. 339.

192. Albertini, *op. cit.*, p. 137. C. Asinius Pollio died in 5 A.D.

193. R. de la Blanchère, Musée de Cherchel, CIL, VIII, 9428; CIL, 9344; CIL, 9346; CIL, 9347. See Berbrugger, *Revue Africaine*, vol. VII, p. 233.

194. From the *Alcestis*, 348 *ff.*, trans. Gilbert Murray.

195. Müller, *op. cit.*, no. 106. *See* note 188.

196. Dieudonné, *Revue Numis.*, 1908, connects the dated coins both with the year 5 A.D. and the Cæsarean games. I suggest this became the practice after the queen's death.

197. Coins, nos. 204-207, Müller, *op. cit.*, pp. 116 and 137. The title *Rex* on these coins refer to Ptolemy as Crown Prince, as he is too young to have any part in the government. *See* note 207.

198. Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 118. Dieudonné, *op. cit.*, notes that this type appears only after the death of Cleopatra Selene.

199. Horace, *Epist.* I, 2, p. 397.

200. Dio Cass., LV, 28, 4; Florus, II, 31; Léon Homo, *Le Haute-Empire*, pp. 113-4.

201. Horace, *Epist.*, II, 4, p. 431.

202. Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 106, nos. 65-66; *Rev. Numis.*, 1908, pp. 354-5, nos. 32, 33.

203. Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 106, no. 70; *Rev. Numis.*, 1908, p. 362.

204. Charrier (*op. cit.*, p. 109) says the temple carrying an eagle and the name of Augustus coincides with the victory over the Gætulians; Müller, *op. cit.*, nos. 55-56.

205. See note 188.

206. The money of the king shows that in the year XLIII (18-19 A.D.), a victory was celebrated (Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 106, no. 69). In the year XLVI (21-22 A.D.), the same type of Victory coin was issued (Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 107, no. 78).

207. The coins of Juba alone are dated up to XLVIII (23 A.D.) and those of Ptolemy alone to XX of his reign (40 A.D.). Both the coins and Tacitus are in accord on the date of Juba's death as being 23 A.D.; and there is sufficient evidence, as will be shown later, that Ptolemy died in 40 A.D. Between his father's death and his own only 17 years elapsed, not 20, as the last date of his coin indicates. R. Cagnat, *Bull. Archéol. du Com. des Trav. Hist.*, 1889, p. 388. Therefore, one must conclude that Ptolemy reigned with Juba from 20-21 A.D. to the death of Juba in 23 A.D. and then alone. Moreover, the important treasure of deniers found at El Ksar in Morocco in 1907, which had been buried in 17-18 A.D., contains no coins of Ptolemy as sole ruler. For Juba's death, see Tacitus, *Ann.*, IV, 5; and for Ptolemy's accession, *Ann.*, IV, 23-24; Strabo, XVII, pp. 828-840. See also Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII, pp. 278-9; and Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 368, note 2.

208. The first coin was struck in the first year of Ptolemy's reign (*Revue Africaine*, XLI, 1897, pp. 386-7), evidently with Tiberius' permission, and undoubtedly commemorated the succession of the young sovereign. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 370, note 2; Gsell, *op. cit.*, V, 8, p. 280. Another (dated the XIX year of his reign) Gsell believes not to be XVII, as others have taken it to be, but XVIII, with the last two strokes difficult to distinguish. This would make it the last year but one of his reign and sufficiently recent for Caligula's resentment. Gsell (*op. cit.*, vol. VIII, p. 280 and notes) sees no reason for doubting the authenticity of these coins which Bouché-Leclercq questions. *See* de la Blanchère, *Bull. de Corresp. Afric.*, II, 1884, pp. 81-82.

209. *See* appendix C.

210. Suet., IV, LV.

211. Suet., IV, XI.

212. Tacitus (*Hist.*, V, 9), speaking of the freedman Antonius Felix, made procurator of Judea by Claudius, says that he married a granddaughter of Antony and Cleopatra called Drusilla. Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 373) says Claudius "not knowing what to do with the 'queen' Drusilla, sister of Ptolemy (after his death), conceived the idea of marrying her to his freedman—or rather the freedman of his mother Antonia—and favorite, Antonius Felix." Suetonius (V, XXVIII) gives the following as an example of favoritism: "*Claude Felicem quem cohortibus et alis provinciaeque Judaeae praeposuit, trium reginarum maritum.*"

Felix was that Procurator before whom Saint Paul appeared for judgment (as recounted in "The Acts of the Apostles"), author of the famous saying, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Paul, a scholar and native of

Tarsus, seat of the Dionysiac mysteries, must have been familiar with the prophecy heralding the birth of Cleopatra Selene. Thus the husband of the daughter of one "divine child" was called upon to judge the chief protagonist of another. One wonders if this thought may not have been uppermost in the minds of judge and accused at that famous hearing, if it may not have had a bearing on the evident sympathy of Felix for the doctrines of the apostle.

Not all authorities agree with Tacitus and Suetonius. Josephus, who appears well informed on affairs of Judea, recounts that the Procurator Felix married Drusilla, daughter of King Herod-Agrippa II (*Ant. Jud.*, XX, 7 (5) 1-2). As this Drusilla had for a mother a granddaughter of Herod the Great, born of a marriage between the nephew and daughter of Herod, it is impossible that she was related to Antony and Cleopatra.

If one wishes to compare the statements of Tacitus and Josephus, it must be admitted that Felix wedded successively two "queens" of the name of Drusilla. To put Suetonius in accord, one must change "*trium* to *duarum*" (II instead of III). But if the existence of the Jewish Drusilla, who figures also in the "Acts of the Apostles" (XXIV, 24), is out of the question, one must look to see from whom the other would be descended. Bouché-Leclercq (*op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 365, note 1) believes that the daughter of Cleopatra Selene would be about fifty at the time she is supposed to have married Felix. That she did marry him Tacitus shows when he says that Felix became a relative of Claudius by alliance (Claudius himself being the grandson of Antony by his mother Antonia). As I believe that Cleopatra Selene died in 6 A.D. and that her daughter was born about this time, at the time of her marriage, she must have been in the prime of her beauty.

R. de la Blanchère (*De Rege Juba*, p. 103) thinks Drusilla a daughter of Alexander Helios, or of his brother Philadelphus. But this is contrary to the evidence of historians, and we have the statements of several that Cleopatra Selene and Juba had two children. See note 189.

213. Paus., I, 17, 2; Stuart, *Antiq. of Athens*, III, p. 55; Lycia, *Inscr. Graec. ad Res Roman*, vol. III, 612.

214. Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, p. 371.

215. Suet., IV, XXII.

216. H. Willrich (*Caligula, in Beitr. z. alt. Gesch.*, III, 2 (1903), pp. 316-7) believes Ptolemy committed a grave mistake in wearing the purple cloak at Rome.

217. An obscure phrase of Seneca (*De Tranquill. Animi*, XI, 10) leads one to suppose that he was arrested, sent into exile and killed. There are several variations of the manner of his death. Seneca alone makes a discreet allusion to an ambush. Prof. Eugène Albertini points out that Seneca's reference does not concern Ptolemy. Suet., IV, XXXV, and Willrich agree with him, attributing his death to Caligula's jealousy at sight of the purple cloak and the acclaim of the populace at the games. See Gsell, *op. cit.*, vol. VIII; Bouché-Leclercq, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 371. The date is further fixed by the fact that the beginning of the era of Cæsarean Mauretania is in this year; this is the name given Mauretania when Rome took it over. (Dio Cass., LIX, 25, 1.)

218. Dio Cass., LX, 9; Plin., V, 11; Tac., *Hist.*, II, 58; Louis Chatelain, "Inscription Relative à la Révolte Aedémon," *Comptes Rendus, Acad. des Inscript.*, 1915, pp. 394-399. An inscription, engraved on a stone pedestal where the traces of the feet of a statue are distinctly visible, was found at Volubilis (Morocco) in 1915, near where Tissot suggests is a basilica.

219. Tac., *Hist.*, bk. II, LVIII.

220. "Then Juba went to sleep in his gigantic tomb of stone, an imitation of Oriental sepulchers, that still to-day crowns a peak of the Algerian Sahel and recalls the chimerical dream of the Hellenist king."—Paul Monceaux, *Les Africains*, p. 59.

"Perhaps . . ." she (Cleopatra Selene) constructed while living the magnificent mausoleum whose ruins known under the name of K'bour-er-Roumia (Tomb

of the Christian) still stand between Cherchel and Alger (Icosium). It was destined to be the Sema of the Egypto-Mauretanian dynasty, the *monumentum commune regiae gentis*. (Pomponius Mela, I, 6)."—Bouché-Leclercq, *Histoire des Lagides*, vol. II, p. 364.

"K'bour-er-Roumia (royal tomb) given since its origin to the edifice. But the Arabs, attaching in their idiom to the Punic word 'Roumia': royal, the sense of Christian, it came about that after the conquest our officers of the General Staff adopted this false interpretation of a bilingual word which has since become common usage. However, I hasten to add that the colonists of the Mitidja come nearer historical truth in calling this monument the Tomb of the Queen, because the princess Cleopatra Selene, wife of Juba II, was likely buried there."—Albert Caise, *Explorations archeologiques sur le tombeau du Juba II*, Blida, 1893.

On the other hand, Albertini thinks there is some doubt whether this is really the tomb of Cleopatra Selene and Juba II.

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